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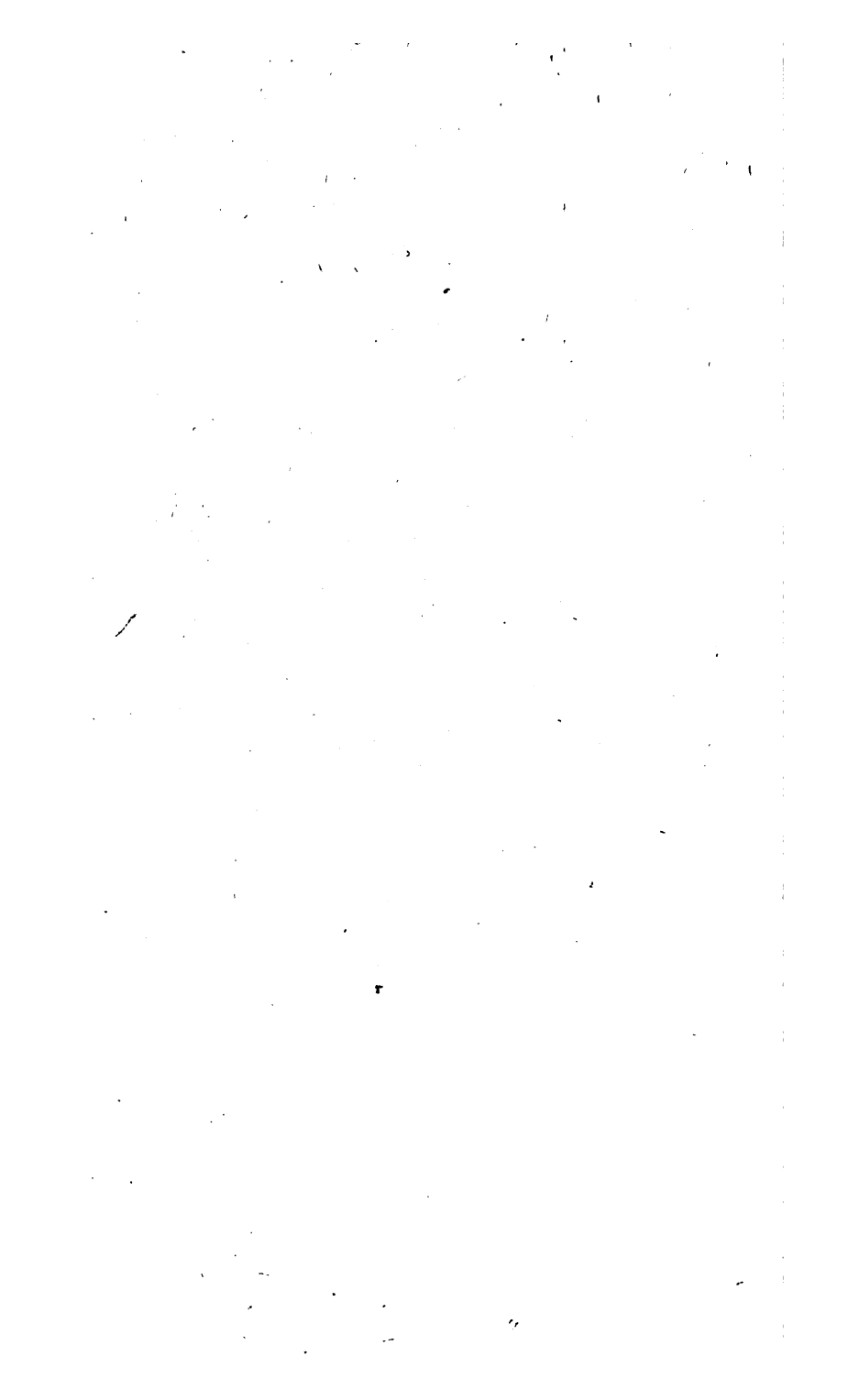
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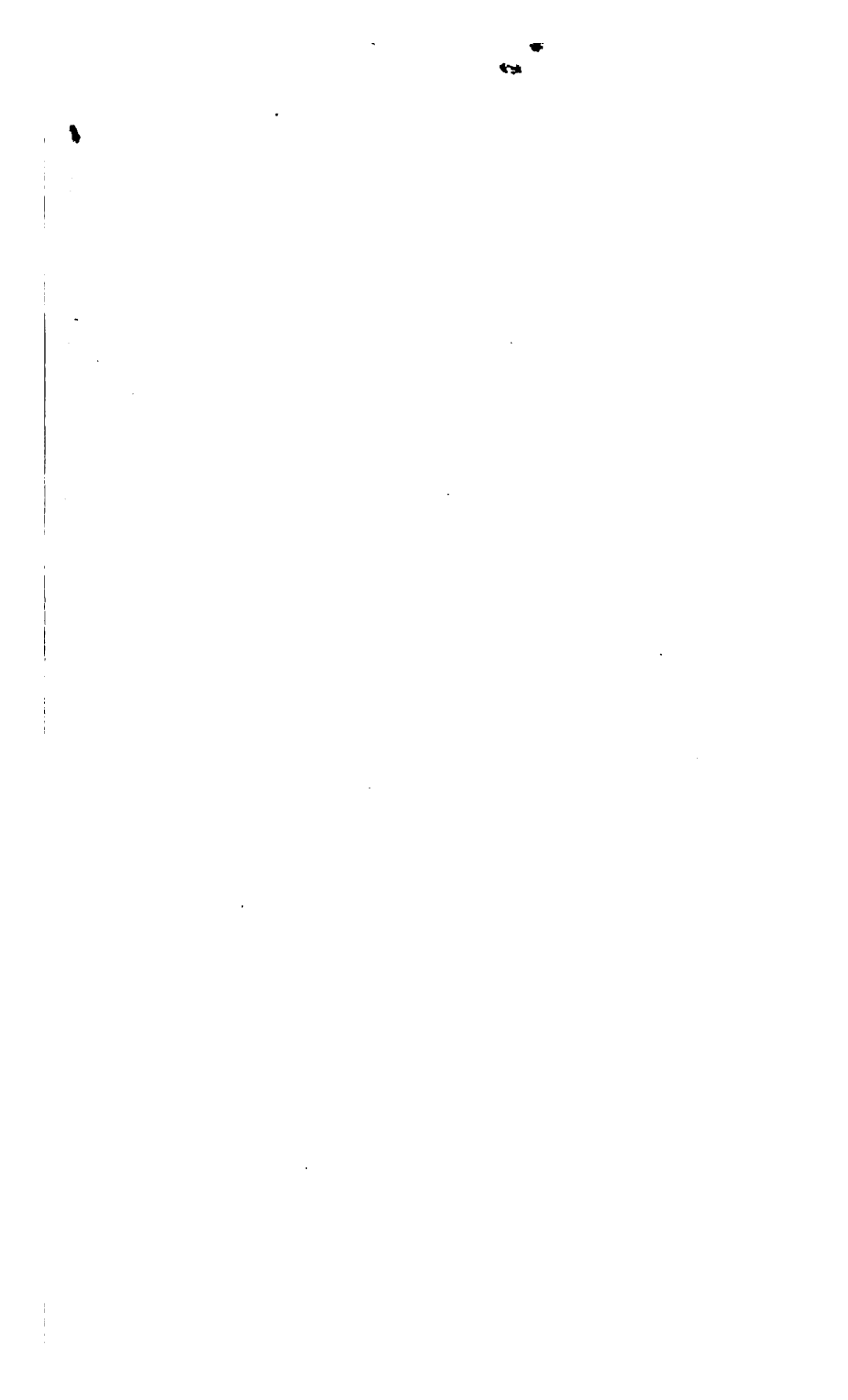


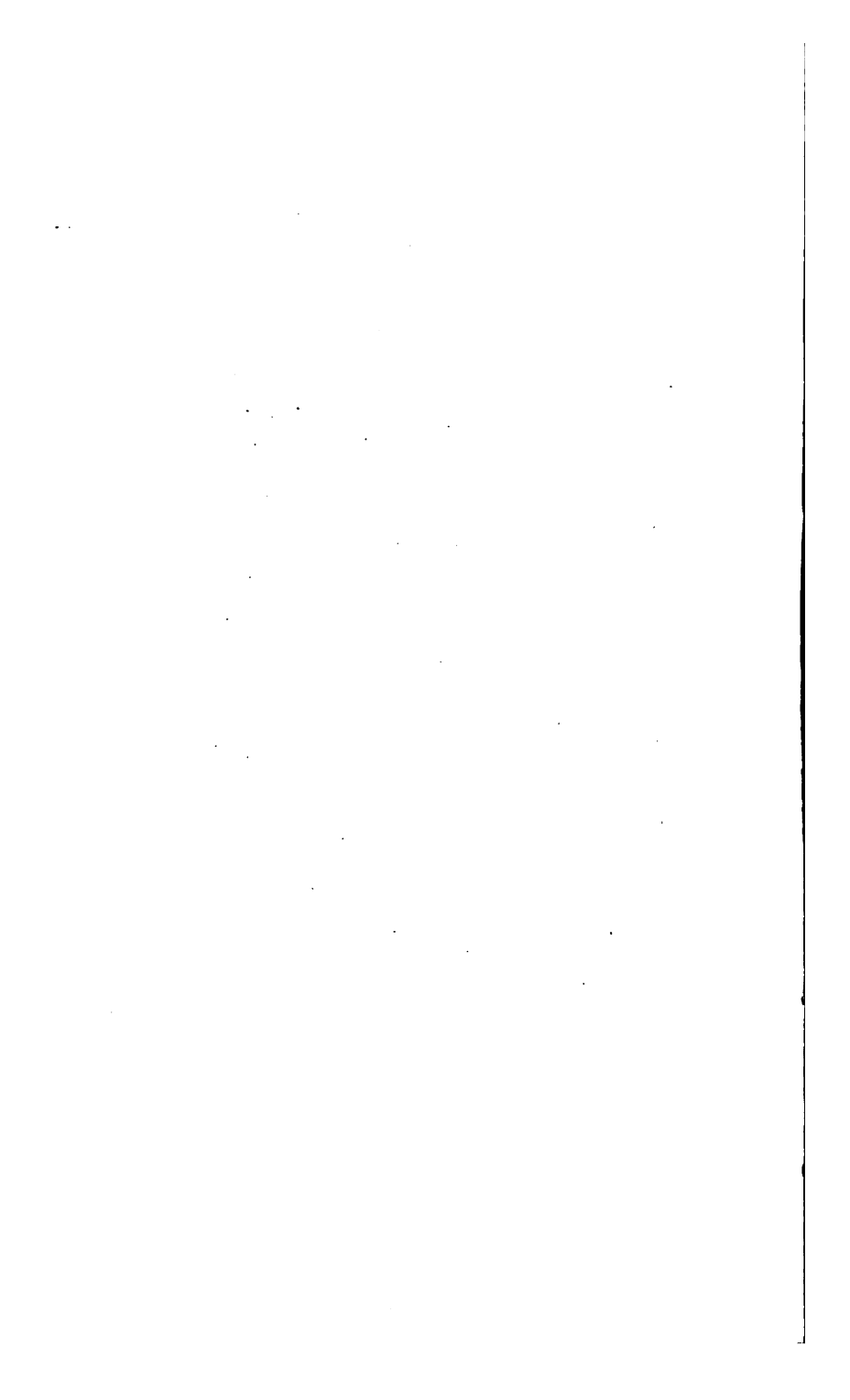
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W. C. W.
H. C. 7







GLANCES AT LIFE

IN

CITY AND SUBURB.

BY

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

**AUTHOR OF "POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF A PERSON LATELY
ABOUT TOWN;" "THE MAN ABOUT TOWN;" ETC.**

“———What fool is this?.....
A worthy fool.....In his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm’d
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.”

SHAKSPERE.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:

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1845.

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Crane-court, Fleet-street.



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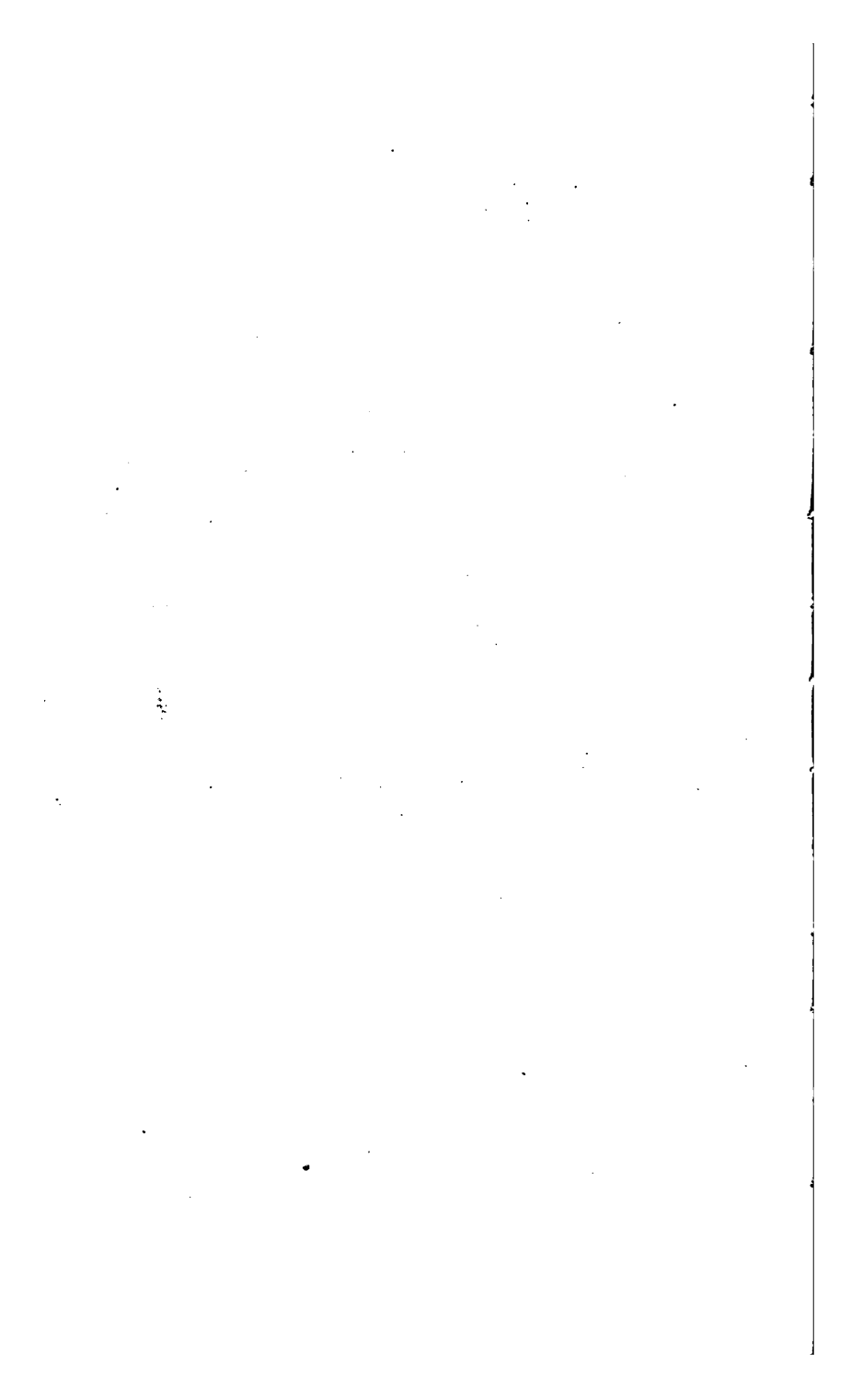
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MOTHER AND INFANT.

Published by Whittaker & Co London & George Smith Liverpool.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Chandos, Baron Leigh,
OF STONELEIGH ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE,
THESE TWO VOLUMES
OF
GLANCES AT EVER-CHANGING LIFE,
(HOWEVER HASTILY TAKEN AND IMPERFECTLY
DESCRIBED,)
ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY HIS OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

SOME ill-health — some disappointments — and some other lets and hindrances, having for some time kept the Author of these Papers out of the pleasant ways of Literature, with renewed health, and hope, and sight enough to see which way the world wags, he returns to his old light labours—to “work while it is day”—until his set task is done (ill or well as it may happen), his limited field gone over, and his little harvest gathered in.

Jan. 1, 1845.

ERRATUM.

P. 3, *line* 13, *read* not altogether lost.

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"Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author who, for the common benefit of his fellow-authors, introduced the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing!"—*Lord Shaftesbury*.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF CHUMPY, MR. CHUMP'S DOG.*

"Do I look like a man who would compromise his dignity by holding conversation with dogs?"

M. Mouillard in a Paris Police-office.

THIS is not altogether an ungrateful world, let the carping cynics and sour philosophers say what they will of it. I believe that it is still possible to do a good turn to it, and get it presently accredited and acknowledged for the simple piece of sincere benevolence you intended it to be, and neither more nor less. Yes, you may think of, feel, and act kindly towards some persons, and they will accept your kindness as well intended, and make you a suitable and grateful return. No man, therefore, I am well persuaded, need hesitate at doing any good to his fellow-creatures out of mere mistrust lest it should meet with a bad reception; but, if it

* See "Glances at Life," First Series, pp. 248—262.

is his unhappiness to entertain any such fear, either because he has himself met with instances of ingratitude, or has heard that they are to be met with here and there, I would advise him still to go on doing all the good he can, if for no better reason, for this—the pleasure and self-satisfaction there must be in doing it; and let him leave the issue to be tried in a superior court, where holy Justice holds the scales, and all is righteous judgment and unimpeachable equity.

There is a sense of kindness in the hearts of men, and gratitude is not gone back to heaven with the last angel that visited and left this earth. They are both calm and silent, as is their nature: you would not wish them to be trumpet-tongued and blow about your praise when you do either a good piece of service? Let us hope you would not. There are other virtues besides charity which should not vaunt themselves.

The Turkish proverb says, "Do good and throw it into the sea: if the fishes know it not, God will." Now, to me, there seems nothing in life which should make a man play at duck-and-drake with any good he seeks to do his fellow-creatures; nothing which should drive him despairingly to throw it into the sea, till he has tried every contrivance to make it useful on the shore, according to his first intentions. No, good intentions need not be flung away, although they are not imme-

diately appreciated. Leave them at the feet of those who will not take them up, and they will by-and-by think better of them, and not kick them out of their way. "Put them by till honey comes to them," as good old grandmothers quaintly say when their grandchildren huff at some delicate cakes at their hands, because the young ones are in their humours. A certain place, not to be named to ears polite, is said to be paved with good intentions; where gathered, and how collected, it were too curious to inquire. If they are only made use of to mend the ways of the dwellers there, they are altogether lost and thrown away. It serves to show, indeed, the estimation which good intentions are held in, when even your evil ones gather up that fallen stone-fruit and turn them to a not unuseful purpose. Throw away your good intentions, then, if you must—fling them on the ground, and leave them to him that likes to gather them: they are not all lost, you hear; and it may be that some humble man, with a back which can bend, may stoop and pick them up. You have some time in your life seen in the streets a poor man and a proud man both about to duck down to pick up a dropped piece of silver lying on the ground, the involuntary contribution of a third; and have observed—I have—that while the proud man was considering whether it would be becoming in "a fellow of his inches" to scramble for such a piece

of potluck, the humble man has nimbly bent himself down and snatched it up, with a pleasant cry of "Fain halves!"—by which simple expression he meant to say that he should keep the half-crown to himself, and not divide it with the proud man, as, upon looking at him attentively, he seemed to be a fellow with such exalted notions that fifteen pence would be of no great use to him. Throw your good intentions away for the chance of such gatherers as this humble man. If you have many of them you can well afford to be liberal: if you have few, and they will not have them whom you would willingly bestow them upon, leave them to those who will. They are sure to be serviceable to some one or other. As for bad intentions, if you have a few yet undisposed of, the sooner you get rid of them the better. Discharge them—drop them, as though you were ashamed of them, anywhere—get rid of them anyhow, even at a sacrifice—and let them be trampled in congenial mire till they are too dirty to be picked up; or, if they are, are seen to be so worthless that they are speedily flung away again. Bad intentions, it may be, have their uses in the economy of the moral world as wicked weeds and poisonous plants have their unknown virtues, perhaps, in the natural world. If there were no such things as bad and bitter plants, we should not enjoy so well the sweet and good: if there were no bad intentions in the world,

we should not know the good when we meet with them in our way. But I have said enough, and to spare, to prove the worthiness of good intentions, and to encourage him who hesitates to bestow them on the world to go on giving them away and spare not, and fear not.

I am confirmed in thinking thus cheerfully of this labour of love, which seems sometimes—I own it—to be little better than labour in vain, by finding that one of my well-meant intentions was not idly thrown away—that it was accepted as frankly as it was offered; and, instead of being doubted and disparaged—surveyed suspiciously, smelt at, sneered at, and sneezed at—it was taken for what it was, and graciously received and treasured where I would have it laid up, and just as I would have it.

My readers by this time have heard of that worthy old pair of persons, Mr. and Mrs. Chump, the best possible purveyors of meat to my parish, ancient archiepiscopal St. Mary's, Lambeth—no less dignified a parish; and at the same time I hope they have heard of that worthy old shopfellow of theirs, Chumpy, who has done them the honour to be their dog—as pup and dog—for these fifteen years last past. Whoever has heard mention made of Mr. and Mrs. Chump, (and “not to know them argues yourself unknown,”) has heard of Chumpy, their dog, for no one can be said to know the one

without the other : the three make one firm. It is true that the respected name of Mr. Charles Chump *only* stands rated in the parish books as a householder, paying scot and lot, having a vote for that young borough, (I wish it may avoid the evil ways and corruptions of the old ones,) which no revising barrister could possibly dispute ; and it is true that his name *only* stands in the vestry records as once headborough, twice overseer, and thrice churchwarden of that large parish. His name *only*, too, is engraven on those slabs of stone let into the walls of burial-grounds and other public works which have been completed during his officeship ; and his name *only*, also, in good gilt capitals, is splendidly associated with the regilding of the organ-pipes and the beautifying of the church generally, which great events, even for so large a parish, took place during his second churchwardenship. But if Mr. Chump could properly have associated the two names which are dearest to him with the public honours he has won, I should have looked, and not in vain, to have seen the treasured titles of Mrs. Betty Chump, his spouse, and of Chumpy, his dog, forming part of those inscriptions as indissolubly as Tobit and his Dog, the Pedler and his Dog, Launcelot Gobbo and his Dog Chance, the Blind Harper and his poor Dog Tray, and other like legendary and poetical associations. Mr. Chump, however, warm-hearted as he is, keeps

his home-affections at home ; loves and likes those who like and love him, and boasts not that he is so blest. Well, be it so. Butcher as he is, there is not a gentler, and at the same time a manlier, natured person in the parish : butcher's wife as his dear Betsy is, there is not a softer-hearted woman in all Surrey : butcher's dog as he is, (an order of dogs in office with not the best reputations in the world,) there is not such a dog as Chumpy in all dogdom ! Good, kind creatures, there is not, I believe, such a worthy triplicate of natures living in this year of grace 1838.

As an encouragement to such as fear to think too well of their neighbours, and to such worthy persons as

“ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,”

I shall relate that, not long after the appearance of “ *Some Account of Chumpy, Mr. Chump's Dog,*” the newspapers made some pretty lengthy excerpts from that “ full, true, and particular” piece of biography ; and as Mr. Chump is a considerable reader of miscellaneous literature, and, so he tells me, glances through all the waste-paper works which come into his shop before they go out of it as enwrappers of suet, mutton kidneys, chops, steaks, cutlets, and other like desirables, it happened, as Luck would have it, (and I thank that worthy foster-son of Fortune for his pertinacity of purpose on this occasion,) that Mr. Chump's eyes,

windowed though they were, lighted upon **this** account of himself and his household. *There was* his name, as large as life, in good bold capitals—an uncommon name—not another instance of it in the parish. He lifted his bushy eyebrows, as well he might, and then he took off and rubbed his glasses; and for a moment he dreaded to find (as he was a man in office in St. Mary's, and wealthy and well to do, and much respected, and sought to be so all his life long,) that some one of those mean spirits whose wretched vocation it is to live by offending their fellow-creatures and dragging their failings, or their fortunes or misfortunes, into "the light of common day," had got hold of him, intending to show him up, and render him the laughing-stock of his merry friends or his malicious neighbours, if such an honest and good man could have any of the latter. But he had not read half through the first paragraph before his heart was set at ease on that head; and so, breathing freely, without dread, and once more wiping his spectacles, he smilingly said to Mrs. Chump, (who, as it was a chilly autumn day, was hovering over the parlour fire, with her arms comfortably tucked under her clean white apron,) "Betty, here's something, here, in the paper that'll please you, I'm very sure;" and the comely old fellow put on such a pleasant face, and his bright grey eyes twinkled so kindly through, and over, and on one

side of his glasses, as he looked first across the fireplace at her, and then down at Chumpy, (who was sitting between them on the hearth-rug, apparently engaged in speculating upon the sputtering of the burning coals, and accounting for their ebullitions in his own philosophic way,) that Mrs. Chump felt naturally all agog to hear what it could be that so delighted her good man. Accordingly, Mr. Chump, rising, looked into the shop to see that Jack, his boy, was minding it, (and he was, partly that, and partly his old flute, which, as it was cracked, he was wax-ending;) and then shutting the parlour door, the worthy churchwarden cleared his throat, as he resumed his seat, and turning to Chumpy, said, "And it is something which will amuse you, too, old boy: so pay attention while I read it out, *hoary wrote under*,"* as Mr. Chinry said, in his learned way, at our last vestry meeting."

Chumpy immediately pricked up his ears, and seemed all attention; and I verily believe that that intelligent creature understands not only all that is said to him, but all he hears read, much better than many human listeners.

Mr. Chump, lastly, stirred the fire and his after-dinner wine and water, and then commenced the reading, during which, as he has since informed me, his spouse could not sit quiet in her chair from

* Ore rotundo.

unaffected pleasure at the honours which I had paid to her old favourite; and he, modest fellow, (so both inform me, and I can well believe it,) looked half-ashamed to hear himself so praised, and hung his head, and shut his eyes, and pretended not to listen, and would, if he could, have retired from the parlour, with a silent "O this is too much!" but they made him hear the reading out.

When it was done, Mrs. C. cried, "Well, now, I declare! Who could have printed that?" and she immediately fell to guessing who could be the author. "It must be some good-humoured neighbour—that's for sartin—somebody who knows us well, and," she modestly added, "thinks too well of us, I'm sure!"

And the delighted couple then ran through a list of likely parishional persons capable of doing them such a good turn, as they described it. And, first, the rector had the honour of it, as he was somewhat of a wag. Then, Dr. Hyssop, the surgeon, as he was famous as a facetious man the parish through, and had often brought a riotously-wrangling vestry round again to parishional good-humour by his merry quips and cranks; and was besides a great reader; and, it might be, a writer also, as the one sometimes follows upon indulging greatly in the other. Thirdly, the curate carried off the honour of the article: for, as he had a small stipend and a large family, he was known to

write a good deal to eke out the comforts of his household; and, besides, there was a little too much sentiment in "*Some Account*" for it to be Dr. Hyssop's production. So it was just upon the point of being signed, sealed, and settled that the Rev. Mr. Humblemann was its author, when Mrs. Chump had a fourth thought, and, like a Pythoness inspired with the truth, she startled her spouse by suddenly crying out, "No, no! I have it now, my dear! I'll wager a groat I point out the writer in a minute!"

"Done!" said Mr. Chump, putting a new four-penny piece upon the table, while his good lady took fourpence in halfpence from the mantelpiece to cover it. "Well, now, Betty, you are good at a guess, I know—who is it?"

"That grave-looking, quiet sort of person over the way, at Mr. and Mrs. D.'s!" said she triumphantly.

"'Gad, Betty, I believe you're right; and I'm the more inclined to that opinion—(now that I look at a note at the bottom of the last column)—from observing that here's his name put to the extract. That settles who was the author of Junius," said Mr. Chump, facetiously.

Mrs. Chump then swept up her winnings with that air of satisfaction which is always so diverting to the loser.

"Well, now, only to think of that!" said the worthy man, taking off his spectacles, and lay-

ing them down upon the paper with a puzzled and yet pleased look: "Who would have thought it? I'm sure he's very kind, and has the best opinion——indeed I've often remarked how attentively he studied, and how partial he appeared to be to old Chumpy, and old Chumpy to him, for that matter——(they understood each other's characters, it seems)——exchanging paw and hand whenever they met; and he was always saying something good-humoured to the old dog as he passed by our door. Betty, my darling, we will have his book, please the pigs."

"By all manner of means, my dear! I'll send for it to Miller's in the road," said Mrs. C., agreeably. And after some further confabulation between the good couple as to the merits of "the grave-looking, quiet sort of person over the way," which he has reason to fear was only too complimentary, the matter ended in Mrs. C. making Chumpy acquainted, in brief terms; with the honours he had had paid to him, which he heard repeated in his old, easy, unassuming manner, and was as affable as ever. Two minutes afterwards little Edmund B. was pulling his tail, and his dignity was not offended: in another minute the same lively young person was riding his broad back, and had hold of his long ears as reins, and he never once said, "Pray, sir, who do you imagine you are taking these great liberties with? Have your instructive parents not informed you that I am

no less a dog than Chumpy, Mr. Chump's dog?" No! unlike some of the grand, upright persons whom honours spoil and alter all their characters, he held his head no higher than kept his ears from dragging in the dirt, and wagged his tail at the same horizontal elevation as ever.

As I was passing the door on the day following, Mrs. Chump no sooner caught sight of my grave face than her very comely one was adorned with such a pleasant smile as made me marvel what I had done (for I had forgotten the whole matter) to have so favourable a construction put upon my person. But I was not long left to wonder, for, flying into the parlour, she returned as swiftly with a new book in boards; and Mr. Chump's spectacles being taken out from between pages 248 and 249, the title of my grave offence stared me out of countenance. I could only confusedly say, while a sudden heat spread over my face, "So, then, I am found out?" And ere I could make a retreat, the worthy woman, with that impulsive warmth which darts out from the fire of a fine heart, had caught hold of my arm with one hand, while with the other she squeezed my fingers till they cracked; and then pulling me across the shop into the parlour — "I've caught him!" she cried, and in a moment I was presented to her lord, who also, in his warm way, wrung my hand till my fingers felt as if they were on fire. Chumpy, however,

favoured me with an immediate application of cold nose, which he thrust into my hand, and I recovered sufficiently my presence of mind to sit down (as I was forced to do) and make myself at home; and I don't know where a hungry author (authors are traditionally said to have the best appetites of all orders and conditions of men) should bless himself more to find himself made at home than where beef and mutton abound. Ere I had done stammering and looking foolish at this unexpected burst of private popularity, I had been compelled to swallow a full glass of fine old port, and then another to damp the other eye; and I believe that if I had wanted it, or could have carried it, or would have permitted it to have been lifted across the way, a pastoral landscape which I have hanging against my wall would have been superseded by a fine, fat Southdown sheep dangling down from the same substantial brass nail. To induce me to stay tea, which was nearly ready, Mrs. C. positively shut the parlour-door, and put the key in her pocket! Thus hemmed in, I made a virtue of necessity, and wondered where they procured such admirable crumpets, and was informed upon that pleasing piece of winter knowledge. After tea was done and the board cleared, Mr. C. had a prized bottle of prime old port, which I must taste and try. I said I thought it was excellent, and so it was: he was delighted with my candour; and

having pushed it about between us, with a proper attention to not disturbing it too rudely, we found, in no long time, that it had gone backwards and forwards so rapidly that it was exhausted with the exertion, being unused to much exercise; and so my host said he thought he could replace it with another as good. My wish was not unfatherly to that thought; and broaching the second bottle, we pushed it about the table as before, and agreed that it was good—nay, better than good—super-excellent—supernaculum. And now, feeling myself at home, I wanted no pressing to stay supper; for I was cosy, the chill taken off me, rife, rosy, and comfortable. As soon as I had made this candid confession, Mrs. C. returned the key to the lock; and

“ There we three,
 'Neath the old roof-tree,
Discours'd on things of mystery,”

as we sat composedly talking over this parish affair, and that and the other, and this neighbour's fortunes, and another neighbour's misfortunes, till supper-time. And I remarked to myself, that, during the whole conversation, not one word of censure, scandal, or ill-nature escaped the lips of the well-consorted pair; but, on the contrary, many a pitying phrase, much charity, unlimited good will, many cheerful thoughts on serious things, much good sense, good-nature, and pure, simple, uncanting piety, fell from them abundantly.

I looked with reverence on the admirable old people, butchers though they were, and wished that some persons who follow gentler callings were half as gentle. Supper served, and attended to, and the cloth cleared, brandy-and-water, warm and strong, was suggested by way of a wind up, Mrs. C. taking a thimbleful with us, as the night was cold.

"I sometimes take a pipe after supper: is smoking disagreeable to you?" asked Mr. C.

"On the contrary," said I.

"Then you perhaps *can* smoke?" he added.

"Anywhere across the river!" I replied briskly.

"*Fenning!*" cried Mr. Chump, giving the authority, to show his reading.

Pipes were filled and lighted, and we smoked away in that pleasant, placid manner which is the best part of that serene enjoyment; and our talk was little and occasional—between the puffs. At last I observed that the old gentleman—(why not? for gentleman he was, although he found it not an unprofitable occupation to superintend the distribution of muttons and such like deer)—by his hemming and hesitation, had something which he was labouring to deliver himself of in "good set phrase," but knew not how well to begin it. At length he started suddenly, "I love men of letters, sir!"

"So do I," said I, impertinently; "the 'noble

army of martyrs!' I love them all, from the poor penny-a-liner up to the general-postman,—sonneteers, epigrammatists, tragic poets, epic poets, lyric poets, romancers, novelists, wits, wags, all inclusive—I love them all, 'with a difference,' but not much."

Mr. Chump continued: "They were the delighters and instructors of my boyhood, when I was book-mad: they were the friends and companions of my maturity, when I was more rational. I owe them much; but they are gone, and do not claim it. I should, however, like to be of service, in my way, to the least of their children—[I did not like that word 'least' for a moment, and I showed it, I suppose, in my nervous way]—don't misunderstand me—I say again I love men of letters; and knowing, as I do, that they are the most ill-requited men in the world, I long to be of service to one of them."

I said I saw no harm in that: on the contrary. He then took courage, and said, but hesitatingly, "I have a friendly wish, which I should like to gratify."

"What is it?" quoth I.

"Can I serve you?" He out with it at last.

"With another lump of sugar, if you please," I answered.

"No—I meant not that. My Betty there is growing elderly—eh, Betty, may I say that?"

She nodded assent. "And we have always been one, in everything, since we first came together ; and, let me see, that's forty years ago—eh, Betty?" She shook her head, with a good-humoured ruefulness of face. "And, to oblige her," he continued, "and keep on good terms with her, I have grown old too. We have neither chick nor child, sir, not a creature, except old Chumpy here, in any way related to us. In short, sir, to make an unpleasant story brief, I say again, can I serve you?"

"No—except by thinking kindly of my good intentions."

That he already did. Was there nothing else in which he could do me a favour?

"Yes—by again thinking kindly of my good intentions."

"Well, well," said he, after looking some time considerately in my face, "I will not be pressing. Come, replenish, sir ; I shall not let you go yet—so fill again."

I complied—both glass and pipe—and before the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve, Mr. Chump and I had wiped off the national debt ; settled the tithe question in Ireland, by giving the clergy every tenth child ; done away with slavery in its last monstrous stronghold, *free* America ; improved our workhouse dietary scale, by throwing some lumping bits of beef and mutton into it ;

spread education over the land, so that every country cousin coming up to town could read his own direction; founded a Shakspeare Hospital for decayed wits; abolished the corn-laws; pacified the parish grumblers and their grievances; given the old workhouse women flannel and snuff *ad lib.*; laid out a racket-ground and skittle-ground for the old workhouse men; taken the badge off the breasts of charity boys and girls; raised the curate's stipend to two hundred a year and find his own discourses; married our lovely Queen to Mr. F——e C——r, the novelist, to keep America patient with England; smoked six pipes and seven parish orators; reduced five tumblers of brandy and water each to two dry silver spoons in two empty glasses;—and all these things done, I was then permitted to retire, upon the understanding that I should dine with them on the following Sunday, which was agreed to. Mrs. Chump, who had said very little during the evening, now remarked that she hoped I would always consider them as friends, neighbours, and well-wishers, which I said I should. She shook hands with me as warmly as before; and, lastly, the worthy warden, and Chumpy, who had stayed up in honour of my visit, saw me across the street to my own door; and the former was pleased to ring the bell and knock at the door for me, and shake hands with me just as heartily as ever: while the

latter gave me his paw at parting, and barked twice, to signify "Good night." Never was prophet so honoured in his own parish!

I found the worthy pair just such people as I had imagined them to be—simple, unaffected, warm-hearted, full of pity and forbearance; merciful, generous, hospitable, unostentatious, thoroughly English, every bit and every thought of them.

While I was at breakfast on the following morning a tap came at my door, and Becky, our maid, entered, saying, "O, sir, if you please, here's somebody *which* you little expect has come to see you;" and Becky looked archly at me, as if conscious she had an agreeable surprise to amuse me with.

"O, very well, Becky," I answered; "did he send up his name?"

"No, sir; but it's somebody from over the way," said Becky, with one of her girlish, good-humoured giggles.

"O, ay! the churchwarden, I dare say, sends to inquire what damage he did my head last night. He is very good—send him up, Becky."

Away flew Becky, with a peculiar smile on her pretty housemaidenly face, and I could hear her giggling to herself as she descended to the door. I wondered who was coming; but I was not long left to conjecture, for in a moment or two my room-door sprang open, and Becky crying "Walk in,

pray, sir!" in walked——my old friend Chumpy, in the most neighbourly way in the world, snuffing and blowing, as he was "fat and scant of breath," with mounting so many flights of stairs, and wagging his good-humoured tail in all sorts of directions, to express, as well as he could, the pleasure he felt in seeing me. I was surprised but not undelighted to see him, and, giving him a hearty welcome, bade him be seated and make himself at home; which he complied with, and faced me at the other end of the hearth-rug, making himself at once cosy and comfortable. He did not, as do your common run of curs——your cowardly, stupid——creep into my room (as though he had no business there, or had come to steal), and get under a chair, to render kicking him out a work of difficulty; but like an honest, well-intentioned, well-mannered, and intelligent dog of good reputation, as his sole intention in coming at all was coming to see me, he came, directly and at once, up to me; and having paid his compliments, and found that they were most graciously received, and having observed, as well, that I was particularly engaged for the moment, he modestly retired a few paces till I was more at leisure to attend to him. I attended to him all the time; and I could not help remarking that he did not go smelling and sniffing at this and the other article of furniture about my room, as your common curious curs would assuredly have

done, but that he took his station in the centre of the apartment, and cursorily but critically surveyed the pictorial adornments of my walls, like a dog of some taste for the fine arts. Before one picture, in especial, which seemed to please his eye almost as much as it does mine, he paused some moments ; and was indeed so taken with it, so “cheated with the blear illusion,” that, after affably wagging his tail many times to draw the attention of the girl-like effigy, (whose fixed eyes he might well think were looking at him,) as it spoke not to him, nor gave him any sign of encouragement, he spoke to *it*, barking good-naturedly in its lovely face. Finding, however, that it would not be familiar with him, he mounted up into a chair which stood under it, and, looking into its countenance more curiously, he saw that it had not life, and yet looked like it : then, descending, he seemed disappointed ; and again he looked at it, as if he could hardly believe his eyes, and he turned to me, as if demanding an explanation of the mystery—to him. He need not have blushed, nor did he, that I saw ; greater critics than he (in their own opinion) have made as common a mistake.

I was now at leisure to attend to him. I found that he had breakfasted, for, upon my offering him half a slice of toast, he sniffed at it, and then turned his head away with a “No, thankye” air ; but perhaps the toast was a trifle too hot for his taste

or his teeth. I could not refrain from saying, "Well now, my good old friend, this visit, I take it, is extremely neighbourly; and I trust that, though it is the first call, it will not be the last;" and we exchanged paw and hand in the friendliest spirit possible. Chumpy expressed with his intellectual eyes that it should not be his last call, and his hope that I would drop in over the way upon the same neighbourly terms. These being understood, he made himself so much at home, that, a loud single knock coming at the street-door, he gave an official bark, just the same as if it had disturbed his love of peace and quiet at Mr. Chump's; and when Becky ran down to answer it he followed her to see who it might be that knocked so loud, and he barked again as the door opened. I then heard a confused murmuring of voices below, and one of Becky's exclamatory "O la's!" and presently up came Chumpy, scampering first this time—then our house-cat, hight Tibsy—and, finally, Becky, bearing a handsome china dish, with half-a-dozen cured sheep's tongues neatly arranged upon it, root and tip alternately, and this gracious message:—"O, if you please, sir, Mister and Missus Chump's compliments, and they've sent you over some tongues for a relish, and hope you're quite well this morning!"

I need not say that I received the message from "the other house" with all proper respect, and

immediately tried one of the linguals, which I was pleased to find was extremely nice, relishing, juicy, tender, and, I should say, provocative of a desire for Guinness's best bottled stout. Chumpy now picked a bit with me, the root of the tongue being a favourite morsel with him; Tibsy took the parings; and eventually, between us, we managed to pick a pair of those innocent members. I was somewhat surprised to observe the sociality of Tibsy and my friend, and I attributed it to the winning affability of demeanour of the easy old fellow, which makes everybody on good terms with him upon the shortest acquaintanceship; but Becky accounted for their exceeding good understanding by informing me that they were very old cronies, and that Chumpy had known Tibsy from the time when she was so small a creature that, being once missing for some hours, and hunted for in every hole and corner, they found her at last comfortably cuddled up in the warm silver teapot, where Master Teddy, our house's roguish son and heir, had stowed her away, and clapped the lid down over her to keep "the winds of heaven from visiting her too roughly." And, in addition to this gratifying information, Becky also put me in possession of the genealogical fact—that Tibsy is, if I may so express her descent, a grand-daughter of Tibby, (a feline friend of Chumpy's, whom I have favourably mentioned in my first account of that worthy

fellow,) Tibsy's mother being no less creditable a cat, on her side, than Smug, daughter of Mouser, (the famous Angola favourite of all the puss-loving spinsters of my neighbourhood, far and near,) who, settling in this country, left a numerous progeny chargeable to the parish when she departed this life.

Breakfast being over, as the morning was raw, and he saw that I had my books and papers to attend to, Chumpy seemed to say, "Don't mind me, I beg. Let me be no interruption to business!" and quietly laid himself across the hearth-rug, warming his nose. Tibsy then placed herself down beside him; and whenever he wagged his expressive tail, to testify the satisfaction he had in the domestic joys of life, Tibsy patted it playfully till it lay still; and pleased, and purring to herself and friend, she sat and looked at his grave, reflective face, as if vastly admiring the sedate old fellow. Meanwhile I read the morning paper, undisturbed by my companions; and two or three times I felt half inclined to read out a paragraph here and there for Chumpy's particular information; but finding him engaged with his own private meditations, I would not break in upon their quiet current. "Shop" was clean cut and neglected that morning by Mr. Churchwarden Chump's head superintendent, for Chumpy stayed with me till I walked out and crossed over the street to pay my

compliments. As I crossed the road, Mrs. Chump caught sight of me—her quick, black eyes brightened up, and her quick feet advanced to meet mine, which were taking their own old deliberate time, and her hearty hand was squeezing mine with somewhat more than female-handed power. She, good, easy woman, was as pleased to see me as before—no matrimonial morning frown lowered upon her comely countenance, in black resentment of my keeping the churchwarden up two hours beyond his time, and superinducing three or four glasses beyond his usual quantum. On the contrary, she was all smiles; hoped I was well, and that I liked the tongues, (of her own curing, it came out,) and that Chumpy had not been troublesome.

“He troublesome!” I warmly said of him, “that he did not know how to be troublesome.”

“C. had said to him,” she explained, “that the least he could do was to step across and inquire how his geographer [biographer the good lady meant to say] was that morning; and no sooner said than done, for away he went, and there was no whistling him back.”

I expressed the neighbourly, and I might say literary, pleasure I had received in making his acquaintance, and I need not add hers and her husband's, and that I hoped it would not end at the beginning. The good woman hoped so too,

and again said "She was glad to see me—very! Poor Mr. Chump," she said, laughing, "he *did* put his hand three or four times to his forehead this morning, and looked so as if he could not help it! He left half his usual round of toast, which he attributed to the butter; but I'm sure no butter could be sweeter; and he's just gone down now to the river for a look round: for, between you and I, sir, smoking and drinking don't agree with him: but he says it does; and so he's very how-come-you-so-ish this morning! But you—you seem as gay as Green'ich!"

"Education, ma'am, education. I resist the inclination to be affected by drinking, as a weakness—amiable, no doubt, but a weakness. Indeed, I am of such confirmed sober habits, that I do not suffer drinking a great quantity to affect them." Mrs. C. looked puzzled, but she smiled. "And, moreover, such is the force of custom, that I am used to it. As the fishwife said to the lady, who thought that skinning eels *must* be very hurtful to them, 'Lor' bless you, ma'am, they're *manured* to it!'"

Mrs. Chump, who is not at all pedantic *herself* in the use she makes of the Queen's English, seemed mightily tickled with the verbal mistake of the good fishwoman, and laughed till her eyes at last became invisible, from the puckering up of her fat, fair, and fifty, but very comely cheeks.

Chumpy, too, in his way, seemed to enjoy the joke as much as his mistress, and barked applause.

While we were afterwards chatting on graver matters, I noticed that most plaintive of all distressful cries, the cry of a blind man. It was the well-known voice of an old fellow, who had been dog-led round the parish for the doles of the charitable ever since I can remember it, and him, and his pathetic "Please to pity the poor blind!" which some good, tender-hearted Christians were and are, here and there, pleased to do. As he approached nearer and nearer, Chumpy, I noticed, walked to the door, and looked down the street, and then turned round, and, with a peculiar kind of whine, looked up at his mistress.

"Now, sir," said she, "if you would wish to see poor Chumpy in his most amiable moments, take notice of all he does."

I attended accordingly. The blind man was now before the shop-window; and, in a few faltering steps more, his dog Bob was standing erect on end, working his paws in an imploring manner, as dogs of the mendicant order—those four-footed monks of the order of the Franciscans—are taught to do. It was to Chumpy that he appealed, and not in vain; for that charitable fellow immediately crossed the shop, and going to a little corner shelf, where some odd bits of meat were put by, evidently as alms-meat for the poor petitioner, he took

the largest piece in his mouth, and, returning, dropped it into the basket which hung bobbing under the chin of Bob. That patient fellow instantly set down the basket, and speedily extracted the savoury morsel, and, lying down, prepared to eat it. Chumpy, meantime, had returned to the same shelf, and, first and last, laid down about two pounds of scraps upon the stone before him. When he had cleared this shelf, he then sat himself down before him, and seemed to watch the slow progress which his humble guest was making with a great deal of patience, and much more satisfaction: for as poor Bob was old, and had lost many of his teeth, and what he had were feeble, he rather mumbled his meat than masticated it; and he was too mannerly a dog, or else too wise, as his digestion was not so good as it had been, to bolt it. While there were yet three good-sized pieces remaining, some strange cur, who had looked on for a long time with something like impatience of his progress, thought the best thing he could do would be to pick a bit with him; and accordingly he sneaked round and round, till he gradually got near enough to snap up the largest lump. But Chumpy's eye had been upon him during these circumventing manoeuvres of his; and no sooner had he thus ceremoniously and unceremoniously helped himself, than Chumpy flew upon him, and gave him such a fright,

without hurting him, as made him drop the bone and meat of contention, and, with his tail between his legs, run yelping down the street. Chumpy then pushed the recovered piece up under the nose of Bob, who was very nearly ready for it; and to prevent the intrusion of any other unbidden guest, he stood sentinel over it till his old friend had time to attend to it, and accepted it upon his recommendation. The meal being despatched, and Bob having licked up his plate, which I thought unmannerly, though I have seen a young gentleman or two do the same greedy trick, Chumpy then turned his attention to blind Peter. His next business was to inquire below if matches were wanted. Mrs. C. opened a side-door in the shop, and down scouted he, and up he came again with the maid, who said, "Yes, we want some, ma'am." Accordingly, three-pennyworth of these useful combustibles were called for from blind Peter, who carefully counted them down, bundle by bundle, and received for them; and then pulling the string which put him in communication with Bob, he said, mildly, "Now, Bob, you've had your dinner, so lead me home to mine; but thank your friends before you go."

Bob then made his obeisances, and was ready to go on, when Mrs. Chumpy broke silence, and said "Stay, Peter!"

"La! are you there, ma'am?"

"Yes, Peter, I'm here. Sally, go down and bring up that piece of cold mutton and the bread I laid by for Peter."

Sally, a good girl I'll warrant, was down stairs and up stairs in the turn of a wheel; and the cold things being wrapped up in a sheet of some House of Commons' Report, (which seem to be printed for these good uses, and no other,) was safely stowed away in Peter's basket; and Mrs. C. having thrown in some halfpence for drinking money, away went Peter, with

"Many a thankye and low bow,"

the light of gladness shining in his blind face. As for Bob, it seemed to me that he walked, or rather waddled, now, somewhat in the fashion of one of those guttling fellows you sometimes see in City halls, who have eaten so heartily that they are afraid to stir. Chumpy, however, went a little way with him down the street; but what to do, or what to say to him, or whether it was mere sociality and fellow-feeling, I am not yet informed enough to communicate to the reader.

"Now, sir," said Mrs. C. to me, when this scene was over, "what do you think of the good sense of our Chumpy now?"

"Good sense, madam? That is not the term—for good sense I should read good heart. And yet it is—good sense is kindness in man or beast. What do I say, madam? Why, that I am astonished at.

the good instincts of that fine old fellow! Surely there is some truth in the belief of the old heathen, and the soul of some admirable human nature, Socrates or Plato, lives again in a new form, and is modernly called Chumpy! I wish to heaven, madam, that some upright brutes whom I have seen had half that creature's heart, and they would be men. That dog is—and I shall not hesitate to call him—*human*! He has many of the best qualities of a good man in good human perfection—such as attachment, faithfulness, courage, forbearance, thoughtfulness, feeling, pity; and may I not call the manifest pleasure he took in being the distributor of your alms to poor Peter and his pitiful trundletail a work of charity?"

"Ah, sir," said Mrs. Chump, with a bewailing shake of the head, "I'm afraid there are many human beings not half such good Christians as my poor Chumpy! He has a good nature, and, as my husband says, a good heart; and I'm sorry to say that I've seen enough of my fellow-creatures to be of opinion that some of 'em have bad natures, and, if they have any hearts at all, they have forgotten how to use 'em!"

In the course of conversation I learnt from Mrs. Chumpy some additional instances to those I have related in my former chapter of the exceeding humanity—I can call it nothing else—of this brave old animal. Four years since he had saved them.

from being burnt in their beds by his instinctive sense of something wrong going on in the house. Dragging the clothes off, they awoke, and found their shop on fire, Chumpy having run up stairs, and forced their door open, to tell them of it. Within these three months he had saved their John's life while bathing, the boy being taken with the cramp, (for your Blue-coat boy is like a water-dog, always paddling,) Chumpy having gone with him to mind his clothes. "The boy gave but one cry," she said, "and in jumped Chumpy, and, catching hold of him by his locks, hauled him to the shore; and, leaving him there half dead, came scampering home, seized hold of my spouse by the apron, pulled him out of the shop by main force; and Mr. Chump, fearing the worst, guessed what had happened, and ran down to the shore—poor tender-hearted Chumpy whining all the way: for he adores John—he is a boy so much after his own heart."

It was a strong expression of the good woman's, but it seemed to me a happy one. And only three weeks before my visit, I learnt that the noble brute had pulled a child by the petticoat from under a horse's feet, he plunging violently at the time from fright at feeling something unusual in his way, in which last exploit the brave fellow got himself hurt severely. "But he did not seem to mind it," said Mrs. C., "and never once complained, though

he went limping about for a week afterwards. I'm not ashamed to say, sir, that he had the best of medical advice; I should be more ashamed if we had begrudged him it."

Excellent-hearted woman! — excellent-hearted Chumpy! There is more than a blind, unreasoning, unthinking animal instinct in these instances of the brute's love of man, or I am much in error.

I should have gone on expressing my admiration of the character of my new canine crony, had he not at that moment run hastily into the shop, whiffing and snuffling with a lively sense of pleasure, which I at first mistook his nature so far as to set down for the signs of too much self-satisfaction in the good he had so lately done—a self-pleasing which, though warrantable, (for I know not why any one, whether dog or man, should not feel a sort of pleasurable complacency when they have done their duty towards their neighbour,) would perhaps have a little lowered my humble friend in my poor estimation. But I was mistaken, it soon appeared, in my man—I have written it—but I meant dog. The cause of all these lively movements was the approach of his old master, whom he had run on before to announce. And presently that good, that surely great, man appeared in such state as does not often attend upon mundane man! For lo! on either hand, in proud yet humble wise, and in full official costume—namely,

with whity-brown coats trimmed with gold lace, and hats edged gloriously with the same—walked a pair of those great functionaries, and *no* brief authorities, the beadles of the parish, deferentially discoursing with Mr. Chump on some church matters, which it belonged to him, as one sitting in the high pew on Sundays, to order and approve or disapprove. Mr. C. having finally said, “Let it be so,” and the grave men having touched the gold-laced edgings of their hats, and bowed themselves away, of all which ceremonious marks of respect, it struck me, Mistress Chump was no indifferent observer, though her simple husband heeded them not, the worthy churchwarden then turned shopwards, and catching sight of me, with a good-humoured smile, and a shake of the head, which I understood rightly to signify reproach of me for having given him what Sandy calls “a sair heid,” he said, “I have walked off ‘the last glass’ and ‘the other pipe’ which I would take, and persuaded you to do likewise; and now, as I forgive you, I’ll make it up with you, and ask you how you do this morning?” And squeezing my hand in the same warm way as before, and then clapping me so heartily on the shoulder that I could see that our maid Becky does not half dust and brush my clothes, he added, “Sit down, for I want to talk with you, and I’ve something to

show you ;” and, as he said this, he put both his hands upon my shoulders, and pressed me down into a chair. “ You are a bookish man, I know,” continued he : “ I have an odd volume or two which have come here as waste paper ; but as I am bookman enough to know what is old when I see it, and what is good when I read it, I’ve always spared what was curious and good ; and,” opening a small closet, “ here are all my brands plucked from the burnings”

And so saying, he placed upon the table about forty volumes of old plays, old poetry, and other old-book rarities, such as Dr. Dibdin would have jumped clean over Mr. Chump’s chopping-block to have ransacked ; and when his eyes had been blessed with the sight of the old print, and his nostrils had dilated to take in the goodly savour of that most ancient and book-like smell—best proof of their antiquity—he would have yearned and groaned to possess. I looked at them, and some were rare, and all precious ; but the crowning curiosity of all was a one-covered Shakspeare, in folio, the first, with this inscription, in time-yellowed ink, on the blank leaf :—“ *E lib. B. Jonson.*” I clapped my hands and raved—“ O precious line in a most precious book !”

“ Ah !” said Mr. Chump, “ I thought that would tickle your eyes !”

"Tickle them?" I cried: "Torment them!"

"No, no; that sha'n't be," said Chump, most kindly; "the book is yours, sir: pray accept it."

I did, most thankfully.

"Take it away at once, and then it will be safe from all irreverent hands. But here, Jack!"—and his boy ran in: the old man wrapped a newspaper round it, and said, "Take this book over the way to this gentleman's lodgings; and be sure, you dog, that you drop it where the foad is dirtiest as you go over."

John grinned, and determined not to be obedient for this once: for he squeezed the book with such a grip under his strong arm, that, if it had been the gentle poet himself, and not his Works, I think he would have cried out.

I followed, with anxious eyes, the sturdy bearer of that goodly argosie—I saw him rest it on his knee—I heard him give his usual business-like one knock, and facetiously cry out "Boot-char!"—I saw the door fly open, and Becky lift up her hands in wonder at the sight of so ponderous a tome, which John was, after all, I saw, obliged to carry up stairs. I watched their shadows as they crossed my room—as my windows were open, I heard it laid upon the table with a good sound bang—and the precious gift was mine! Some wicked wit has said that gratitude is the lively expression of a hope of future favours. Shall I

confess my gross ingratitude? As I had never hoped to have this treasure given me, I had fixed my affections upon a smaller hope, in squat quarto—a clean, choice copy of John Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," that most poetical of pastorals; and ere I had half done thanking the donor for his greater gift, I had fixed a desiring eye upon the smaller one, for so I hoped it would be. He saw that I was taken with it, and said "Take it," and he placed it under my arm.

I am not a man of many words, but look and think much more than I can say; and so, after hammering and stammering to get out a vote of thanks to Mr. Chump, I broke down in the præordium, and was compelled to resort to the "butt end of my good old grandmother's blessing:" seizing his hand, I shook it heartily, and confessed that I could not thank him enough.

"O," said he, "you have no occasion to thank me at all; you should thank my wife, for it is all her doings. She said we must pay you a compliment in return for yours, and this is a part of it."

As Mrs. C. was absent, I reserved myself till I should see her, and then hurried home, to examine further into my treasure, and plan how handsomely to restore the faded honours of its binding, and make it the noble corner-stone of my collection. I had hardly collated fifty pages, and found them perfect, when a second loud knock came at the

door, and the same peculiar cry to Becky, who, upon attending to it, gave me a cry up stairs in return, of "La, sir! here's John, from Mr. Chump's, with a trayful of books! Shall I send him up, sir?"

"Why, bless the good people!—yes, certainly."

And up stumped John, heavily booted and heavily booked. Beef is erroneously said to be a great spoiler of your wit, but it has not hurt John's; for, having confidence in my easiness of nature, he said, facetiously, I think, "I hope, sir, these books 'll not be so heavy to read as they are to carry." And he set them down with a strongly aspirated "Ugh!" much like one of those which give ease to paviers. "O," added John, fumbling in all his pockets, and at last producing a neatly-folded letter, "here's a note from master, sir."

I opened it, and in well-expressed terms I was requested "to accept these poor additions to my library, with Mr. and Mrs. Chump's respectful compliments, and a hope that as, in the British Museum, shelves of books are arranged under names of classical and literary repute, and one case is called Cottonian and another Harleian, and so on, I would be pleased to honour the donors so far as to inscribe this collection with the style and title of the *Bibliotheca Chumpeiana*." Not so bad for a churchwarden and butcher!

I was wonder-struck. As John was waiting while I put the volumes by, for the present, under

the custody of John Milton (at least a head of him), who, I had no doubt, would take all care of them, I took that opportunity to remark to John that his master seemed to be an educated man.

"Why, yes, sir," said John: "he was brought up among the Blues; and so was I."

"The Blues?" I repeated; and visions of Mr. Chump, as a retired sergeant, and of John, his boy, as a discharged kettle-drummer, late of the splendid regiment so called, came like shadows and so departed.

As the intelligent butcher-boy saw that I was mistaking the civil for the military, he set me right by illustrating the Blues he meant in the following ingenious manner:—doubling up the cap he had brought with him into about the size of a biffin, such as you see at the confectioners' shops, and sticking it flat, with a pat of the hand, upon the crown of his head, he said, with a facetious face, "Now, I should think, you know the Blues I mean, sir?"

"Oh!" I cried, enlightened now, "the Blue-coats of good young Edward's school? Which fully accounts for that same Latin."

"Yes, sir, they *do* teach the boys something there; not a little Latin, and not less Greek," said John, exulting in the honours of his school. As he was running his eye not incuriously along the backs of my books at the time, "*Charles Lamb's*

Works" caught it: his face immediately lit up with pleasant and proud recollections, as he cried, "He was one of our Grecians, sir!" In another moment some volumes of Leigh Hunt's writings met his eye: "And here's another!" he exclaimed; and then carefully wiping his hands on his sleeve, which was not the surest way in the world to clean them, he asked me if he might look at Coleridge's "*Friend*," which elbowed the "*Indicator*."

"Yes, John," said I, readily, "you may look at any *Friend* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's."

"Why, yes, sir," briskly replied the lad, "as he was a good man, any *Friend* of his will bear inspection: for, as we Blues used to say, when we chopped logic," (a butcher's boy chopping logic!!) "the friend of a good man cannot be a bad man: therefore he will bear looking at."

Need I say that I regarded the young chopper of chump-ends with no little admiration? and that I smiled when I reflected that a lad with more logic in his brains than could be extracted from all the heads of ——— College, should be thus humbly placed in life, when many a duller *caput* sits covered with a trencher?

"I should so like to read Coleridge," said John, earnestly, having dipped into the volume; "though I must say that he looks a little too philosophical

for me ;” (I smiled;) “ but, as he’s a true Blue, I should like to say I had read him.”

“ Take his ‘ *Friend*,’ John,” said I, “ and any friend of mine—there are ten of them at your service—and keep it and them till you have done with them, and thoroughly understand them ; for I do not.”

John took the joke with a relish for it, and the book with the same ; and premonishing me not to expect too many dog-ears, and that all the passages he admired should be illuminated with spots and patches of grease, he tucked his erudite school-fellow under his arm, and making me a scholarly Christ Church bow, such as he was wont to render unto a dominie on the foundation when he met him in the cloistered walks of those old walls and halls, he went his way, well pleased with his reception. Everything seems to be good that comes out of the shop of Mr. Chump—chops, steaks, sirloins, lamb, veal, mutton, beef, books, butcher’s boys, dogs—*all* have their excellences—*all* are the best of their kind. But good attracts and collects good.

The following day was Sunday, and the service-bells of St. Mary were chiming (for so their three simple summoning notes sounded to my ear) “ Good room now ! good room now !” as I stood loitering in the churchyard, musing, in my way,

over the tomb of those celebrated merchant-travellers, the Tradescants, father and son, who rest there, when suddenly I felt something poking between my legs from behind, and at the same moment I was stoutly grasped by the arm. I looked down, and it was my good friend Chumpy going to church, according to custom. I looked up, and it was the worthy churchwarden who had me in custody.

"Now, my thoughtful sir," said the latter, "as I have not yet forgiven you the way in which you punished my erring head on Monday last, I shall take a Christian-like revenge—do good for evil." And, so saying, he gently hauled me to the church-door, adding by the way, "My brother warden is out of town, and so you shall be his dignified depute, and sit in the high places."

In a moment, with a little modest resistance of such unmerited honours, I found myself installed or impewed in the first place at church; and, as a Christian-born creature should, immediately resigning all worldly thoughts, I gave myself to seriousness. For a moment only I was not serious. It was when I opened the huge folio which gives such pre-eminence of prayer-book to the wardens' pew, and noticed that Chumpy seemed to be looking out the Morning Service with me; and when I had turned to the right place, now fixed his eyes upon the page, and now upon my face, to

satisfy himself, as I thought, that I was properly attentive. At this I could not suppress a smile ; and it was not till I had laid my hand on his head, and so covered his face, that I might not see its irresistible gravity, which disposed me for anything but the devotional spirit, that I could resume the seriousness that belongs to all religious places, whatever creed is said or sung therein.

In my previous account of Chumpy, I have mentioned that he is in the habit of accompanying his master to church, and, as Mr. C. is one of the wardens, of occupying a not undignified place in that dignified seat, the churchwardens' pew. Unless the weather is very wet, which, in that case, would render his feet unfit for their usual position on the green-cushioned bench which those worthies occupy, Chumpy still follows his master to church ; or rather, it would be more proper to say, goes before him, for he is always first at the church-door, and has taken his place in the pew before Mr. Chump and Mr. Bent, his brother warden, have passed from the vestry-room to their appointed place. Chumpy waives the dignity of the beadle ushering him in, and is indifferent to the official courtesy which Mrs. Bubb, one of the beadles' wives, drops at the pew-door as she shuts the wardens in. Nothing, as I have said before, can be better than the behaviour of Chumpy at church. His sense of the decorous is a silent

lesson to the rest of the congregation. I could not but observe his conduct on Sunday last. A young beau—the Adonis of the parish, who is looked up to by all the young fellows who follow the fashion, and looked down to by all the young ladies who have seats in the galleries, and glanced at aside by all the other young ladies who occupy seats in the body of the church, whenever they have an opportunity of looking off their prayer-books)—whose pew is situated immediately under the churchwardens' pew, kept coughing, on and off, for ten minutes after he came into the church. Young gentlemen, when handsome, if they really have colds, should always cough in their white cambrics, unless they desire to draw the attention of the fair part of the congregation to themselves. Chumpy bore with his indecorous behaviour for some time before he took official notice of his improper conduct; but as he seemed likely to continue the annoyance, and a rival beau, in another part of the church, was beginning to attract attention to himself by sneezing as often as the other coughed, Chumpy, to put a stop to such proceedings, in his parish at least, slowly raised himself on his hinder legs, and placing his fore-paws on the front of the pew, looked the catarrhal young gentleman rather severely in the face, and seemed to say, "Sir, I beg you will remember where you are, and not cough merely to show that you have *not* a cold, and

excite an undue sympathy." As my young beau's cough was mainly addressed to the fair ear of a certain sweet young lady in the gallery, immediately over his head, and had had the desired effect in moving her to look tenderly down upon his sufferings, and as he had also drawn the attention of the churchwardens (through Chumpy) to him, he had done all he desired, and coughed no more, the service having by this time commenced.

Shortly afterwards, an urchin forgot himself so much as to giggle just under the pew-door, because Bubb, the beadle, going to strike another unruly boy, missed him, and, hitting the form, split his cane. Chumpy pricked up his ears at the indecency, looked sharply over at him, and by the steady gravity of that look awed the urchin into becoming seriousness. Not long after this, a dog—not a churchwarden's dog—a dog not so dignified—had straggled into the centre aisle, and, as dogs are apt to do, had got his toes trodden upon, and, as would have been proper enough anywhere besides, but not there, he yelped out loudly, feeling himself hurt. Chumpy very composedly looked over the pew-door, gave one of his soft, significant *wuffs*, to draw the attention of the beadle to him, and having caught his eye, the expression in Chumpy's might thus be rendered—"Turn him out, Bubb, and take care that he does not show his face here again!"—and the strange

dog was turned out as immediately as if either churchwarden had so ordered it. Indeed, Chumpy is, I verily believe, of more church-service than all the four parish beadles put together, so far as conserving the decorum of divine service goes; and if there should ever be a vacancy, (but beadles are too long-lived,) and he is desirous of the place, I shall certainly give a plumper vote for Chumpy as one of the four officers of the church, in preference even to the candidate with an infirm wife and nine small children, who has been a householder and paid scot and lot for twenty years.

His attention to (may I not call them) *his* religious duties is remarkable, exemplary, exact, to the nicest of niceties. Dr. Samuel Sparecushion, the rector of *his* parish, has not a more attentive hearer. (I don't think that Chumpy admires the curate's preaching quite so much, for I have two or three times noticed that he looks off him, if I may so say, during the afternoon service, and I have detected him in dozing before his sermon was half done. But the Rev. Mr. Readwell is but an indifferent preacher: his manner is weak, hesitating, and his voice so feeble that he is not heard half over the church; while Dr. S. fills it, and "shakes the superflux" over the churchyard. Besides, the worthy curate was, at one time, violently opposed to Chumpy's entering the church at all, and went so far, indeed, in his opposition, as

himself twice to turn him out, till Bubb at last whispered he was Mr. Chump's dog : when, as he was an influential man in the parish, and one of the churchwardens, he ceased his opposition so far as only to warn the beadle to keep his eye upon him, and see that he did not interrupt the service. I should be sorry to think that Chumpy entertains a prejudice against the curate on that account, but I fear that it is so. But this by-the-by.) The worthy doctor, I verily believe, is not unambitious of the admiration and estimation of Chumpy; and commonly, when he meets him at the church-door, bestows some kindly mark of regard upon his humble hearer. It is instructive to see him, during sermon-time, fix his fine intelligent eyes upon the doctor's face, and never take them off till he has done speaking, and sat down. He even watches him with the greatest attention while wiping his warm face with the whitest of cambric ; and not till that is over does he resume *his* seat. Even then—as the doctor does sometimes—if he rises again to give notice of something interesting to the congregation, Chumpy is immediately all attention ; and when the doctor sits down again, and the organ strikes up the concluding hymn, then, perhaps, Chumpy looks round at the gallery, and fixes his regardful eyes upon the orderly charity-boys, against whom he has no complaint to make while *in* church ; *out* of church he has his own private

opinion of their conduct, and, if it was worth while, would occasionally take one or two of their numbers. Yes, it is, I repeat it, instructive in the highest degree to observe his conduct during sermon-time. I don't believe that he misses a word; and that he understands all he hears I almost as truly believe: for the doctor very properly discourses in that plain and familiar style which comes home to the meanest capacities. Not that Chumpy's is a mean capacity. I should say, that if the doctor elevated his style, he could follow him up, and keep intellectual pace with him. But then he attends—he attends!—inclines his ear, and bends all his other faculties pulpitwards; and I know no better way to “learn, mark, and inwardly digest” a discourse. There are about three hundred young people sitting under the ministry of Dr. Sparecushion: I think I am safe in saying that Chumpy, during any given sermon, pays more attention than two hundred and fifty of those young persons.

As he sits close beside his master at church, I have noticed that he has occasionally had the onerous office of rousing that worthy churchwarden when he has caught him napping during afternoon service. This he does in the most gentle and delicate way, with a mingled feeling of kindness for the master and respect for the man. I have seen him softly push his cold nose into the

palm of his hand, or else jog his elbow by pressing his head against it, when Mr. Chump instantly wakes up, and, perfectly unoffended, pats his old faithful Sunday monitor on the head; or clasping his muzzle with his hand, gives it a loving squeeze; or laying his arm over his shoulders, hugs him to his side. Never was more affectionate dog, or more affectionate master! They are worthy of each other.

I have one more noticeable circumstance to record of Chumpy's behaviour at church. There was but one thing which seemed likely to disturb the else unalloyed pleasure which that not unworthy neophyte had in attending the morning, and afternoon, and evening services, for Chumpy attended them all during his master's joint-churchwardenship. Mr. Sostenuto, the respectable organist of St. Mary's, would sometimes play a few passages of his voluntary in that particular key which is said to be so disagreeable to canine ears that they cannot choose but howl at hearing it, from disaffection. Poor Chumpy had the greatest difficulty in the world to conquer his repugnance to those sharp sixths and acute passages in the minor key; but feeling the sacred character of the place, and the responsibility and respectability of his position in it—sitting as he did in the wardens' pew—he suppressed his antipathies, listened with painful patience to the capriccios, and endured rather than relished the organistic learning and fine playing, of

Mr. Sostenuto, the Novello of St. Mary's. He was, perhaps, the more induced to grin and bear with this portion of the service by discovering, upon having curiously straggled up stairs into the organ-loft, that Mr. Sostenuto was one of his master's oldest customers and *his* (Chumpy's) most intimate personal friends; and as Mr. Sostenuto seemed very glad to see him there, and made much of him, and gave him the freedom of the organ-loft, Chumpy, in his considerate way, thought it was the least he could do to hear him and bear with him in return: so he gradually accustomed his ear to what was disagreeable to its finer sense, and listened with much pleasure to the agreeable parts of his performance. The old man from the workhouse who blows for Mr. Sostenuto has since informed me that Chumpy was highly interested in the entire process of organ-playing; that, if anything, he seemed much more struck with his performance than with his master's; and that he watched him, for more than half an hour, with a curiosity and a spirit of examination which would have done honour to the inquiring mind of a Member of the Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge! Lord Brougham could not have conducted himself more curiously.*

* Let no fastidious person suspect the author of an irreverent spirit in here following up the humours of his subject even into a church. He intends no such thing, and hopes he shall not be misunderstood.

ANOTHER WORD ON THE OLD
WATCHMEN.

“What argument canst thou allege, thou screech-owl of the Metropolis, that thou shouldest not share the same fate as thy brother owl?” — *Devereux*.

IN another paper, and in another place,* I have perhaps spoken somewhat too disparagingly of that ancient race of men, whose race is now extinct—the old Watchmen of London: for, after all that has been said of them, the old Watchmen were useful in their day, or rather night, if not so ornamental as the new Police. The new Force, which has so well taken place of the old Feebleness, is perhaps a trifle too military in its formation, and might be mischievous in the hands of bad ministers. The old Watchmen were certainly a more domestic, householder-commanded force than these their successors, who are by much too independent of the citizens who pay for their services. The ancient watch and ward system of that wisest and best of kings, Alfred, is now, however, abrogated:

* In “*The Man about Town*,” 2 vols. 8vo.

the power of protecting themselves is taken out of the hands of the worthy householders, and given into the hands of a set of men wholly unaccountable to them. Your good citizen's accidental watchman now is put on the same footing with his occasional hackney-coachman—if he is not civil, he can take his number, and that is all. It is to be regretted that the householders resigned so easily their own natural right, or rather suffered it to be snatched away: but it is gone; and, the abuses of the bygone system being remembered and candidly taken into account, it is hardly to be regretted that they have lost their plaything, they played with it so badly. The new system works well, as far as the city's peace and safety are concerned: its too much independence of public control may hereafter be remedied.

Householders knew each separate member of the old Watchmanry, and could, if he did wrong, call Dubbs, Stubbs, Hobbs, and Dobbs, and other like men, with like euphonous cognomens, to account by name and number:—could strip off his watch-coat, and what then was Dubbs or Stubbs?—simple man—cobbler or carpet-beater—again, and “no sound more.” They had not to complain of the neglect of duty of some anonymous tall fellow of his inches in a blue coat with a collar marked A 22; nor to depend upon any given number of men (as many as the commissioners choose to allow

them) equally anonymous, running from A 1 up to A 30, to see to their shutters' safety, and "bless their doors from nightly harm." Dubbs, one of the ward watchmen, under the old system, put them up himself, and saw that they were safely pinned and fastened: for which extra duty he had some sixpence weekly added to his parish pay, and was remembered once a year, as often as Christmas came round and he came round at Christmas. The old watchman was personally known to the householders, and they took a personal interest in the man, and gave him many little comforts by night, and, now and then, a job to do by day. As Dubbs was a stout little fellow, and could beat men when he saw fit, it was naturally inferred that he could beat carpets; and so he beat carpets once a month for all the carpet-comfortable people on his beat. As Dubbs had a large family of little ones, there were always scraps of food, and old boots and shoes, and frocks and nankeen trowsers, and sky-blue jackets with swallow-tails, all double-rowed with sugar-loafed buttons, (too short or too much worn for the young masters and misses of the wealthier householders,) which always fitted the young Dubbses to a miracle. Dubbs himself, too, was not forgotten, and went to Sunday afternoon service at his parish church in a subscription suit; and nobody, not in the important secret, would have taken him for a watchman off duty, he looked

so spruce, but sleepy. Once only in the memory of the oldest inhabitant did Mr. David Dubbs, weary with a week's watching, drop off to sleep during afternoon service; and when the old church-bell overhead sounded the hour with its well-known iron tongue — once only, in the memory of the oldest beadle, did he start up from his seat, "like a guilty spirit at a fearful summons," and alarm the congregation by crying, in his accustomed manner, "Past four o'——"—but, finding where he was, checked himself in mid volley, blushed, as well as he knew how, hid his face in his hat, and hoped to heaven that the churchwardens, whose eyes were officially turned upon him, thought not too severely of his irreverence: they did not, for they smiled down from their high pew upon the worn-out old man, and made allowance for his weariness.

Mrs. Dubbs also came in for her share of the secondhand good things of this life, and was the envy of her alley-neighbours as she stood at her own door tossing up the sixth and latest of the Dubbses, till the poor little fellow laughed and crowed, and caught his breath and winked his eyes with apprehension of the door-post hitting his tender head. All the Dubbs boys (not excepting the oldest, who was in the charity-school, and as proud as a peacock of his yellow leather breeches and blue stockings, his pewter badge and blue jerkin,

and that black burnt muffin with a large circular hole in the under-crust called a cap, which he pulled repeatedly down upon his stubbly hair, and which his stubbly hair as repeatedly pushed up again) were seen at church on Sunday, sometimes looking up at their brother Dick singing the Psalm in full-mouthed, full-blown emulation of the chubby cherub at the top of the organ, with whom he was cheek by jowl. Looking very neat and nice, and as clean as rubbing their faces till they shone could make them, the exemplary little fellows represented, in their cast-off clothes, those very proper young persons Masters Sidney, Walter, and Edmund Blenchard, sons of a respectable parishioner. Davidea (!) and Clementina (!!) Dubbs, his fair daughters, sat in the free seats in the centre aisle in dresses which once adorned the handsome young persons of Miss Charlotte and Miss Maria Ramble, (daughters of a pious parishioner,) who recognised their protégés as they passed on to their pew, and were seriously delighted to see their watchman's children so very neat and nice. The beadle's cane (which is so given to fall wherever there is naughtiness, that it seems to have a like instinct to that of the divining-rod, dropping where there is gold) fell never on the heads of the young Dubbses, they were such well-regulated heads. The service over, the kind-hearted Mrs. Blenchard drew the attention of her husband to the breeched Dubbses:

upon which Mr. B., a benevolent man, with a remarkably good memory, glanced at them, and knew his boys' old suits again, and smiled, and took a satisfactory pinch of snuff at seeing them so well bestowed—so well given away, for there is a great art in giving away well. Mrs. B. then chucked all the little boy Dubbses under the chin, which threw their heads back; and Mr. B. patted them on their crowns, which brought them upright again, and then left them bobbing, like so many chimney mandarins, beside the old church-door. As Mr. Ramble walked forth, with a sort of John Kemble gravity, accompanied by his gentle wife and lady-like daughters, their discarded frocks were all in a flutter, and made twenty short bobs, which were meant for curtseys, in grateful recognition of them as they passed. Mr. Ramble, an absent man in general, his attention being drawn to them, looked at the little curtsey-makers with abstracted eyes, and thought of something else, far as the poles away. Meantime poor hardworking Mrs. Dubbs was remembered, as a good mother, and kindly inquired after through her children; and if Dubbs the First, or great head, by precession, of that rising generation, the Dubbses of the court of Poppin, in the street of Fleet, (for that classical spot has the honour of affording room—one room only, with the use of the back-kitchen—to this not less illustrious than numerous family,)—if Dubbs the First, we say,

was standing talking "quite famil'ar" with the sexton by a gaping grave's side, and Mr. Blenchard, as he passed, turned him to the rightabout face by gently tapping him on the shoulder, and saying emphatically, and not at all ostentatiously, "Well, Dubbs!" the decent Dubbs touched *his* hat now, Mr. B.'s previously, and humbly bowed till he had bowed a gentleman so extremely likely to be a churchwarden out of the churchyard; and then resumed the sexton.

These good offices and grateful reciprocations of kindness are over now. The housekeepers feel no individual interest in A 1 or in A 21: he is something—nothing to them. The old familiar ties are untied. The care for their old guardian, on their part, and his care for them, on his part, have ceased. Their watchman does not come a strong man on his beat, and grow weak, and old, and grey in keeping them safely in their beds. They do not hear now (when wakeful and restless, or when in pain in "the pauses of the night") the old familiar cry of "Past two o'clock, and a frosty morning!" The streets are now as solemnly still as if imperious Death had cried "Silence!" and every living creature had become dumb with fear, and hushed and stirless as the stones. The night-born hours pass unheard and unnoticed now away. Rich men and comfortable men do not hug themselves in their warm beds at the outdoor mention of a cold frosty

morning. They only know now that it is a rainy night by hearing the pitter-patter of the passing shower, or the rude, resolute driving of the rain, wind-blown in gusty splashes against their shaking windows.

The old, respected tradesman, dying of some cruel disorder, whose hours had been numbered by the unflattering physician—how he listened, for the last time, to the accustomed voice of the poor minister to his house's safety, as the old watchman lingered along under his window; and as he heard the voice of time, turned his last thoughts upon eternity! A kind wish for his poor old public servant's comfort, perhaps, blended with his last prayers for those more dear to him. When the old watchman came round again, he called the next hour, and looked up at the lighted sick-chamber, and paused to listen. Shrieks—women's shrieks, so terrible at night—rang in that room as the good tradesman's last breath rushed rattling up his throat, expired like a bubble, and he knew no more of pain. The poor watchman shuddered to hear those cries, and said aloud, as if some one was nigh to hear him, "Ah, good old Mr. Gray is gone at last!" He listened again, and there was an awful silence in that house; for the faithful wife and the loving daughters had fallen on his body, and buried their griefs and stifled their groans in the bedclothes. How solemnly then in the sorrowful silence sounded

the watchman's cry as he told the hour of their bereavement—"Past four o'clock!"—and then went mournfully on his round, still musing on good old Master Gray.

The poor author——(a poet, perhaps—that fretful, hopeful, and despairful being—one of those unrecognised men of genius who had not yet shone out from his dark obscurity, for fate and fortune were his enemies; who toiled with his brains and starved; despaired when he should have hoped; hoped when he should have despaired—unhappy man, to whom sleep was the sole comforter; whose heart sank as soon as he waked again to consciousness, and shuddered back at the renewed sight of his old miseries; who, ere he slept, sat in the dark on his bedside, like a shipwrecked sailor on a solitary rock in the wide sea, with no hope of deliverance in the distance, his head bowed down upon his breast, his hands locked between his knees, the very image, in the very attitude, of

"Helpless, hopeless, comfortless despair,"

feeling only that he was unheard, unheeded, and alone in that wide ocean, the world; living with death before him—wishing more to die than live; praying to be removed from this "sea of troubles;")——how, as this unhappiest of men lay pining and repining on his bed, sick at heart, sick of

"Hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick"

indeed, as the feeble old watchman tottered under his window, and, with paralytic lungs, cried "Pa-a-st five o'clock," and after a long interval, "and a ra-a-ainy mo-or-ning!"—how did he welcome the cheerful sound (to him), for it broke his weary loneliness! And how he watched the quivering reflection of his lantern's light dancing along the ceiling of his humble room, dissipating its dreary darkness, and driving away, for a moment, the sickly-shadowed faces and forms which had haunted his imagination till he saw them, in the blackness of the night, as plainly as if they really and bodily hovered round his bed in the clear light of day!—If the storm raged without, he pitied the old man, and thought himself, at least, so far blest that he was housed, and not exposed to the blasts of lightning, licking along the stones; and the thunder-crashes, shaking that poor old watchman's feeble heart and trembling body with solitary fears.

Chatterton—that wild child of genius, as he drank down the draught which stifled his mad heart—perhaps heard the drowsy old watchman pass sluggishly under his window, and hoarsely tell the hour of time to him who, if he could have lived, might have lived to eternity, as "a great heir of Fame." Old Humphrey Hour was, perhaps, the last man in his company—the only solitary voice speaking between his agonized

groans and the sullen silence of Death—attentive to his victim, but silent!—How that wretched boy listened to that cry! and shrieked a wild "*Vale*" to the old man as he passed, as to the only human being that bade him farewell;—the only living thing which seemed to speak to him as he plunged from the rocky heights of this hard world—the waters of death swallowed him down—in a few short moments more flowed smoothly over him—and Silence, which had been startled by his shriek, slept undisturbed again!

The linking street-life between sleep and death—the almost only voice heard speaking between the noisy stir and busy hubbub of one city-day and another—is dead and gone under the new system of silent watching. The old citizens miss the old Watchmen. Some, indeed, cannot give them up: they have been so accustomed to the heard and half-heard crying of the hours, that they cannot sleep without those night-ministers to rest; and in many streets of London their own old guardian still breaks the silence with his half-hourly cry, the residents giving him pay, as their own subscription, private, and particular watchman. The worthy citizens have been so long used to these subaltern warnings to attention, delivered along the line, from the ancient giver of the word of command, old Colonel Time, that they feel as though they should lose all discipline without them: for some

of these old tradesmen, I need not say, are as punctual in their night as their day habits, and sleep fast or slow, wake regularly at certain watches of the night, and subdivide their sleep, take their three hours' snoozing on the right side, and three hours' on the left side, the whole concluding with an hour of dozing on their backs, as mechanically as clock-work. The orderly old boys and their wives went to bed with the watchman, and rose with him. The last two or three sputtering coals were poked out, on the previous night, precisely as the parish-clock struck the first stroke of eleven, the exact watchman pronouncing, at the moment, that the account was properly cast up. In two minutes more they were in bed: in half a minute as fast asleep as a church. At two o'clock precisely—their own stair-clock, the parish-clock, and the watchman all agreeing as to the exact time of night—they waked, and, pushing up their nightcaps from their eyes, looked round their bedrooms, heard Dubbs or Dobbs, as it might be, crawling along under their windows, either coughing or crying; "Dubbs is punctual; always on his post," they muttered: next they listened to hear their dear wives' breathing; and then yawning, till the strings of their nightcaps seemed as if they would crack, they turned on the other side, and took the second instalment of their sleep. At five they waked again, and Dubbs cried "Five!" a little

drowsily, but truly to the moment. Then they felt for their snuff-boxes in the chair by the bedside, and took a long, deliberate, delightful pinch of "Hardham's Thirty-seven, fine;" and, that enjoyed, turned on their backs, turtle-fashion, and dozed, or laid and kicked their legs about, or stretched them out in the same turtle fashion, till six. When Dubbs had called "Six!" ere you could say "It lightens!" they heard him bang-to his watchbox's double doors, and lock them. His last fit of coughing, in which "Six" was faintly expectorated, and his call to the baker's man at the corner ere he went to his poor bed, were signals to the punctual old people to tumble out of theirs; and they turned out accordingly, and sometimes walked naked-footed to their chamber-windows, to see him puff out his candle, squeeze the wick with his finger and thumb, and walk up the street much faster than they had thought he could—to *his* rest, such as it was. Then, perhaps, they sighed "Poor fellow!" and thought how weary he must be; and poking up their chamber-lamps, to make them burn, began to dress themselves, and think of that day's business.

I am one of those old citizens in one of these respects: I miss the night-voice of old times; and, as one of the day-watchmen of this goodly city, regret the absence of my more ancient brethren of the night. Old remembrances of things which

were once young to me, and are now gone, and gone for ever, have made me old. Indeed, my recollections seem to myself older than my years will warrant, when, time-miserly, I count them. But I began early to observe, and, unconsciously, to record. At ten years old (pardon my "narrative old age," good Reader,) I was a young staring and listening philosopher of the Peripatetic school—all eyes and ears—with a light heart and a heavy parcel—early and late upon the Town, and knowing the Town well. So that, if not grey, and if not fifty, I am grey in old remembrances, and somewhat more than forty in my reminiscences; which circumstances

"Make me for to lament and say"

that, though I am not old, yet I feel that I am going to be old: that many years have somehow been annually heaping something upon my head—I know not what—but the load is bearable—albeit, I regret the loss of the old porters' pitching-blocks, that I might rest awhile, and wipe my brows, and think how far I have yet to go; and, having rested, lift my load again, and push on to my place of destination. No, I am not old; but still I sometimes ruminate on the oldening effect which the age I have lived to has already wrought in me; and from my cogitations draw this grave deduction—that nothing is more likely to make a man old than living a great number of years. It

is our own faults, therefore, if we grow old : we need not, an' we like it not.

I have been all my days an idler on the shore of the sea of life—(and in so far I am like Newton)—picking up flat white stones, and playing at ducks and drakes with them; or, snatching up odd-shapen shells, have stood among the shingles, like a child of some capacity, listening to hear the small roar of “the multitudinous waves” sounding within their little vaults, and winding round their tortuous volutes—I have been all my life this idler, and have all this while done nothing, till now that I have made discovery of the two important facts (or, rather, two great single facts rolled into one) which I have just enunciated. Having brought up these twin truths to light from the deep, dark well where Truth, their mother, is said to lie—if she can lie consistently with herself—by the very same process of induction with which your chained Redpole pulls up his ivory bucket-full of water, and your Bacon got at his great discoveries in philosophy, I find I have done something, and shall plunge my little pitcher therein no more, lest the holding-rope should snap, and, as the proverb says, the vessel should come broken home at last.

To return to my most ancient cronies. While in the common course of their duties in an orderly, well-disposed neighbourhood, keeping good hours,

they were trustworthy public servants. In the quiet side-streets running North and South from the great city population-channels, they were simple, honest, civil, civic functionaries and well-ordered officials. It was only in the wide ways, the great public thoroughfares, such as the Strand, Fleet-street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, that they were corrupt, drunken, depraved, extortionate, and not to be trusted. There they plundered, by virtue of their vicegerency, all "*vagrom* men." There they spunged on those outcasts whose wretched vocation made them trembling slaves under the lashing tongues of these insolent authorities. If they were resisted, woe be to them till they were pacified. If respectable foot-passengers were abroad, silence was commanded with an insolent rattle of their staves against the stones, and the poor wretches were ordered to "Walk on, or——;" and they knew how to fill up the sentence. If they were bidden not to abuse their authority, and to have some mercy on these unfortunate creatures, let them beware as soon as the gentleman or the influential man in the parish was gone: they had no mercy then, if they had no money: if they had small silver about them, that altered the case. These were the debauched members of the brotherhood, who were civil at ten, fuddled at eleven, drunk at twelve, abusive at one, furious in their authority at two, and dead

drunk and snoring, or disorderly themselves, at three o'clock in the morning. If their drunkenness was of a quiet turn, as you went by their boxes or corner-seats at a shop-door—generally at the silversmith's—you found them fast asleep, their staves cuddled up in their arms, and their lanterns burning between their feet, or underneath their seats. If you trode softly by, you did not, perhaps, disturb them:—

“ After *gin's* fitful fever they slept well.”

If you trod heavily by, regardless of “ their innocent sleep,” or if you coughed, considerately, to rouse them to a sense of their situation; or if, wickedly, you startled them by hitting your own trusty truncheon against the doorpost they were kissing with cold cheek, up sprung the old lynxes rampant in a moment; and, though it was three o'clock and a dry summer-dawning, they perhaps shouted lustily “ Past one o'clock, and a frosty morning!” and prided themselves on their intelligence. Sometimes, even when drunk to obliviousness, and all their great and grave faculties drowned incontinently in gin and peppermint, they carried themselves so soberly, that they would have deceived a saint or an exciseman; nothing but dipping his gauge into the well-seasoned old casks would have told him what quantity there was within their waistcoats of Hodges's best. If you had charged one of these with himself, he

would, in the confusion and drunkenness of his mind only, not his body, have taken the charge, if you persisted in making it: but, in his benevolence, would have begged you to let the culprit go home to his bed; and, tumbling into his watchbox in a heap, have slept himself sober in half an hour. I have seen one of them, drunk to staggering, lay down his lantern and staff to pick up a more drunken gentleman out of the gutter. I, who knew that indication well, from long observation of their habits, saw that the blind was about to lead the blind, and held myself ready to pick both out of the ditch, or kennel, one of its contributors in its small way. No sooner did he cry "I say, you mus'n't lie here, Mister!" and stoop to pull the ground-floor lodger from his bed, than his senses reeled, and then himself, and, after some few vibratory motions, finally he pitched head-foremost over him, and

"Stretch'd his lubber length along."

"The gentleman is so heavy with sleep" was his apology, as he picked up himself, and

"Left him alone in his glory."

If, conscious of his own drunkenness, and that it was detected, he cried, authoritatively, "Go on, Sir! Nobody wants none of your assistance!" it was an order to go which made me stand, and quietly observe his unavailing efforts to tilt him-

self again on those most fallible legs of his. Then, after I had given him line enough, and let him flounder about till he was exhausted, I pulled up and landed him; and somebody coming by, we fished for the ground-bait, and calling "Watch!" brought sober men to the rescue, who hauled up the degraded gentleman.

In idler years I was a student in lantern-law, and attended at the dispensing of Dogberry justice in those old night-sessions. Nothing could be more amusing, nor more scandalous. It was the very mockery of Right by Might. Whatever honest Master Verges deposed to was most veritable evidence: whatever the culprit wight could say in his defence was not to be believed on oath. "Tell that to my Lord Mayor, fellow! It will not do here. Lock him up!" silenced the clamourer for justice. If Master Verges, in evidence, deposed that black was white, and, not long afterwards, that white was black, black was both black and white, and so it was written down: anything which the Charge could assert contrariwise was talking to a windmill, and of none effect. The charge being taken, the gentleman, "Unless he behaved himself as such," was doomed to durance vile. Taken before the Mayor next day, he, Right Honourable man, could make nothing of the charge: but ever mindful of Mr. Hobler's fees, fined "Mr. Smith, I think your name is?" a shil-

ling; and cautioning him "Not to do nothing of that sort no more," which set the Court in a titter—the City Marshalman, as in duty bound, in a roar—and Mr. Haines, the Reporter, to work at his note-book, the accused was then let go about his business. Master Verges thereupon followed him out of court, and at the door "Hoped he would not forget the poor old watchman: as, if so be as he had said what was what, he wouldn't have got off so wery easy as he did." Mr. Smith, if he was simple, felt grateful that matters were no worse, and gladly paid another shilling: if he knew "what was what," he d—d the impudence of honest Master Verges, and threatened him with a sound horsewhipping; and so they parted in mutual disrespect. The new system is superior to the old, so far.

Many—too many—of the old Watchmen were, "not to speak it profanely," great rascals. Besides being pickpockets in a quiet way, they were suborners of perjury, "bearing false witness against their neighbour;" were to be bribed by a shilling slipped sideways into hands always held ready open, and fumbling about with itching fingers *aside*, for anything offered in that way. They would swear to any lie, however monstrous, like a Chancery-lane straw-in-the-shoe bailman, "for a consideration." They trumped up charges for the sake of the costs, like certain attorneys. They made prey

of simple-looking strangers, trusting they would stay proceedings before the case was carried into court. These rogueries are at an end under the new system, so it is *said*.

But in the byways a more worthy set of men did their duty honestly, and as efficiently as they could. You were sure of finding them at their posts, if you wanted them, as guides to your way, and might rely on being civilly answered. The perfect stillness and loneliness at night of some of those narrow lanes and short cross-streets of the City, where the Manchester warehousemen and other traffickers in the wholesale way form the principal householders, (streets stunned with the noise of carts and carmen and thronged as a beehive during the business-hours of day,) struck strangely on the ear even of one well-accustomed to London, and its strong contrasts—its powerful light and shade. After eleven at night not a foot was heard thereabout, save the solitary watchman's, or some curious one like mine; and not a sound disturbed the desolate silence, unless some lofty garret-lattice, left unfast, kept flapping in the wind, and shaking out its panes; or the church-vane veered about complainingly; or down came a windfall of tiles, a chimney-cowl, or a corner coping-stone, which passengers had been shy of for some time; or the solitary wayfarer was startled by the sudden bang of St. Paul's bell striking

twelve into the heart of those silent streets and lanes, so sonorously, that he shrunk sensitively at every stroke, and wished the old monitor, Time, would be a little less emphatic. The houses, having no inmates at night, all was window darkness and locked-up loneliness and desertion. The only living things were the rats, who walked across the lanes composedly, if you did not alarm them, to visit other rats over the way, or play about in the darkness, or in the moonlight, and squeak their joy at being undisturbed. The warehouse-cats, too well fed to make prey of them, or too complacent to take notice of them after business-hours, divided the silence between them, when the watchman did not claim to be heard: for he still called the hour to the Toms and the Tibbys and the rusty-coloured rats, though they "took no note of time." The poor old Solitary knew every cat upon his beat, and he could say whose Tom Tom was: the cats knew him as well, and harboured about his box, and rubbed against his legs to curry favour and their coats. His pet and favourite sat by his side, and purred and winked at his lantern-light; and if there was enough for two, shared in his supper. As a choice tit-bit with Mister Watchman was cheese toasted over his candle, by way of Welsh rabbit, Tom snuffed at the savoury delicate, and if he behaved himself, when it was cool enough he had a bit

They were the sole visitors during the long night of that solitary city Crusoe, and kept him cheerful. He sometimes sprung his rattle playfully—gave it just a couple of turns—whenever any two of his furry friends struck up a duet in A sharp, or when one of them

“ His amorous descants rang ”

as a serenade, and they were still : if not, to show that he would be obeyed, and was one in authority, he hurled his stick among them, and dispersed them severally. If a dog was shut out he consoled him, and made him free of his box for the night ; and if honest Cæsar was curious, and wanted to see the ward—if not the world—he took him with him on his round. When he was entirely alone, or only the dog remained with him, he was himself seized with a vocal fit,

“ And fill'd each pause the Nightingale had made,”

(the city nightingale—the knowing London reader will recognize the bird,) with

“ Beauties, have you seen a toy ? ”

—or, haply, if not happily,

“ When *Dido* thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of *sham pain* as an egg's full of meat ; ”

—or, not unlikely,

“ When Vulcan forged the bolts of *Job*
In *Ætna's* roaring glow ; ”—

as he was a man of high tastes, and had attended

the Cateaton-street concerts (or *Cat-eating* concerts, as the Cits called them) in his palmy days, officially, as Clerk of the Hats; and, therefore, his spirits, then in his worst days, like Goldsmith's bear, danced to none but the genteelest of tunes. Anon, with tremulous pipe, he tried his voice *in alt*, till the street shrieked and Cæsar howled. Next he essayed

“ Tell me, shepherds—shepherds, have you seen
My Pastora pass this way?”

—to which Cæsar listened in decent silence, looking up in his face the while. Anon, mayhap, he tried his little wit at a parody :

“ Why, *Watchmen*, why should we be melancholy, *boys*?”

—and no one threw a stick at him, and Cæsar was all attention. As the street echoed his solitary raven voice from high wall to high wall, he thought it sounded sweet, and coughed and tried “ *Hard-hearted Barbara Allen*,” or “ *Death and the Lady*,” and felt that he grew serious. Then, perhaps, he turned into his box and trimmed his light; and, as it was Friday, thought it was high time he had read through and returned the paper of the previous Sunday which he had borrowed of a publican in the neighbourhood; and so he finished it down to the very imprint. Just then the day-break began to streak the sky over East Cheap; and in a minute or two a quick pattering of feet

was heard in the distance ; and now they ran along rapidly, and now they stopped short suddenly ; and now they came nearer and nearer, and grew louder and louder. Those feet were of the lamp-lighter measure, a sort of spondees not named in Blair on Versification. Jolly Dick, the lamp-lighter, then gave a hoarse " Good morning, Wriggs !" and broke the silence of the old watchman's solitude among a million and a half of mankind with the only human sounds he had heard that night. As Dick puffed out the lamp-light, honest Wriggs savingly blew out his nail's length of candle, and prepared to shut up shop as soon as the Ward clock should sound six. Some few civilities exchanged, the bell struck the dismissing hour. " No sooner said than done," quoth Wriggs, facetiously winking his least sleepy eye at Dick. Then *Ereunt* the young Lamplighter *O. P.* and the old Watchman *P. S.*, *hastily*.

" Only once a-year " in the inhabited parts of the City world did those good housekeepers whom he watched and warded get a daylight look at their guardian by night, and examine him, what sort of proper man he was—whether short or tall—old or middle-aged—well or ill favoured. During the rest of the year, he was a voice—an obscurity—heard, but not seen ; or, if seen, not known, excepting by the parish marks upon the back of his cloudy-coloured white watchcoat ;

the **St. D.** informed them that he was *their*

P. Watchman; and they believed, for

27 he had told them so, that he was intituled and called Barnaby Digglesbiggle, ætat. 55, and was asthmatic from November to May, as they supposed, because they heard him cough much at night during those six winter months. When poor Digglesbiggle began to cough, Winter was said by these worthy warm people to have begun: when he ceased to cough, Summer was said to have set in. "Only once a-year" was he seen, and remembered to be pitied. The day following happy, social Christmas-day, as early as ten o'clock in the morning, a solemn, sincere, almost severe, single knock (as startling as the supernatural rap given by the marble ghost upon the door of Don Juan) was heard at the hall-door of Mr. Smithson of Bouverie-street, a well-to-do and worthy citizen. The door being answered by Betty, after looking through the area-railings to see who it was that knocked, a cry was heard in the passage of "Oh! it's you, Mister Watchman, is it? Well I'm sure!" Upon which poor Digglesbiggle coughed, that there might be no doubt of his identity; and, as soon as he could, endeavoured to smile and to say something seasonable to Betty touching the mistletoe and "That nice young man, the baker," who met Betty so often as she went up the street for the supper-beer, and kept her out

till all the froth was blown off the top of the pot, and she couldn't stay a moment longer. Betty then blushed and simpered, and begged "He would let her have no more of his nonsense;" by which she meant to say that he might let her have as much of it as he could spare. Some more nonsense having passed between them confidentially, to change the subject, Betty said, as if she had just thought of it, "Oh! you're come, I s'pose, for your Chris'mas-box?" "Yes, Miss, if you please," answered Digglebiggle, candidly. "Oh well, with all my heart, Mister Watchman!"—for all the maids called him *Mister* out of respect. "A fine time you have of it, indeed and I'm sure, going about taking nothing but your pleasure on boxing-day, like a gentleman!" And Betty then bounced in upon her mistress in the parlour with "Oh, mum, here's the poor Watchman come for his once-a-year!" All the little Smithsons then rushed helter-skelter out of the parlour to have a look at that mysterious old man who never went to bed and did nothing but call the night-hours under their windows. As the passage filled with young Smithsons and Smith-daughters of all sizes, and ten pair of curious young eyes examined the wandering Voice—the mysterious Digglebiggle the Watchman—the great Unseen, seen "only once a-year," the old man seemed to shrink into himself, and feel his popularity too much for

him. And there he stood, fumbling his staff, or fingering the iron-railing, and bowing to "the dear good lady," purblind and purl-blind, (Digglebiggle—not the good lady,) having drunk five pints of that comforting warmth already that morning: there he stood, winking and blinking in the unaccustomed cold sunshine of a Christmas fine day, looking, to all human appearance, much more like an owl *out* of his usual ivy-bush than the important public character Digglebiggle was in those high and palmy days of watchmanhood. Meantime Mrs. Smithson, though she was, on the whole, rather *dubersome* as to his identity, thought she knew his voice, and did not for a moment doubt his coat; but his frosty, foul-weathered, weasel face was not quite so familiar to her eyes. No one could vouch for that but Betty, who had seen it so often by lantern-light, when she had risen at four to wash, and, the tedious tinder-box denying her a spark, had been compelled to resort at last to Digglebiggle for a light. Betty, having deponed that he was no impostor—no "beefeater," but veritable "Digglebiggle, *our* Watchman," the identity proved, the recognition cost half-a-crown to the demurrant. That settled, the poor old man blessed No. 17 several times over, wished No. 17 a happy New Year, and bowing very low and very often, and scraping his muddy foot behind him upon the white stone step, (a mark of his gratitude

which Betty could have spared, but she made Christmas allowance for the man,) he then staggered feebly from 17 to 18, in arithmetical progression, hitting the mark with mathematical precision. At No. 18 he went through the same Christmas ceremonies with the Huggermuggers, with like fortunate results; and then went on to the Trumps—the Whipples—the two Smiths, brothers—the one Jones, the other Jones having removed, to prevent mistakes—the Humguffins—the Stumpses—Stubbinses—Wilkses—Wilsons—and Williamses—(Nos. 18 to 28 inclusive)—till he had gone round his beat, and had gathered

“*Silver* opinions from all sorts of men.”

That night the watchbox of Bouverie-street was shut at the usual hour for opening—no glowing lantern dangled over its door—a waggish charity-boy had already chalked “*To let—coming in easy*” upon its sacred front—no hour was called—“Where’s old Digglebiggle to-night?” was asked by housekeeper after housekeeper: “Wheeled home in a barrow as drunk as any lord!” was the satisfactory answer: “Well, poor old man, it’s only once a-year!” was the considerate reflection. Bouverie-street watched itself that night, and all the Bettys were directed to be particular in fastening shutters and doors, as “Digglebiggle was indecent—only once a-year!”

The Old Watchmen were, many of them, stu-

dious, or, at least, book-men. I remember one in particular, for many years guardian of the gentilities of Theobald's-road. I never passed his box at night, when he was in it, without observing him reading by lantern-light. Haply his old literary neighbour—the elder D'Israeli, for many years a resident of that spot—or the air of studious Gray's Inn, at the angle of the wall of which pleasant garden his box was placed—or else “the gods, had made him poetical,” or prosaical, I know not which. As I have imagined in my former paper that another Newton may have passed away unnoticed in some poor old guardian of the night, so, haply, may another Bacon (for Bacon haunted that garden, in his early days, as a law-student) have gone unobserved to his grave in this undistinguished private of that same old corps of hobbling infantry.

When Spa Fields *were* fields, a solitary watch-box stood over against old Merlin's Cave—the midway ground—the watch-mound between Mount Pleasant and then pleasant Pentonville and once merry Islington. The lonely sentinel of that watch-tower was, I have imagined since, an unappreciated mathematician—if not a great one, certainly no small one, for he was a fraction more than six feet high, and measured altitudes with his box. Pass we that; but pass him when I would, if not going his rounds, I ever saw him, his lantern

in one hand, a lump of chalk in the other, working long geometrical lines and piles of figures from the top to the bottom of his box—inside and outside was all one mass of figures. Sometimes, as I trod silently over the greensward, I came close up to him, and he did not see or hear me; and there I stood, when I dared, in the darkness of a late hour in a winter night, watching him moving his lantern up and down those long white lines and cones of most mysterious chalk characters—(cabalistical calculi?)—and have dreaded to imagine what diabolical magic, what cantrip conjuration he might not be working at that moment, and I almost at his elbow—not sure that I was *not* I, but some imp of darkness, drawn within the charmed circle he had described round about him!—perhaps calling up damned “spirits from the vasty deep” of Acheron by some vile introversing or wicked mal-using of the simple Rule of Three?—or raising the devil by saying the Multiplication Table backwards? Horrible imaginings!—More to get rid of my foolish fears than to put an end to his incantations, I have suddenly leaped off the silent grass with a loud bound upon the gravelly footpath, that he might hear there was some one conscious of his doings, whether good or evil; and if he noticed not that interruption of his studies, I have resorted to kicking the loose pebble-stones before me, and have coughed and cried “Hem!”

as lustily as I could. Then has the old man wheeled slowly round, turned his lantern-light full on my face, and, recognizing me, cried, not inhumanly, with a natural voice, not supernatural, "Hah, boy! Is that thee, boy? Thee art late to-night, my poor boy!" And though he said this gently and compassionately, in fatherly tones, I could only chitter out a fearful "Ye-e-es, sir!" not thoroughly assured, even then, that he had not been dealing with the devil, and I had interrupted the bargaining between them. The old, grey, gaunt man would then bid me make the best of my way home; and as lampless darkness, in those nights, brooded over the solitary fields, (for as yet a fine gas-light night was not,) he bade me not to be frightened at the white cow I should find ruminating and recumbent all across the pathway, nor take her for—a ghost! His admonition took one dread away by finding me in another—the dread of spirits; and on I crept and stumbled, casting fearful glances to the left and to the right, and before me and behind me—now stopping, here and there, to hearken that they were not rustling ghosts, but rustling rushes, which stirred in the deep ditches on either side of my dark path; and being assured of that, still I feared something—nothing, and, as I went,

"Whistled aloud to keep my courage up."

At last I came to the white cow, and when she

moaned I trembled, and yet felt that there was company even in such a companion; and I lingered by her side, and soothed her with soft words; and having recovered breath and something like fresh courage, finished the remainder of my solitary way by—a panic flight! Music was in that single knock which opened the humble house-door, and in the voice which welcomed the weary boy, too early tried with toil carried long beyond the midnight hour. When I repassed that spot next morning, the box being shut, and the poor old solitary watcher gone to his bed, I have looked curiously, boy-like, to see what work he had been so busy with overnight, and have found long trails of chalky calculations not half rubbed out; and much have I “puzzled my puppy brains” to extract the cube root of his intention and the square of his enjoyment in that dry study or wet, as it rained or not, and get some insight into the nature of his mathematical researches. His Arabian (figures) Night’s Entertainment, however, was all Greek to me, and I gave it up. But a great though a fearful man in my young estimation was the old Watchman of Spa Fields, a marvel and a mystery! Merlin—of whose cave he was the Cerberus with one head—was not a greater, nor more awful!

Another reminiscence of the Old Watchmen, and I have done with the subject.

Where Waithman's column—(something when 'tis seen)
Lifts its small head, and squints at Sarah's queen,*

to paraphrase a not-often-quoted couplet of Mr. Pope's, in my early-rising days, when a young devil, (start not, good Reader!—a printer's devil was the utmost extreme of my imphood,) gaped what was then called the *cag-mag* end of old Fleet-market, so named in honour, it might be, of that most ancient river the Fleet, which groped its way thereunder to the Thames, who takes his tributary stream, it is true, but does not thank him for it. The market and its river were worthy of each other :

“ Each lent to each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.”

If you nosed the river while traversing the narrow row of butchers' stalls on either side, you were led to suspect the mutton as attainted : on the other hand, if you remitted some part of the severity of your sentence on the meat, you could not acquit the Fleet : it was brought in, by the nose, guilty of “ most ancient and fish-like ” and flesh-like smells. Like Shakspeare's violets and sweet winds, the river and the market bandied favours, but not flavours—“ stealing and giving odours.” Upon that remarkable spot, in the younger days of

* The statue of Anne, fronting, or rather affronting St. Paul's by turning her back to it, some time, or, to speak more correctly, sometimes Queen “by the grace” of her grace Sarah, Duchess (and Duke) of Marlborough.

the said little devil, stood, on the right hand thereof, a linen-draper's shop, *hight* Waithman's: on the left, a poulterer's, name unremembered. Midway stood that most savoury of stalls, a saloop stall, spread with such delicates, and fuming such odours under the cold nose of a November morning, as took the sleep-freshened sense of smell of the early wayfarer, and lapped its organ in Elysium. There, at the head of that humble board, the purple-faced, wind-chapped, and frost-bitten old saloop-woman's face and fare invited

"The passing tribute of a sigh"

from the penniless sweep-boy, who snuffed the fragrant viands from afar—got hotter and hotter as the children say at hide and seek; and as he came near and more near to that

"Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,"

the clean-spread stall, if he, sad wight! surveyed its slices of white bread and butter, oh how severely!—watched the steam of the sweet sacrifice to Hunger, that insatiable, heathen god, go up in curling clouds into the murky morning air, oh how curiously!—followed with saucer eyes the reeking saucer as it was gingerly lifted to the lips of some tall fellow, ah how enviously!—and if he turned up the whites of his eyes (all that was white about him) as slice followed after slice down his devouring throat, oh how admiringly!—and then

sighing once again, (so strongly that you might see the very breath of it,) he shuffled in his ill-fitting shoon, which rubbed his naked heels till they were sore, shuffled and limped away, poor boy, "to err is human—to forgive" a fellow who is engulphing bread and butter by the quire and saloop by the quart "is divine!" The printer's devil, let it be recorded to his honour, did pity that poorer devil; but there was no help for him in his pocket, too much incomed like his own to do more than wish he could do more—give Chummy a public breakfast, in humble imitation of the benevolent Mrs. Montague, of sweep-feasting eccentricity.

Around the stall, among other guests, mustered some of his old friends, the Watchmen of those parts. Good old men, they were tender of the devil, and sometimes said, "They thought he must be cold;" and bade him come a little nearer to the charcoal-fire, and warm his frozen fingers,—an invitation which the good motherly woman reiterated, as he was one of *her* favourites! And sometimes, gentle ancients! they gave him good counsel, bidding him blow the boiling saloop, lest it should scald his tender mouth, and make his teeth ache!—Gracious men! they sometimes joked with him — honoured him so much as to "lay their *painted* robes aside," and, forgetting their dignities, their gravities, and their severities, jested with him!

Nay, more. When he was boy-wealthy with a silver shilling—a presentation copy of the comely countenance of good old obstinate George the Husbandman, bestowed on him for some small imp-service rendered to editor or author (*they* had money in those days)—prodigal-son like, he sometimes gave a public breakfast, and these great officials graced *his* table for the nonce, and were pleased to express their approbation of the entertainment. It was, as Mr. Pepys says, pretty to see these Ancients, picked from four conjacent parishes, (Saints Bride, Ann of Blackfriars, Dunstan, and Andrew,) their nightly duties done, laying their boundary divisions aside with their staves and lanterns; and socially sipping the savoury saloop together—four of them sipping like one. It was a lesson to the greater greedy world—the gobblers at a city great man's table—to see them waiving their private preferences for the thickest slices in favour of one another. It was something to hear St. Dunstan gallantly press St. Bride to avail herself of the kissing-crust; or St. Andrew recommend St. Ann to blow her dish, as it was hot. Great was the gratification therein of the wee devil, as the (type) founder of the feast; and great the treat to those watcher worthies, and not expensive: for when the reckoning was called it was little more than “some tenpenny matter”—*videlicet*:—

	s.	d.
Eight dishes of saloop (at 1d. the dish)	0	8
Eight slices of best white bread and Cambridge butter (at 0½d. the slice).....	0	4
Total.....	1	0

—the sum in hand. His own charges were either chalked high up, far out of the reach of the rude butcher-boys, on one side of the poulterer's spout; or else scored down on the tablets of the good old woman's memory, tenacious of these memoranda, and were duly wiped out when he had paid his way, and had leave to open a fresh account. Oh where are those "old familiar faces" now? Where is that ancient woman, good old Mother Hot-hot-hot, as some irreverent whipster dared to miscall her in the outraged presence of that typical imp? Where are those Nestors of the night, his reverend friends and earliest patrons, who encouragingly patted him on his leather-cap, and condescendingly called him "*Master!*" qualifying their too great familiarity with that gentle epithet? Where is that watchman wag who designated him indifferently "Young One Nick" and "Young Nick," from some mixed associations in his mind of the terms of the small imp's profession with the part he played in a printing-office and the reputed common Father of all Devils, Old Nick the First—progenitor of him of Russia, who is really the second? Where are they all?

"Faded into the common light of day?"

become undistinguishable, every-day men?—mere mechanic civilians?—commonplace porters, or what not?—Night misses these old men eloquent. The night-hours miss them, and now dully sleep out the darkness undisturbed by

“The hourly cry of Time’s night-watchers.”

The city is too peaceable, now that their rattles are “hung up for monuments.” I miss them, my old dark companions, time-monitors, and earliest patrons: for, that poor printer’s devil confesses it, (he was not unproud of it then, why should he not take pride in it now?) they patronised him as a promising youth, because he could read out of a book like a parson; and was communicative of his small scraps of knowledge at their box-doors, in those dark half-hours when, being waked too soon for business, he had to saunter the time too soon away.

“Oh! the days when he was young!
How he read in eyes’ despite!
Stuck to copy all day long,
And with clean sheets crown’d the night!”

—as singeth the gay old Don in the *Duenna*.

And now farewell, a long farewell, to my most worthy and worshipful friends and early and late monitors, the Old Watchmen of London!

“So fades, so perishes, grows dim, and dies
All that this world is proud of!”

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A TALE OF A KITE.

WE never *saw* the want there is of open places for the recreation of the people (the young people especially, in preference to the old), as when passing over Waterloo Bridge a few evenings since. In the recess of the centre arch, we beheld a genteel lad holding hard, as seamen say, to a short thick stick with both hands, with one foot planted firmly against the parapet, in resistance of some unseen power which pulled as though it would pull him over, and plunge him in the waters below. Surprised to see a young gentleman "in the morning of life, ere passion takes the reason prisoner," in so unaccountable an attitude, we set ourselves curiously to discover what he could be about, besides being about thirteen, and about as ingenious-looking a lad as we have seen anywhere in a circle of five miles' radius, with Lad-lane for its centre. From the stick we then observed there ran a string; and up that string a circular piece of paper, such as in our *Juvenal* days was called a

messenger ; and following it up, and up, and up, till our eyes tracked it up the fourth of a mile high, we saw, suspended in mid air, a kite of gigantic size, such as any young gentleman would give five shillings for, and think it not a groat too dear. Fluctuating from side to side, like Mr. Wakley between Sir Robert and Lord John, now inclining a little to the Surrey side of things, and now to the Middlesex, on the whole it maintained its altitude pretty well, considering that the wind was as undecided as itself, and ran about to all quarters. Now, like O'Connell, it mounted : now, like him, it plunged headlong downwards : anon it recovered itself, and rose again, steadied, like him, by its tail. A hundred other comparisons, political and poetical, were suggested to us, while we stood admiring its flight, which it would be tedious to mention.

Pleased with the more than average London ingenuity of the lad in availing himself of the only open space within a mile or two, and pleased as well with his affable manners, and his frank bearing (which led us, by a process of association known only to punsters and persons with their wits about them, to think of another sort of Frank Baring not half so ingenious) as he answered our question *why* he selected such a spot for his sport, we paid him the silent compliment of thinking that, with his talent for expediency, he would, by

as he was, make a better Chancellor of the Exchequer, and hit on happier means, if not to raise the wind, to make use of it for his purposes; and then went our way, rejoicing that we had picked up a truly primitive proof of London, or Town, or Cockney ingenuity, call it which you will, such as is not to be fallen in with every day in the week; nor is it every idle blockhead's business to see it and take note of it, though it may lie under his very nose.

But, as we are on the financial subject of kite-flying, and have told one anecdote (to the point) touching it, we may as well, while we are in the humour, tell another; and here you have it.

Strolling over Wandsworth Common a short time since, we observed in a corner of that wide waste a solitary donkey; no uncommon sight to be seen on a common, it will be said: true; but this donkey was seen under uncommon circumstances, as we shall relate. Before we came up to him we had been puzzling our little wit to account for a large kite floating high in the air in that open spot, without the usual accompaniment to a kite—a boy at one end of it, to conduct its ascent and descent. We looked all over the long, level flat, and, as Pat would say, devil a boy was there there to be seen anyhow; not even the whistle or whoop of a boy to tell us of the whereabouts of one. Much marvelled we at this miracle of an effect seemingly

without a cause, as we went leisurely towards the spot over which the kite was hovering. But shortly a light broke in on our darkness. It was the donkey we had seen, and no soul else, ["Has a negro a soul, your honour?" asked Corporal Trim,] that was flying the kite!!—Here the Reader, whether gentle or simple, will stare, and shake his head incredulously, and, in humble imitation of the bad manners of a certain debating society, cry "*Oh! Oh!*" Now, the Reader may shake his head, if he will, till his teeth rattle like dice in a box; and still he will not shake the fact, that a donkey was seen, and by a veritable witness, flying a kite on Wandsworth Common in the ever-memorable year 1841—if memorable for nothing else, for that; and very well he did it too, albeit unused to the *flying* mood, and to our extreme satisfaction, if not to his. The greatest wonder in this wonderful world is but a commonplace when explained. Here we hear cries of "Explain! Explain!" "Who ever saw a donkey flying a kite?" We have already said we did. "How came a donkey to be flying a kite?" We will tell you how. Why, marry, thus.

Sam Snaffle, (for we were curious enough to inquire the name of the ingenious young person we are about to introduce to the reader,) of Lower Tooting, a little village in the neighbourhood, was, it seems, the proprietor of said kite. Sir Isaac,

the donkey, was, on the other hand, the whole and sole property of Sam Snaffle, senior. Sir Isaac being entitled, through his owner, to the right of free commonage, was sent on the common accordingly for an afternoon's grazing, Sam the younger being his guide and conductor on the occasion. Not to lose time, and to have his pleasure as well as Sir Isaac, Sam took his large-paper tall-copy of a kite with him, that, while the one stuck to the earth earthy, the other might hold some converse with the skies. Having loosened Sir Isaac's body-girth, that he might get a bellyful of the sweet short grass thereabouts without hurting his button-holes, he next let out the string of his kite, (and there was plenty of it,) and away the paper currency mounted into thin air. It was when it was thus "flying all abroad," at the very top of its tether, that Sam, for some unknown purpose or other, felt all about him for his knife, and felt it not—not nowhere, as he expressed its entire absence. Where was it? Ay, where indeed? He remembered now that he had used it as he turned out of Obligation-lane, which runs into the common, to cut a swish for Sir Isaac, should he want it; and there he had dropped it, he feared. Every man who has been a boy in his time (and most men go through that preliminary process) must remember how dear a thing to a boy is *his* knife and nobody else's. With his kite a quarter-mile high,

and an hour's work to bring it down and wind it in again—his knife a mile off—how was Sam to run back to Obligation-lane, and recover it, before any one passing that way could pick it up? There was the rub! Here was a fix! He looked round him: there was not a tree, a tree-stump, a bush of any bulk, an old post, or a good lump of a stone on the bare common, to which he could tie his kite while he ran back to find what was lost. There was nothing there but Sir Isaac and himself, three sparrows, a cuckoo in a corner somewhere, a lark hovering overhead, and his kite, to be seen anywhere, and these were all particularly and privately engaged. Sir Isaac was whisking his tail, at the moment, as a general warning to a dragon-fly which had been buzzing about him for some time as though he meant to settle an old account with him, and open a new one. "That's it!" cried Sam, slapping his young thigh, with a shout of exultation at the happy thought; and as Napoleon used to say when he was grandiloquent, it was the work of no time at all to give the kite-string half-a-dozen turns round the tail of Sir Isaac just above its tufty end, tie it in a knot, and leave the high-flyer to his management for a quarter of an hour at the most, which time it would take him to run back and return from Obligation-lane.

It was towards the termination of this inter-regnum that we chanced, as Humanity would have

it, to come up to Sir Isaac in all the assinine agonies of his trusteeship: for, poor fellow, being no philosopher, no Franklin making novel experiments, he could not understand what was the matter with him—what had hold of him by the tail, and was lugging and tugging him this way and that way—and how to act for the best. He had kicked till he was tired of kicking the air only, and gave that up as unprofitable. He had tried all sorts of ways to get rid of the entail: had run round in short circles till he was giddy; rolled over and over on the ground till he was worse; pitched head and stern; but in none of these ways could he shake off the horrible incubus behind. If he had ever heard of the bereavement of Tam o' Shanter's mare Maggie, Sir Isaac would have prayed to be so docked, and never-minded the singularity of his after-appearance among his own circle. At last, wearied with vain efforts, he ratted from opposition, and let the kite lift him up by the tail, as *it* kicked now, and not he, till at times he was fairly off his legs behind, and on his nose before. The wind then swelling almost to a hurricane, he could stand it no longer; and so, as well he might, he took to as many heels as he could get to the ground at one time, and bolted to the opposite corner of the common. There there were, fortunately, a few trees; and there, the wind being as rude as ever, and his tail lugged and tugged till

it was numbed with the torture, with an intelligence which does not fall to the lot of one ass in a thousand, that he might not be borne away up to the second heaven, when next

“The wind blew as ’twad blawn its last,”

—it struck him as a happy thought, and it was, and no sooner thought than done—he incontinently clapped his forelegs roundabout the stem of a sturdy sapling, and held on like a tailor at the Epping hunting till it blew over. Now this was not a bad thought, as far as it went. But, if Sir Isaac was so named by his sponsors in memory of a certain sage philosopher, he should have thought within himself, “What would the author of the *Principia* have done in like circumstances?” and gone on improving upon his first conceptions. Sir Isaac the Great, in such a dilemma, absent as he was in his habits, would have had presence of mind enough to have walked twice or thrice round the trunk of the tree, coiling the kite-string by this means roundabout its bole, and have left it to bear the tugs and lugs

“Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,”

and not have been responsible one moment longer than he could help it for an acceptance so irregularly drawn and improperly indorsed. But to return to our story.

From afar we had beheld Sir Isaac cutting the extraordinary capers we have been describing, and

had set them down as freaks of an antic disposition—merry moods of a mind not always so happy. It was in this critical position of affairs that we leisurely came up to him, and found him head downwards—heels up—and his tail perpendicularly erected, like unto the handles of certain parish pumps by roadsides against which passengers bump their noses. Wondering to see any animal, and especially one of his sedate race, in so ludicrous a plight, as soon as we could for laughing, (and surely it would have moved the crying philosopher to mirth to have beheld him!) conjecturing that it was the wicked trick of some young wags ambushed somewhere thereabouts and enjoying the joke, we untied the string, now as tight as a tourniquet, set him free, and took the management of the kite into our own hands. The poor beast shook himself, and, turning one look upon us—such a look!—with his lacklustre eyes, seemed to thank us, how gratefully! Oh surely, only a distressed author, made able, by the unlooked-for aid of some true friend, to take up a bill overdue and noted, could have given such a look! It was a look which came from his heart if it came from anywhere, and so entered readily into ours, always wide open to such angels' visits.

We had not had charge of this unusual ward for us, as well as Sir Ikey, more than five minutes, and, as we knew not what else to do with it, were

winding it in, when we heard the quick beating of hasty feet over the hollow ground; and in a few moments, puffing, blowing, and broiling red in the face with hot running, up comes a boy with the cry of "That's my kite, please, Sir!" Well, perhaps it was: we could not deny it: we granted it: we did not, we could not, dispute it: we knew it was not ours: men who *fly kites* mostly know their own paper. We made signs of not unwillingly wishing to avoid any further responsibilities. "Oh," said Sam, (for it was he—graciously deeming, no doubt, that it must be a treat, a great indulgence, even to hold and not to have a kite of such lofty pretensions as a quarter-mile high,) "Oh, I'm in no hurry, Sir!" said he; "Oh no: you may fly it as long as you like, Sir; only hold it in, Sir!" We bowed, and were certainly obliged to so trusting a young person. A very churl could not have refused so handsome an offer, so *naïvely* tendered, with so generous a desire for our amusement as an old boy who had not the look of having quite forgotten that he was once a young one, and once delighted in the flight Franklinian as well as the rest and the best. We held on accordingly a little longer, till, as the wind was high, and the kite tugged like a tar at a tiller-rope, it was not half so amusing as it seemed to be. "Don't it tug, neither?" quoth Sam, exulting in its strength. Though we made no answer, either to the tune

that it did or that it did not tug, he was pleased gratuitously to say, "I believe yer! But then it's such a *one-r*—such a rummy, plummy one!" Studious of these encomiastic (?) expressions—ashamed to confess our ignorance of their import, and ask for a rendering of them into the every-day vernacular—we believe that, in our abstraction, we might have held the kite somewhat awkwardly, as though we held it not, and were not alive to our serious responsibilities. Seeing this, Sam very considerably, but somewhat impatiently, we thought, took all further charge of it out of our incompetent hands; and, running off with it before the wind, left Sir Isaac and ourselves to our ruminations as before.

Great is the glorious privilege of youth!—so great, indeed, that it ought never to be taken away from those who enjoy it, but be theirs to the end, or until they are thoroughly tired of it, and, not wisely, wish to be a "man, and leave off childish things."

HADJEE MEER MEERZA ;

THE LAMB WITH THE LION'S HEART.

HADJEE MEER MEERZA — or as he was called among his brother shepherds, from his remarkable gentleness and courage, “The Lamb with the Lion’s Heart”—was a simple shepherd, herding his flocks on the beautiful plain which spreads itself along under the famous mountain, Ararat; and a very merry and happy fellow he was, and known and loved, that pastoral country round, for his good-humoured gibes, his imperturbable gentleness, and his courageous heart. He was not a native of the district where he fed his flocks, for he was born in the little village of Humamloo, which lies in the valley of the same name, on the boundary of Persia, where it meets the frontier of the gigantic realms of Russia. But having been hired by old Abdool Allee, (the wealthiest flockholder of the country-region around Erivan,) in one of his journeys, as his chief shepherd, he quitted his own pleasant valley, and followed his master and his sheep into the plains on the other

side of the heights of Aberan, which separated him from his own beloved valley—his own humble home—and his old widowed mother, who still lived happily in her adopted Humamloo, surrounded by her children and their children—one member of her fold only being a straggler, the merry Meer Meerza. But as she heard from him, and heard that he did well, she was happy to let him live estranged from her, knowing that, when he had enriched himself, he would return, and bless the evening of her life with his affection : for she knew that her favourite son loved nothing so much in the world as his good mother, his rude home, and his brethren.

After passing three summers in the plains, the shepherd longed once more to see his native valley ; and, having obtained from the good Abdool permission to depart, the old man, who loved him as his son, loaded him with gifts, and sent him rich away ; and away he went upon his journey, rejoicing. One care only lay heavily on his head, but did not weigh much upon his heart : for he knew he would be as welcome at his home in Humamloo, if he brought nothing back but his good spirits and his shepherd's crook, as if he returned with a caravan of wealth which he could call his own. In passing from the plains of Erivan he had to journey over the wild, rocky heights of Aberan—a desolate region which had

long been the terror of rich travellers : for it was the haunting-place of the most ferocious of robbers, the murderous Caussim Al Kadjer, who had defied the soldiers of the great Shah Abbas to take him, and, therefore, might well mock at the puny efforts of the peasantry to hunt him down. The country people, accordingly, gave him up, and let him prey upon whom he listed : for they had grown to think him invulnerable by human hands, and that he bore a charmed life. All that the dwellers did on either side of rocky Aberan was to warn the travellers with whom they had to meet, and how to meet him—if they loved their lives, to let him levy toll, and then they might pass safely. His strength and prowess had spread such a dread of him the country round, that it was believed no single man, nor any number of men, could overmatch him.

Hadjee Meer went not away unwarned ; but he heeded it nothing. He was told it was in vain to arm himself, unless he could wield the weapon (with as mighty an arm) of the great hero of Persian story, Roostum Beg himself. That weapon and that arm only could be the safeguard of him who had to contend with a robber of such tiger-like stealthiness ; and, when that failed, and he had missed his spring upon his prey, of such terrible strength and unsubduable courage as Caussim Al Kadjer—"The Blood-lover," as he was

called. Hadjee Meer laughed, however, when they sought to alarm him : for as he was young, strong, and had some conceit of his good courage, " If he was to be conquered," he said, " it should not be by fear, which slays so many, but by superior prowess." Nothing but being beaten, and that soundly, should convince him that he could be beaten ; " And leave me to know when I have had enough of blows to satisfy me that I *am* beaten," said the stout-hearted shepherd. " A hundred blows, on body and brow, are enough for me : when I have had them fairly counted down, I give up the bargain, unless a few more will decide it on both sides ; and then it is as well to strike on till the affair is settled, and the bargain struck."

It was in a small caravanserai or house of entertainment for travellers, on the Persian side of the heights of Erivan, that Hadjee Meer had halted before he made his ascent. The dealers in cattle, and traders in black lamb and sheep skins, and merchant adventurers in Cachemere shawls, carpets of Herat and Ispahan, velvets of Cashan and Tabreez, and other silken, woollen, and linen goods, rested here with him : for it was the day *Jumah*, the Mohammedan sabbath, on which it is not lawful to trade, and, if it can be avoided, to travel. Hadjee Meer was known to many of the merchants, who loved him for his pure simplicity of heart, his honest nature, and unvexable good-

humour ; and as there are jokers in all countries, and matter for mirth—thank heaven!—all over the face of the earth, the Hadjee's daring journey alone over the hill of Aberan served their turn, and kept the mouths of the Mohammedans on the roar. But though forty sets of chaps and as many beards wagged at him, and grave Mussulmans rolled over on their carpets in uncontrollable laughter at poor Meerza's foolish bravery, which one of the itinerant story-tellers of the country had taken for his theme, and was setting in all the lights of ludicrousness ; and though a brace of sedately sour Moollahs, or priests, and three Fakeers, or mendicant fanatics, who sat at opposite corners of the divan, apart from all the travellers, could not smoke their kalleeoons without spitting and sputtering as the jesting went on, in spite of their habitual gravity, poor Meer bore up good-humouredly, laughed as loud as the best, and now and then contributed his joke to swell the uproar to the highest. There was but one voice there which deprecated the unfairness of so much merriment being enjoyed at the sole expense of one man. This was a brother shepherd, who knew that Meer Meerza's bravery was no empty boast ; and when a cowardly Kermaneze, presuming upon his safety where forty seemed pitted against one, carried his contempt for him so far as to empty his pipe-ashes into the bowl of *māss* which Meer

Meerza was lapping up, this brother shepherd cried out to the insolent trader, "Beware, thou mocker, at whose beard thou throwest dirt! The shepherd-boy who has brained a lion in his fold at a blow, and hugged the breath out of a bear, is no plaything for such a scraper-up of dirt as thou art, thou reed of a man—thou poor *chou-been*!"* Beware, I say!" The Kermaneze no sooner heard these things, than, pulling his legs from under him, and rapidly working his heels against the ground, he shuffled off on his haunches, and took sanctuary with the Moollahs: at which proof of his discretion there was a roar of merriment, and afterwards much murmuring of contempt. From this moment the jesting turned from Hadjee Meer to the shrinking trader: the Hadjee sat respected, finished his meal in peace, and, that dispatched, filled up his kalleeoon, and settled comfortably down to a bowl of the lawful *maw-ul-hyat*,† a spirit which the Faithful will drink till they are drunk, because it is not the forbidden—Wine. The sun being now down, and the sabbath ended, enjoyment had its fill, till smoke, and opium, and lusty draughts, and, lastly, sleep came

* *Choubeen*, or the stick-like.

† "A spirit distilled from vegetable substances, oranges, sugar, &c., which those who love to indulge in such draughts choose to consider lawful (*hullaul*) because it is not wine, or distilled from wine. It is a strong aromatic spirit, as intoxicating as any other of the usual proof."—*Fraser*.

over all the travellers ; and, one after another, they sank into repose, even where they sat squatted on the floor.

At sunrise Meer Meerza waked punctually as a shepherd wakes, and shaking himself up, throwing his wallet on his back, and grasping a sturdy staff to steady his steps in the stony high places, and, if need were, to defend the little store of wealth with which he was travelling to bless his good old mother, he set forward on his day-long, dreary journey. The few who were awake when he departed bade him good cheer, and gave him the blessing of the Prophet for his protection. The good-humoured shepherd, laughing at their fears for him, then went his way, as light of heart and of foot as cheerfulness, youth, strength, and a good conscience could render him. And so, during the first five hours of his journey, he trudged merrily along, now breaking the silence of the solitude around him with snatches of shepherds' songs ; and now pausing for a minute to gaze reverently upon the sun—admire the wildness of the scenery—pick up a mountain-flower—listen to the twittering of the passing birds, and watch their flight.

Thus amused, some hours of the day passed uncounted away, and it was noon ere he felt hungry and weary : for ere he started he had swallowed a score or two of dates,—a fruit so strength-sustaining, that many an Eastern tra-

veller will journey on from sunrise to sunset and want no other food. Not so our traveller. He had a shepherd's appetite, which the fresh mountain-air made tiger-keen. He looked around him, therefore, for a sheltered spot where he might rest awhile; and this he found—a nook among the dark-blue rocks which wildly spread the heights of Aberan, near which a little mountain rivulet ran brawling and wrangling with the impeding stones. There, throwing himself on the ground, he opened his well-packed wallet, and rummaged out some coarse but sweet bread, a flasket of goat's milk, and a second flasket, which he had stuffed with the hair of the same dog which had bitten him at the caravanserai. Having eaten heartily, and drunk up his goat's milk, and still feeling thirsty, he laid his lips to the mountain-stream, and drew up a long draught of its delicious waters. "Water is not as sweet as goat's milk, nor as strong as *maw-ul-hyat*," said the shepherd, wiping his mouth upon his rough, coarse *kabba*, or humble vest, "but it will do very well till these abound." And so saying, he turned to flask the second, and took a qualifying dram.

Cheerful and refreshed, he resumed his way, and in another hour approached the spot which the robber was said most to haunt. It was then, and not till then, that he felt an undefinable dread—not fear, but some feeling next of kin to it—

steal gradually over him. "The air of these heights is cold," said Hadjee Meer, "or else the water, which I drank too freely, has chilled me, for I feel as if winter searched my poor kabba through;" and he shivered, and muttered "*La-illah-he-il-ullah!*" Poor Hadjee! the dread of danger, which makes cowards of the strong at heart, who yet, when danger comes, can meet it firmly, had got fast hold upon his fancy, and made his strength to tremble and his warm blood to turn water-cold. Suspense is ever more terrible than certainty. He halted a few moments, and looked around him; and, as far as the eye could reach, no living thing—not even a wild bird—appeared, distant or near. Loneliness itself is an inspirer of dread; and when the expectation of some danger is added, the heart may well shrink, if it do not faint. Again he set forward, singing a shepherd's song as he went; his song was, however, often interrupted by serious pauses of rumination: but these gave place, at last, to his old natural cheerfulness and stoutness of heart, and his singing was as loud and as light as ever. Yet thoughts of the robber still haunted him, and recurred the more seriously the higher he mounted the steep pathway which wound over the hills. "This goat-path is precipitous," murmured he, breathing laboriously, "and might put the stoutest lungs to a goat's gallop!"—and he halted again, to recover his

breath. He still deceived himself: it was apprehension, and not the steepness of the path, which made him pant and respire so irregularly.

And now he had reached the rugged head of that hill which he had so often gazed upon with wonder at the home-door of his childhood; and being weary with the ascent, he flung himself on the ground, and, once more unbuckling his wallet, drew forth a second dole of bread, swallowed it with ravenous hunger, and washed it down with a long draught of flask the second. Home being now in sight, and his body refreshed, his spirits mounted up as high again as they were low; and he laughed and was merry when he turned his eyes towards the beloved valley of Humamloo. His dread was gone: so, springing upon his feet, he set forward on his descent, and wantonly amused himself, as he went almost headlong down the heights, by striking with his staff at every stone and sturdy shrub which came in his way, till one-half of it was shivered into splinters; and as often as he struck a more than common blow he cried, "By the beard of my father, thus would I beat Caussim Al Kadjer!"

He had now entered upon a dreary path, overhung with lofty pines, which darkened the ground with their thick masses of dusky foliage, and threw a solemn, shadowy dreariness around. Huge rounded pebbles made his steps uncertain, and,

giving way as he trod upon them, sometimes threw him down, to the bruising of many a bone. Gigantic blocks of porphyry jutted overhead, or lay disorderly around, looking like the vast remains of some old mountain-altar of the Fire-Worshippers. It was a wild and melancholy scene, and he felt its awfulness creep over him. Again he rallied, and again plied his staff on the right hand and on the left, till, just as he was about half-spent with his sport, at one blow so great a portion of it was broken off, that he had but three sound feet of it left in his hand. Half vexed at his folly in thus disarming himself, he struck at a huge stone in humorous spite, and again cried loudly, "And thus would I beat the bones of Caussim Al Kadjer!"

A huge figure, which looked black as a sable bear in the darkness made by the sycamores, started up instantly from behind the block of stone, and with a growl, which sounded more like that of a beast than the voice of man, cried "Wouldest thou?"

"Even as I said," answered Meer Meerza briskly, and not at all startled by the sudden interruption; but when he raised his eyes, and beheld who it was that had spoken, his hand clutched convulsively the poor fragment of his staff, and he felt that now he had need of the original whole, and another weapon to boot, to stand up for him.

If for a moment he quailed, in the next he felt assured : for the danger he had dreaded stood before him, and he had not to meet it—it was there ; and he made up his mind, and strung up his strong sinews to meet it like the shepherd who among shepherds was known as “ The Lion-hearted Lamb.”

“ I take not so much beating as thou hast valiantly bestowed upon my stock and stone representatives,” said Al Kadjer, with a surly sort of humour.

“ *Bismillah!* Art thou to say how much? I never give less when I bestow a cudgelling,” said the shepherd. “ If thou wilt not have all, have none, in the name of the Prophet!”

“ How, then, shall we agree? I am unwilling to take so much, and thou art unwilling to give less : say we shall decide it thus :—I will take as many blows as thou canst give me, and thou shalt take two of mine in return. Is it a bargain? If so, let us fall-to, and do thou keep the reckoning. Come, I will begin! Score thou one!”

And saying this, the robber set upon Hadjee Meer with a staff six feet in length, and of a thickness which made him wince to look at it. He parried the blow, however, which else would have laid him sprawling : a second was coming, when he leaped aside, and exclaimed, “ Caussim Al Kadjer!—for thou art he, and none other—

giant as thou art, and terrible as thou art to men, had I but a weapon such as thine, I would make thee to keep the reckoning on *thy* bones! But look at my staff—it is a straw!”

“Ho! sayest thou so? None shall report of Al Kadjer that he took a fair antagonist at a vantage! Here, take my staff;” and he threw it to the shepherd: “for I have its brother; and, should these fail, deadlier weapons to wind up the quarrel!”—And stooping behind a block of stone, he produced a staff in all respects like the other.

Hadjee Meerza unstrapped his wallet, deposited it behind a pine, and, being now fairly armed, he shifted his ground, and chose an open spot, where the stems of the trees were so far apart that his staff might fly freely around his head; and, planting his foot firmly, awaited the assault. The next hit was again the robber’s, and had the shepherd failed to ward it off he would have bitten the dust. He then put in a blow; but, as his foot slipped in delivering it, it fell so feebly, that Caussim smiled in scorn at such boy’s play, and said, “We are not a match, shepherd, for thou strikest wearily!”

“Sooth to say,” replied Meer Meerza, “I am weary: for I have journeyed so far, and flung so much of my strength away upon stock and stone Al Kadjers, that, now I have to deal with Al Kadger himself, I am but as a child!”

"By the sacred mouth of the Prophet, that is honest! I will not take advantage of thy weariness," cried Al Kadjer. "Take it, if thou canst," cried the Hadjee, put on his mettle. "Thou dost not fear me, then?" demanded Caussim. "I fear nothing that wears a beard," replied Meerza.

Hearing this brave confidence, the robber gazed at his young antagonist, and having surveyed him from head to foot, and duly considered his bodily capabilities, he said, "What art thou?" "A shepherd in Erivan." "Art honest?" "I trust I am. I never yet stole a lamb from a neighbouring shepherd's fold!" "Ah, a glorious robber was spoiled when thou wert made a simple keeper of sheep!" cried Al Kadjer. Meer Meerza laughed, and said, "Haply; but who shall murmur at his fate? Not I. I am content to be honest and right of heart." "Thy name?" "Meer Meerza, youngest son of old Allee Meerza, now with the dead, of the valley of Humamloo!" "*Bismillah!* What, and art thou indeed a son of the double-jointed ironmaster of the valley?" "No other man's son. My mother said so, and my father believed her: for, as she ever respected the Prophet, she spake the words of truth." "Allee Meerza saidest thou? Do I live? He *was* a man! *Bismillah!* we have no men like him in these latter days! His hand was a smith's hammer! Sacred be the dust upon his grave!" "Thou

knewest my father, then?" "By the Prophet, yea! Allee Meerza was indeed a man! He *could* handle sword, spear, or staff! Ere I took up this trade, he broke two of my bones in a caravanserai quarrel." "I inherit his bones," said the Hadjee, with a significant laugh. "Sacred be his memory!" cried the robber. "And thou art journeying to thy home? And what, now, may that wallet of thine contain?" "Some twenty tomauns, sooth to say, which I am carrying as a tribute of piety to my poor mother, with half-a-dozen black lamb-skins, and four kid-skins, for her winter comforting." "A pious son!" said the robber, and he sighed heavily. The shepherd started at hearing a sigh from such a bosom! Caussim, after a struggle with his conscience, added, "By the head of my father, I reverence thee! Thou art a brave, and good, and pious son of double-jointed Allee! And to show thee how I love thee——"—and he was silent for a time as if his better nature was contending with his rapacious habits——"give me a tenth portion of thy store, as tribute, and go thy ways." "Not I!" cried the Hadjee: "What thou seekest to have, thou must take in despite of this strong arm, and this good staff!" "Bravely said!" cried Caussim: "I love thee more and more! The poor wretches I have battled with hitherto were half-beaten before a blow was struck on either side; but thou——come, thou shalt sup with me,

and drink with me; and after that, if we must fight, we will fight fairly, like friends. The wager shall be two tomauns. If I win, thou shalt lay them down: if I lose, I will pay thee down the same. Follow me!"

"Have I looked upon the tomb of the Prophet, and polluted and blinded mine eyes since," demanded the Hadjee, "that thou thinkest to lure me into such a pitfall?" "True, true: men of my calling," said the robber, "are to be doubted; but I mean thee fairly." "Well, then, a match be it; but, look thou, no tricks when I have laid down my staff!" said the Hadjee. "Ah, if thou still doubttest me, take both weapons into thine own hands;" and he threw his second staff to the shepherd: "And now, behold I am unarmed!" "Well," said the Hadjee, "for a robber, that looks honest! I will trust in thee!" "Follow me, then," commanded Caussim; and the shepherd did, undoubting.

He led him but a little way, when, coming to a rocky recess, he entered it, while Meer Meerza loitered at the door; and immediately he handed out abundance of fruits, a plentiful portion of recently-roasted kid, and, lastly, a couple of flaskets of the unforbidden *maw-ul-hyat*. These he afterwards spread upon the ground, and invited the Hadjee to fall-to. He did not require twice bidding, for he looked as ravenously on these dainties

as if his eyes had an appetite independent of his stomach. The shepherd was about to fill his mouth, when the robber, to his astonishment, interrupted him by crying, "Give Allah and the Prophet thanks, my son, before thou eatest, for these their mercies!" "How, thou presumptuous hypocrite!" cried the Hadjee: "Darest thou give thanks to Allah and his Prophet for these good things, which thou hast violently taken, haply from the poor, with blows and blood? Dost thank Allah that thou art a villain—the Prophet, that thou art powerful to shed blood? I dare not be so wickedly profane. I shall thank no giver of this food but he from whom it was forced away." Al Kadjer knit his dark brows—as the shepherd sternly kept his eyes upon him he seemed to blush—and sullenly he sat reproved. From that moment the robber was morally conquered.

The shepherd now fell-to; and, after a time, Al Kadjer shook off his uneasy thoughts, and began to eat, in silence. "Excellent kid, by the holy mouth of the Prophet! Who caters for thee?" cried the Hadjee, smacking his lips at the first mouthful, and then cramming in lump after lump, large enough to have choked a man with moderate dimensions of throat. "Who caters for me? Those who fear me feed me." "Then, by the bowels of the sacred camel, it is better to be feared than loved. And this flasket—by the lips of an

honest man, you robbers of men——” “What!” cried Caussim: “wouldest thou stone my dog at mine own door?” “Well, then, you shepherds of men—have better notions of the luxuries of life than we poor dwellers of the valley when we dream of them, and know no more of their sweet sinfulness. I am a shepherd and kidherd, too; but muttons and kids are dainties too delicate for my mean mouth: my masters know what kids and muttons are, and it is my business to see that they get them in good condition and in due season; but as for me—*Bismillah!* who am I, that I should have a mouth?” “Rob, then, as I do,” counselled Al Kadjer. “Yea; become a lion, and ravage flocks and folds, to have every man’s hand against me? Nay, by the Prophet, nay!” cried the simple shepherd. “Every man’s hand, as thou knowest, has been uplifted against me, and, thou seest, has done me little harm hitherto. When they have lifted *their* right hand, *mine* was always raised at the same moment, and fell the heaviest,” vauntingly cried Al Kadjer. “That was yesterday: to-day or to-morrow a mightier arm may be lifted up against thee, and what then?” quoth the shepherd. “Why, I have lived to-day, and many yesterdays!” exulted the robber: “What more wilt thou have lived when thy flocks are folded by another shepherd?” “I shall have lived well,” said the shepherd, humbly. “Tush!” cried Al

Kadger, angrily. "Good *Moollah* [or priest] Meer Meerza," he added, with a sneer, "thou dost not drink!" "But I will, and that thirstily!" said the Hadjee, smiling at his sarcasm: "Here's to thy beard! The grace of the Prophet fall on it like a fragrant oil!" And he bowed to his rude host, and drank.

And so for some time the antagonists sat beard to beard, chatting and chinking flaskets together. The Hadjee, as merry as a bird, talked till he laughed, and laughed till he crowed; but he failed not to observe that the higher his good-humour mounted, the more grave and serious grew the robber. Al Kadger, in his turn, regarded the happy face of Meer Meerza, while it brightened up with mirth, as if he had not seen such an expression of cheerfulness and inward peace for many a moon. He had been accustomed to see faces agitated with fear, resentment, and abhorrence: the sight of a face looking happy and unfearing in his presence was new to him. And the Hadjee sometimes paused in his mirth to read the troubled thoughts in his, written as plainly as holy texts in the leaves of the sacred Koran. But these ineffectual glimpses of his better nature soon vanished, and all was darkness in his countenance; and again he read in his brow that, notwithstanding his unusual sociality, the robber was a robber still, and meant not to forego his prize, if

he might win it. He again returned to his old demand of a tenth of all he had; but the stout shepherd would not hear of it for a moment. "Was my father a worm," cried he, "that thou thinkest to tread upon me so easily? No—a bargain is a bargain. One of us twain is to lose two tomauns—I care not which: so, as the day declines, the sooner we decide it the better." "Well, even as thou wilt!" said Al Kadjer: "I am in a good humour this day, or thou wouldest not have thy will thus frowardly. I honour thy father, and I respect thy courage, Hadjee: some rich coward shall reward my moderation to-morrow."

Thus saying, the old robber arose from the ground, and the shepherd leaped up also, as nimbly as an antelope. "Is it to be the old weapon?" asked the former. The Hadjee nodded assent. "Well," added the old man, "I'll humour thee. This has been a white day with me, for I have done no evil work in it; and I care not if I finish it in sport. Take thy ground! And now thy guard, good Hadjee!" The shepherd lacked not his warning: he was on his guard, as his antagonist soon discovered, to his cost; for, after some little show of feigning, he dealt him such a blow between the eyes as laid him on the ground. "Thanks to thy kid and the unforbidden, that hit is worth a tomaun!" cried Meer Meerza

exultingly. But when he observed, after many moments had elapsed, that Al Kadjer stirred not a limb, the conqueror became alarmed, and feared that he had killed him. At length the robber opened his eyes, and looking up at the shepherd, who was bending over him with almost the tenderness of a son expressed in his good countenance, he said feebly, and kindly too, "Hadjee, thou hast vanquished me! Never man till now hath made old Caussim Al Kadjer to bite the dust! Thou hast: but let it not be known on either hand of these hills, of which I have been the terror; or, when the common herd shall hear that I am vulnerable, there will be a thousand sparrows pecking at the old eagle." "Ah, now do I pity thee!" cried Meer Meerza. "But fear not. I promise thee, by the true lips of my mother, that none shall hear of thy discomfiture! We met as foes, shall we part as friends?—such friends as an honest shepherd should be with a—but I will not fling a stone at thee now that thou art hurt. I could go without thy leave; but I will not quit thee till thou sayest 'Go, my son!' Come, thou art only stunned, not wounded: let me lead thee to thy safe hiding-hole, and then leave thee. For look, the sun is down; and the star that hovered over the hut of my father when I was born shines on it now, and bids me welcome home! Give me thy hand in kindness. Should we meet again,

shall we meet as friends?" "Ay, for a thousand moons!" exclaimed the robber; and he trembled when the earnest youth snatched at his hand, and pressed it warmly: for now did he feel how inferior his prowess had been;—that it had been the daring of a brutalized man—not the unflinching bravery born of a good conscience and a heart strong in honesty. Awed and trembling, with glittering eyes he looked into the face of the young shepherd, and said, "Meer Meerza, my son, thou hast the gentle looks of a lamb, but the heart of a strong lion! I am the dust at thy feet! Go thy ways! Let thy shadow bless thy mother's door! Let the light of thy countenance gladden her aged eyes! Let thy comeliness bring back thy father to her heart! Let thy goodness satisfy her! Would that I had had such a father! Would that I had such a mother! Would that I had such a son!—I have no one who will keep my lamp lit when I am in the grave! I have no one, wretched that I am, to make the narrow house wide for me, and keep the earth from lying heavily on my bones!—Go, go, and leave me! The blessing of the Prophet go with thee!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"The Prophet be with thee, Caussim!" piously ejaculated the simple youth; and he moved to depart. "Stay, my son!" cried Al Kadjer: "Take thy two tomauns, which thou hast fairly won; and

may they turn to thousands!" "I will not touch them," said the shepherd. "I will not gather up fallen fruit which the serpent has licked over," *thought* he, for he would not speak it, but spared the humbled man. He would have stayed to cheer him, but recollections of one who was more entitled to his tenderness came upon him, and once more he moved to depart; but ere he turned away, he looked compassionately on the miserable man, still struggling in his soul with pride, repentance, sin, and shame. "The darkness thickens," said the shepherd: "Lend me thy staff, to feel out my path among these ruinous rocks and stumbling-blocks of stone." "Take it, my son, and leave me!" And the old man rose, and embracing him, turned heavily away. The Hadjee looked after him, and saw that he had reached his hiding-place: then snatching up his wallet, he bounded downwards, leaping the craggy places like a kid at play; and soon he disappeared in the thick-coming darkness, which rapidly rolled up the heights like a black fog, while night and silence brooded over his beloved native valley below.

"I have been a thriving ruffian, and the terror of my fellow-men—would that I were that simple shepherd!" groaned Al Kadjer, as he slunk into the corner of his lonely lair on the desolate hills.

Seven days thereafter Hadjee Meer Meerza returned by the same way, and looked to meet his

robber friend ; but he was nowhere to be seen. He sought him everywhere, and sought in vain. Guided by finding his broken staff on the ground where he had left it, he wound his way among the shivered rocks, and threaded through the tall ferns, rude hawthorns, and lofty sycamores, till he at length discovered the haunt of the old robber, and, trembling lest he should find him dead, glanced hurriedly into the dark cavern, like a sepulchre with the entrance-stone fallen away. He was not there ! He was turning away from the spot when a table-rock, with marks on it of recent inscription, met his eye. He hastily read the lines, which ran thus :—

“ Ashamed of his outlaw’s life, CAUSSIM AL KADJER forsakes it for ever ; and in some distant region of this land will, with the blessing of the Holy Prophet, expiate, by days and nights of contrition, his long career of crime and cruelty. Pray for the peace of his spirit, all good Moslemin ! Pray for him, HADJEE MEER MEERZA, the Lamb with the Lion’s Heart ! ”

“ There is but one God ! Blessed be the name of his Prophet ! ” cried Hadjee Meer Meerza, as he descended the solitary heights of Aberan, and looked with tearful eyes upon the pleasant plains of Erivan.

THE MAID OF ALL-WORK.

"I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat, and drink, make the beds, and do all myself."—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

SPLISH, splash—splash, splish—flap, slap—slap, flap! Whew!—what a wind! Whish! whish!—what a whirling shower! What a day to be out in! "Ye houseless wretches"—but there goes that poor girl over the way at Doublekey's through the wind and the rain,

"With her heigho and her nonny no,"

but with neither bonnet nor umbrella, the street-door key "dangling at her cold finger's end," as merry and careless as if May, and not November, reigned, or rather rained. Now, where can she be going to in such an hour as this? Oh, I see—to the Three Jolly Gardeners? What, in November? Bless that poor girl, ye Fates—who make up marriages—with a good husband! And thou, good Fortune—as she conducts herself with propriety in her ten-pound-a-year servitude as a maid of all work and not an hour of play—look out

(for her) for a place where wages *is* no object (on the mistress's side), where the work is light, and where three more maids and a man are kept, to divide two servants' work equally among them, and grumble at the hardness of their lot!

Barbara Briggleswiggie — (for these are her baptismal names, and she makes no secret of them) — is the most exemplary (quite the pattern) Maid of All-Work in our street, which is the largest in our parish, and our parish is not the smallest in the three United Kingdoms; and the three United Kingdoms don't care one button how big the other kingdoms of the world are: so that Barbara Briggleswiggie may be said to have a pretty wide reputation—one that will bear taking in, or letting out, indifferently, and still wear well, and permit examination. My maid Susannah (a nice, "neat-handed Phillis" enough, and contented with one elder) is envious of Barbara's reputation as a good servant far and near; and while acknowledging her remarkable merits, says, very candidly, that "She can't, for the life of her, make out how Barbara can do for three troublesome lodgers, besides Mr. Doublekey — who does nothing but get tipsy twice a day," — (and that is a proof of application, however misdirected,) — "and Mrs. Doublekey, who does nothing but scold her husband when he is sober, coax him to bed when he is not, and fill up the rest of her time by undoing the work which

Barbara has done, that she may have it to do again; and she does it all, more fool she! and makes light of it!" And this it is that provokes the indignation of my maid Susannah, when she has a mind to be provoked; and she usually selects that hour when her own work is all behindhand to blame poor Barbara for being so beforehand with hers, which, as she says truly, is setting a bad example! She allows, however, for she cannot deny, that Barbara's door-steps are always the first that are white-stoned in the morning, whether it be winter or summer—that her fire is first lighted and smoking—that her door-knocker is so slippery with polishing that you cannot hold it—that the name "DOUBLEKEY," in large capital letters, is spotless, as far as whiting and wash-leather can make it so—that the milkman never has to let down the cream of the day by a string into her area, because she is always up to take it in at the door—that the nine-o'clock postman never has to wait a minute for her Majesty's twopence—that when the newsman calls with his "*Pā-pěr!*" she is ready to take it in, and there is no need for him to thrust it under the door; that when he calls for it at nine, there it is, read and ready, nicely folded up again, and looking as clean and neat as if it had never been opened—that the baker knocks but once, and before he can cry "*Bā-kěr!*" she pops out and in between the two syllables—that with the butcher

she is as prompt—that the beggar has, at least, a civil denial, and sometimes a penny *out* of her own pocket-money, and that she does not shut the door in his furrowed face, nor slam it against his tender heels—that the sweeps find her up when they knock—that the tax-collector says she is the nicest girl in his district—that the water-rate man says ditto—that the dustmen have such a respect for her they call her “Miss”—that the street-musicians believe she gives them every halfpenny she receives from the old gentleman in the first floor who loves to encourage native talent with twopence once a month; and in a hundred other *thats* she admits that Barbara is unexceptionable. I am sure that she is, and that she is an example to all maids of all-work, far and near, and more especially to my maid of a considerable deal of thinking about setting about it. Susan cannot now make out how she does all these her daily duties, unless she is helped by the fairies, or has dealings with the D——: but that unworthy personage is most suspected when he is most innocent; and, as for the fairies, they have left off rewarding household industry, and punishing, by pinching, kitchen sluts and slovens, for some centuries. They, dear little atomies, could not survive the death of the author of “*The Midsummer Night’s Dream*.” Spenser’s death had shaken their affection for their own moonlit haunts and

midnight revelries; but sweet Willy's death was the death of them.

The rain is over, (that is to say, it has tired itself out like a child with crying—for one can never consider the rain over in this country, but only pausing a bit, that it may rattle away again with renewed vigour presently,) but that old bully and blusterer, Boreas, still blows; and there, back again comes Barbara, with a foaming jugful of that justly-famous stout that endears the Three Jolly Gardeners to their pot-companions. There! whew! whisk goes the white head off the stout, full in the face of Mr. Sawthear, our parish orator, filling his eyes, nose, and mouth with such congenial froth, that any one might swear it was his last vestry declamation come back again to the lips it loves. Well blown, Boreas! Bravo, Barbara!

Barbara Briggleswiggie is the wonder and astonishment of my parish. All sorts of housekeepers wish they had such an invaluable servant; and wish, likewise, that she would not stay so long with the Doublekeys, when she might have the same wages, and no more persons to clean for, and do for, and wait upon, and wait up for, and be allowed as many followers as she liked to see at their garden-gates, and come no farther—besides other perquisites. Bribes have been laid in the way of Barbara, to tempt her to change sides of the way; but the contented girl said “She was well

enough where she *were*, and wouldn't leave the Doublekeys—unless, indeed, it *were* to be *permoted* to second-maid's place in a great lord's kitchen—she should so like to live where the great ladies curl their hair every night in five-pound notes, and go to court in *Sir Dan* chairs, taking their hoops with 'em! *That* indeed!" The cheesemonger has been set like a mouse-trap to tempt her over to the service of the Rumkinses: Barbara did not bite. The baker thought "She *mout* get into a much better family:" Barbara thought she *moutn't*. The butcher said that "Mr. Jumpingsen had two joints to Doublekey's one, and only the same amount of mouths, which was a proof how well the Jumpingsens lived:"—a foolish tempter, for Barbara directly calculated that the cooking of two joints must be exactly double the work of cooking one, and was satisfied "where she *were*," as before said. The grocer thought he had lured her once, because he kept a handsome shopman, and an ugly dog of an apprentice, who was nearly out of his time, and wanted to settle, by uniting himself and his grocery fortunes to some very provident young woman a *leetle* older than himself; and, with her savings (disinterested Grabb!) and his great expectations, (I never knew the young man without them,) go into a small way of business of their own: but Barbara was too prudent a young woman to be tempted even by the handsome offer of a hus-

band with such an ugly mug as Gustavus Gabriel Grabb's, which was, sure enough, "Unhandsome enough," as Barbara told a female gossip of hers, "to frighten the china mug out of the Chinese child's hand which was painted on it; and that was not so very handsome, she was sure!" Now Barbara is not so handsome herself that she should turn up her nose at such an Adonis as Mr. Twiddy's apprentice. Before she indulges in such aversions, she should remember that her nose is, by the very nature of it, turned up so much already, that it lacks not the foreign aid of any such ornament as a sneer. But Maids of All-Work must have their caprices, as well as their mistresses.

There is an unwonted bustle and hurry about all that Barbara does this day which I cannot account for. I must ask its meaning of my maid, as she is in the Opposition. Oh, here she is! *Su-*sannah, who is always ready enough to talk about Barbara, which is a proof that she thinks more of her than she allows she does, tells me "That Barbara—the *domesticated* Barbara!—who *says* she's never so happy as when she's at her work and in her kitchen, is positively a-going—where, of all places in this wide world, do you think she's a-going, please, Sir?" I endeavour to guess, as I never give up a conundrum; or anything of that sort of wit, without making a guess at it, and sometimes

two; and it has happened, when I knew the solution before I began, that I have been most miraculously near the mark in my answer, and have given such a quick-witted "Because it is so-and-so," to the "Why is so-and-so like so-and-so?" as to have astonished all who heard me. I guess, on this occasion, that Barbara is going to the Ranters' chapel—to Crockford's—to the Abbey, to see the wax-work and Lord Byron's monument—to Ashley's, to see the lions and tigers quietly waiting till their *man* is done enough for them to dine off him, as they don't like their *man* raw in this refined age—in short, I guess a hundred places where Barbara could go, but is not going to go to, as the wags say. Susannah, with a spiteful expression in her good-looking face, which she never shows except when she is speaking of her rival, announces, triumphantly, that "She is going to the Three Jolly Gardeners!" "Why, Susan, so she does twenty times a-day, or as often as Mr. Doublekey is dry, and he never seems saturated enough to keep him damp long," I remark. "Hah, but," says Susan, with a magnificent toss of the head, "she's got leave from her wicked missus to go to the grand consart and ball to-night, and she's a-going there with—who would you think, please, Sir?" I guess again, but am obliged to resort to Susan for the solution. She is ready to burst with it, and out it comes, bounce, like a cork from a soda-

bottle—"With Puzzlecurl the hair-dresser's handsome man, Maxwell, because he's such a fine dancer, so she says, as if she could dance. She dotes upon that fellow, though she says she doesn't. I'm sure she's welcome to him, for my part: for, as he's been married once, and has lost his wife, he is but secondhand after all!" cries my maid, with most delicious malice. I quietly remark that I think there is no great harm in a good girl like Barbara going with a well-behaved young fellow like Maxwell (though he *is* only a secondhand lover) to a concert at the Three Jolly Gardeners, provided, &c.; and I go into the provisions of the act at length—"Oh but, please, Sir," cries Susan, interrupting me, "see what a consart and ball it is she's going to honour with her white gown with four flounces!" And, as Susan says these contemptuous things, she draws from behind her bodice a small bill of the entertainments of the evening, in which I read, in not very good type, and in most careless composition, the *Italic* being mixed up with the Roman in the most social manner in the world, that—

"The Nobility and Gentry of Highgate and its delightful Vicinity are respectfully informed that in order to do honour to the distinguished Patronage of the series of six Concerts and balls which has given so much decided satisfaction to the Nobility and Gentry of Highgate and its neighbourhood, M. Lewis Hypolito Narcisse Mirkidandi, *Grand Ballet Maître* of the Théâtre Royal, Kensington, is induced to extend his Series of Six Concerts and balls to a Seventh concert

and Ball, being positively the last of the Season, during which the celebrated *Cantertrice* Signora PUSSILANI, and the renowned barowtone Signor DEURILANI, will sing MUSARD's justly celebrated *Duett*, *Ah, pa, don her*.* After which the fairy, silf-like Mamselle CHAPELLEBLANCHE, with the exquisite M. PONT-BATAILLE, will perform the *Minute deel a core*. The whole to Conclude with a *Grand Pas de Quarter of Four* by Mlle. ST. DUNSTANVILLE and M. NAPOLEON NIEUINTON with Mdles. CHAPELLEBLANCHE and ST. GILES; and a Brilliant display of FIREWORKS.

Single Ticket, 2s. Tickit for Lady and Gent., 2s. 6d.—No Money taken at the Bar, and No Money returned.

. Horses Heads to sit down towards Holloway.

"Well, Susan," I remark, "I see no great offence in this entertainment, save that 'methinks it doth profess too much,' and is not what it seems;" and I conclude by graciously saying that she may go, too, if she likes, provided she takes a proper young fellow with her, who will honestly return her to my door at twelve precisely. "Oh please, Sir, may I?" cries my maid, her household heart jumping for joy—"May I?" "You may, Susannah; but mind"—she will mind nothing, however, that I may feel disposed to add, I see that; but, curtseying, and flashing, and flurrying about the room, she does what I had previously desired her to do, and, that done—*Exit Susannah hurriedly*.

Not half an hour has expired, and I behold my maid flying across the road to the Doublekeys; and, after a short stay, back she comes flying

* A misprint, no doubt, for the "Ah perdonna" of Mozart.
—Printer's Reading Boy.

again! As the concert begins at six, I shall take my station at the window, to observe the nobility and gentry who patronise M. Mirkidandi, as they come up. They are, plainly, the *élite* of Highgate: the mantua-makers supplying the ladies of fashion; the tailors and hair-dressers the Lord Charleses, Mountcharleses, and Mountcharlottes; the kitchens and kitchen-gardeners the common gentry. Suddenly, an unusual flash of whiteness occurs in the dense darkness of the night, and two young women, whom, by their turning their faces up to my windows as they giddily sweep by in innocent white, I take to be Barbara and Susannah, (the handsome barber doing the genteel for Barbara, and, oh-wondrous! Mr. Gustavus Gabriel Grabb, the rejected of Barbara, the accepted of my Susan, doing the same for her,) pass over the stage.

I turn from the window, and ponder on the caprices of women generally, and my maid in particular—so often as she has declared that she wouldn't have a man who might be called *Gaby* by the malicious world, even if he was the Duke of—I forget what place, but we will say, to fill up the blank, Broad St. Giles's! And so fervently, too, as I have heard her say she should not like *her* husband to be called *Gusty*, for fear his name should affect his nature, and his temper grow tempestuous. How often has she called him mean

and mean-looking, and snubbed his nose, already snubbed enough; and mocked at his claims to be the gentleman; and laughed at his legs, which she has, in my hearing, compared to two skittle-pins going out to enjoy themselves in the custody of a pair of Hessians—for my maid has a malicious humour of her own! And yet there she was, a minute past, hanging upon his grocerly arm—admiring, it may be, the moustache and the tuft he cultivates in his leisure hours, which I have heard her say she hoped would grow thick enough to hide the entrance of that Merlin's Cave his mouth! And there—but there is no accounting for the whims of women. I begin to think that they cheapen men as they cheapen their ribbons, bonnets, and such gauds: when they have made up their minds to have the thing, let it cost them what it may, they begin by depreciating its texture, that they may get it a bargain; and succeeding in that, then they buy up the whole piece, just to vex some other Barbara. I shall not be surprised, shortly, to hear the simple-speaking but sharp-witted wench come up to me some morning, saying, in her occasional way, as if she had just thought of it, “Oh, if you please, Sir, I'm a-going to be married to-morrow to Mr. Grabb, Mr. Plumm's *man* now, as he's out of his time; and if you'll *suit* yourself in a month I shall be very sorry to leave you—very—if you please!”

And then she will cry, and wipe her eyes with a duster, and look very miserable, and wish there was nobody in the world but good, old, indulgent masters. “*Suit* myself in a month,” quotha! Unreasonable girl! Who ever heard of an author who could *suit* himself in a month? It is a Quarterly publication, is a suit, with the most famous wits; a Half-yearly with wits of less celebrity; a Nine-monthly with the third-rate sort; and an Annual with the Great Unknown; and then it looks of Monmouth-street Monmouthy, and seems a suit that might suit anybody.

As I have undertaken it, I sit up for my maid, instead of my maid sitting up for me, as is too common; and already I begin to feel what irksome work it is to wait up for anybody. I am persuaded that maids undergo a great deal when they sit up for bachelors, and that sitting up for a married man aggravates their complaint, unless the policeman on the beat is an agreeable fellow who can put up with good table-ale and cold roast mutton, or a Welsh rabbit well cayenned.

Oh the weariness of sitting up! I try everything in turn to pass away the time. I take up “*The Disowned*,” and lay it down again, as personal to me, situated as I am—alone—“deserted by those my former bounty fed,” viz., my maid, who is, by this time, shaking the halfpence, keys, and other miscellaneous matters in her pockets to

a pretty tune at the Three Jolly Gardeners—(happy girl!)—and my tortoiseshell pet, who is I know not where—unless he, too, is there? I try a game at draughts, and am beating myself hollow: here I am, up in a corner, with three kings, as tyrannical as the famous three of Brentford, ready to pounce upon me if I move—so I won't move, but will lie still, like Poland, for the present. I try my German flute, and find that, through putting it up wet in the warm weather, it has dry-split in the cold weather. I take a hand at cribbage with myself—and, there, that Dummy has pegged me out already! I try a Sonnet to the Moon, as she has been neglected lately, and out of twelve steel pens I cannot find one that will describe a decent “O!” to begin with.

Just as I have come to this reflection, or it has come to me, a loud, startling, solitary knock comes at my outer-door, which causes me to leap convulsively out of my easy-chair, as if galvanised, and grasp the parlour poker to—to—stir the fire. I listen: all is silent as a Quakers' meeting when the spirit thinks. I make up my mind that it was a runaway knock, or a knock of the imagination. I sit down, and, putting the poker in its place, snuff the candles. “Thump!” comes knock the second, with such an emphasis as brings to my mind the sturdy John Knox, there is such determination to be heard in it. I look at my watch—

it is one minute past twelve—"Oh that very good girl! It is Susannah! She shall go again to the Three Jolly Gardeners, since she is so true to her time!" I hasten to the door—open it—it is Susannah! But what am I to think?—the handsome hair-dresser squires her home! "Where is Barbara?" I enquire. "Oh, if you please, Sir, Grabb has seen her home," answereth Susannah, with a significant fling up of her head, like a high-spirited Arabian wrangling with the bit. Maxwell bows to me, and then to my maid, like the first gentleman to the first lady in a country-dance, and then departs, with his toes so exquisitely turned out, that my Lord Burleigh, good old Bess's dancing minister of state, might have envied his excellence in that manner of speaking. I say nothing further to my maid, but I look a great deal; and, giving her a light, retire to bed, determined to enquire into her tergiversations in the tender way to-morrow. I confess myself fairly puzzled how to account for Mr. Grabb seeing Barbara home; and know not what to think: unless this—that she has tiffed with the handsome hair-dresser, and consequently now thinks the grocer not as ugly as Buckhorse.

"Susannah, you will prepare breakfast—I shall be back in half an hour;" and, as is my wont, I walk through the High-street of Highgate, to pick up an appetite, the news, &c.; and, under pre-

tence of ordering some grocery matters, I drop into Twiddy's, and there is Mr. Grabb, as diligent as ever, macadamising loaf-sugar into lumps of lift-able dimensions.

"Well, Mr. Grabb," I say, "I hope you had a pleasant entertainment of it last night?" "Oh, certainly, Sir!" answers Mr. Gabriel; "nothing could be better mounted!" "Better what?" I cry. "Mounted,"—and he repeats the odd expression: "but I thought—(I might be mistaken, though; we are too apt to think that no one *can* appreciate a highly-refined enjoyment so well as ourselves)—I thought it was decidedly a cut above the cut of the Highgateers: what Shakspeare—divine man!—calls '*Cuvier* to the general!'" answers Mr. Grabb, with a small chuckle of conceit, and two curls of his d—d moustache. I look into the ugly puppy's face, perplexed—I cannot make him out! The rascal is either a wag (in which case I have fewer hopes of him than ever, and shall persuade Barbara against him, for I don't know any sort of man who has so little chance of doing well in this world as a wag); or else he is the most impertinent dog in Highgate; or else he is extremely ignorant and pretending:—in all of which cases he is no match for Barbara; and I'll take good neighbourly care that he has as little to say to her, and to Susannah too, as possible. As I cannot look in the provoking puppy's face with the

gravity that becomes me, I leave the shop hurriedly, and have my laugh out as I walk home.

What am I to think of Barbara Briggleswiggie, my pattern MAID OF ALL-WORK? What do you think of her, gentle Reader? I ask you, as a friend to both parties.

A MOST MONSTROUS CASUS BELLI.

Being the humble PETITION and indignant REMONSTRANCE of the undersigned Poor People, commonly called Paupers, who, having been found guilty of old age and decrepitude, now lie under sentence of confinement for life within the four walls of the Workhouse of C—— Without, the City of London Within, sheweth,

I.—THAT Whereas we, the undersigned, who were, in better days, householders, or indirect rate-payers, in and to the parish of C—— Without, are now aged, decayed, and incapable, where we were once young, flourishing, and able and willing to work, and did work, and were worked, till no more work could be got out of us :

II.—And Whereas we were fed, when we could feed ourselves; but now are well-nigh starved, since other hands feed us upon a scale which barely keeps body and soul together :

III.—And Whereas the Guardians appointed to look after us and our well-being take such care

of us, that there is little likelihood of one of the undersigned being enough alive to say how ill he has been treated this day three months :

IV.—And Whereas, in obedience to the mandates of certain Poor Law Commissioners, our Guardians will neither feed us as we ought to be fed, nor permit us to feed ourselves as we are willing to do :

V.—And Whereas we have so little meat per man, that the allowance is not meet for man, nor woman neither : being, as to quality, indigestible to ostriches ; and as to quantity, not quite enough for a puppy-dog put out to dry-nurse :

VI.—And Whereas the soup which we have *sarved* out to us (not served, for that implies respect and attention) is so thin, substanceless, and sapidless, that you might swear, when it becomes cold, that it was Thames water, a trifle troubled and disturbed by the improper introduction of some foreign ingredient (such as a Dutch skipper, suicidally sousing overboard from a Rotterdam butter-boat, lying wind-bound in the Pool, in a fit of morbid disgust at English skies, Essex fogs, Greenwich gin, London porter, Limehouse ladies, and Cambridge butter, in comparison with the same articles in Holland) — veritable water, only that you could not detect anything living, neither river-shrimp, lively grig, nor Black-wall whitebait swimming or wriggling therein as

though they liked it, and, for their parts, on the whole, enjoy themselves :

VII. — And Whereas the subscribing poor people hereunder, in despair of preserving themselves alive on such a wishywashy, watery diet, had, out of pity for one another, agreed that one of their number should die that the rest might live, and the soup be enriched and thickened by dedicating a subscriber per week to the stew :

VIII. — And Whereas, having cast lots who should be first oars, the lucky number One fell upon Jonah Jellybelly, the prime mover of the subscription, who, having been too recently admitted to the house to be much deteriorated, was the most meaty man of the whole boiling ; and Jonah having, by cramming down, in three days, Dodd's Prison Thoughts, Drelincourt, the Whole Duty of Man, a volume of Nisbett's Tracts, and Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, subdued himself to such a heavenly frame of mind as to be enabled deliberately to give directions how he should be dressed next Wednesday, and to say he thought he should take about seven hours' boiling, "as he was a tough one," (his own memorable words !)—and having calmly delivered himself of these brief sentences as his last will and testament, he trusted he could now meet his fate, martyrdom though it was, like a good Christian, for the good of Christians, paupers though they were, and treated more like

dogs than men. And, agonizing as was his farewell to us, he had the philosophy to relate a fable, shewing how, once upon a time, the Cats, in full convocation assembled, declared that Mice were the natural, unappeasable enemies of Cats from time immemorial, and must either be extirpated altogether, or their numbers so kept under, that the inoffensive race Feline might live in peace and security of not being eaten up alive by them. "Like these sleek hypocrites, 'these budge doctors of the stoic fur,'" he said with much bitterness, "our destroyers (in mockery called our Guardians) eat us up, and won't allow us to draw our stools to the table, and pick a bit with them: no, there's no knife and fork and hot plate laid for us! (*Murmurs of indignation.*) Us and our children do they eat up continually, and are not satisfied then, the cormorants! (*Cries of 'They do!' 'They do!'*) You all know very well (the wretches can't keep their own counsel) when they have had a nice brace of *bustards* with *mint** sauce for dinner, by their horrid O-be-joyful outcrying, and hip-hip-hipping, and hurraing. (*Cries of 'We do! We do!'*) And, talking of bustards, as they call 'em, I'll confess my weakness, and make a clean breast of it. Many times, since the lot to suffer for soup fell upon your

* Cant terms, we presume, for certain contraband children, the mint sauce meaning the hush-money paid to the parish by the putative fathers.

humble servant to command, I *have* thought it would ha' been just as well if we'd begun with the young ones first. . . . (*Vociferous outcries from Barnaby Backhout of 'Hear him! Hear him! Only hear him!' and a shuddering sensation throughout the assemblage*) . . . For, I ask you—I put it to you all—why should they, poor dear little critchers! be left behind us old birds, with nobody to look after them when their natural protectors are dead and gone—a basinful at a time: why, I ask, why should they be left to be dragged up as slaves at the wheels of the tyrants who drive over us and crush us to the earth? They'd ha' been tender, as becomes their tender years ('Hear, hear!' *by Barnaby Backhout*); but it's true enough, as Smiff said to me when I mentioned it, there isn't so much in four of them as there is in one of us. Little Bob Keighley there, or wee Willy Wheeler yonder, wouldn't, neither o' them, go a quarter so far as I should, or as Barnaby would, the next to be boiled down." . . .

[Here the Honourable Member in the eye of the Speaker at the time turned pale as death, trembled, looked unutterably wretched, wrung his hands, and weakly cried, with a miserable wail, "What does that matter? Why should they be omitted? Boil 'em down, I say, and make 'em go as far as you can!"—Backhout had no sooner insisted on this horrible sacrifice to selfishness than an extra-

ordinary, but natural, emotion ran like an electric shock through the whole of the pauperhood present; such of them as were within reach—every man Jack and woman Jenny of them—snatching up one of the poor children commingled with them, (no matter whose they were, whether begotten in wedlock, and according to law, or only *in naturalibus*, and not according to law,) and clasping them passionately in their arms, kissed them, and blessed their dear little innocent hearts,

“God knows how fervently!”

Never was witnessed such an influenza of feeling! It was electric as lightning, quick, communicative, catching, irresistible!—The not untender Jelly-belly noting this intense ebullition of feeling, and touched with it himself, paused—eloquently paused—in a dignified attitude and the middle of a period; and, after some moments, desired that “One of the littlest of the youngsters, teeny leetle Thaddeus there will do very well,” should be handed up to him; and Teddy was handed up overhead accordingly. Upon receipt of the same, giving the pretty plump little one-year-old such a fraternal hug as made the young gentleman sing out loud enough for two, he kissed and he blessed him, and then turned him over to Mr. Backhout. Barnaby took him, it is true; and he looked at him, it is true, heaven knows how enviously; and he weighed him in his hands, up and down,

heaven knows how accurately! "Four of 'em would go to a Barnaby," he muttered: at any rate, with four of these plumpy tenderlings, not too much done, he thought they might make shift for a week, and thus reprieve the Backhoutian *bouilli* for so many days. Oh selfish Barnaby! All hearts hated him, he loved himself so much. And yet who but must pity while they blamed him? All eyes were on him, but askaunt. Without once blessing or embracing the now chirruping little cherub in linseywoolsey, who laughed and crowed in his miserable face, and wanted very much to play with his nose, (for twice he snatched at it with his little hand, too small for more than the first instalment of it, a crown in the pound,) he laid his burdensome charge down anywhere, and creeping sulkily into a corner, wished to heaven, heaven knows how uselessly, that "He were only one of them blessed little uns;" not because youth is better than age, but because *they* were excused from serving in the Self-supporting Soup Society, and he was not. The *émeute* having by this time sobbed itself to rest, Mr. Jellybelly proceeded as follows:—

"Seeing what I have seen, we will waive the question of using up the young ones first, indeed at all: we won't alter the arrangement, painful as it is to me. Let it stand as it stands. I'm first oars: Barnaby's second." And here, overcome by his feelings for two, as he expressed it, himself and

friend, for friend he would still call him, poor Jellybelly wept, and we all wept, excepting Barnaby, the next to be boiled down, who, having recovered himself, swore bitterly, and looked as savage as a Polar bear when taunted by his dam and cubs with having no seal for supper through his improvidence. Barnaby, it was plain, was ill prepared to die, being, as he said, (he did not look so,) much out of condition; and, besides, he still disputed his draw in the lottery, insisting still that he was No. 12, and not 2, on the list: his objection was unanimously overruled, however, because he weighed more than the man whose place he wanted to occupy.

When Barnaby saw it was of no use struggling with his fate, and became a little more pacified, the devoted Jonah mournfully added, by way of codicil to his will, "That he only desired one thing more: it was this: that the pious memory of the Founder of the Feast should, on the eventful day, be drunk in bumpers of soup and solemn silence, hats and nightcaps off, and wooden spoons upstanding in the thick consistency, the jelly-like, substantial, satisfying Jellybelly." Agreed to, without a dissentient voice. And again, for a time, poor Jonah was fearfully agitated. Recovering his resignation, however, "He desired next, (it was his last desire,) that, as he had been a decent man in life, all decent respect should be shewn to the poor remains, the orts and leavings, of one who had seen better days,

and such jolly nights!!" And for a moment he seemed affected by the remembrance of former enjoyments; but, brushing a tear away with his coat-tail, he continued: "One who has, in his time, kept his horse and shay; and carried his double-barrelled gun, and was second to no man at a pigeon-trap; and was a respectable man, and, he would say it, respected, far and near: one who little thought (heaven help him!) when he *were* always the first to make one in a crown bowl of punch, and never said 'No' to a whip for another, that he should ever live to see the day when he should be the first to be boiled down of forty subscribers to the C—— Without Poor-house Self-supporting Soup Society!!"

Overpowered, he ceased, and sat down; but, shortly rising, added, "Oh! one last request more. Dress me, my friends, *à la mode de Paris*: it's the savouriest way. You'll find the receipt in any cookery-book. Take me hot and hot. Don't eat too much at a time, and yet don't spare me. Give poor Daniel there [his favourite friend among the forty-one] a bellyful for once in a way. I see, by his looks, he is anticipating the treat. Much good may I do him! I have loved the good things of life myself, when I could get them. I'm done." He ceased, and sat down, and respectful silence spoke our applause. It was afterwards proposed and carried, that we should express our gratitude in the

best and warmest way we could. So, to reward poor Jonah as much as in us lay, we rose and gave him three cheers, (not so loud as to be heard below, as the Guardians were sitting in the board-room,) and rattled our wooden spoons in our wooden bowls, till he seemed almost pleased with his fate, for it was popular.]

IX.—And Whereas it was deemed and considered nothing but right and proper that the Master of the House should be informed of, and made acquainted with, this our laudable design and intention, leaving him to make it further known to my Lords the Poor Law Commissioners, that we had, of our own accord and freewill, entered into this mutual arrangement in behoof of all, trusting that it would meet with their tacit consent and agreement :

X.—And Whereas we demanded no more addition to our comforts, for this entire self-devotion to the good of the Parish, than that knives, forks, and plates should be served with the basins and spoons as before, *now* that we were to have a meal of substantial boiled Jellybelly twice a week, (for we intended to be economical, and make our means go as far as possible,) till boiled Backhout (the next on the list) was the order of the day :

XI.—And Whereas the said Master of the House, after being, by deputation, respectfully informed that we proposed, with permission, to boil down

Jellybelly on Wednesday next, being a banyan day, he, the said Master, in the plenitude of his authority, set his purple face wholly and altogether against our truly humble proposition; swore five pounds' worth of oaths at five shillings per imprecation; bounced about the house so that it could hardly hold him; kicked two of the deputation, Jonah Jellybelly being one, which was scandalous, as bruising the living animal damages it when dead; called the subscribers pampered paupers, and anything but gentlemen; wanted to know what we should want next; hadn't we everything we could wish, and twice as much as we desarved; weren't we waxing fat, saucy, and kicking at and impertinent to all authority, his mild and merciful rule included; hadn't we rebelliously beaten the whole body of beadles, when they were called in, and were loth to come in, to quell a recent outbreak of insubordination?—*et cetera*:

XII.—And Whereas the said Master immediately sent off wooden-legged Will, the door-porter, express to Somerset House, to have the instructions of my Lords the Commissioners whether they would permit, or not permit, Paupers to pamper their idle appetites in any such illegal manner:

XIII.—And Whereas my Lords, after no consideration, answered “Decidedly *no*: they were to have nothing not set down and prescribed by the Scale;” and imperatively commanded that no de-

parture should be made from it in the smallest *iota* : that even if a fly fell into the soup in cooking, it was not to be suffered to remain therein, to prevent quarrelling among them for the improper delicacy :

XIV.—And Whereas we are thus utterly forbidden to support one another on this easy, economical, social plan, and are thus banned and barred from a comfortable meal twice a-week, as long as the subscription lasted, to the expenditure of ourselves, and the relief of the Parish presently and ultimately (for, as fresh paupers come into the House after us, if they desired to live well, they would likewise be bestowed in the same manner, till all the C—— Poor being stewed down, a C—— Pauper would fetch a premium as a curiosity) :

XV.—And Whereas we have every reason for believing that the opposition of my Lords the Commissioners to this equitable Self-supporting Soup Society had its origin in this mean and selfish fear on their parts,—that if these societies were extended to other parishes, and there were, consequently, few or no paupers, there would soon be little or no necessity for few or no commissioners, assistant-commissioners, assistant-assistants, secretaries, under-secretaries, first clerks, second clerks, &c. &c. ; and therefore have they set their faces, Janus-like, the three as one, against so reasonable, so beneficial, so benevolent a proposition as the

Self-supporting Soup Society, out of no love or liking for us, (you may be sure of that,) but affection for themselves, their offices, and salaries only :

It is of this arbitrary and oppressive interference with our rights and liberties as freeborn Britons that we complain, and put forth this indignant Petition and Remonstrance to the parish of C— Without in especial, and the British public in general : as, firstly, an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, the poorest having as much right to do what he likes with his own as the richest ; and, secondly and lastly, as an infringement on *Magnay, Carter*, and that celebrated *Bill of Wright's* of which we have, all our lives long, heard so much, and know so little. And these being our free and fearless, though impoverished, opinions, hereunto we sign our respective names, as many of us as can write, and set our marks, as many of us as cannot write—owing to the rheumatics.

(Signed) JONAH JELLYBELL.
BARNABY BACKHOUT.
SIMON SHIRKWORK.
LAWRENCE LOLLOBBY.
DANIEL DOLITTLE.

(*And thirty more Male Subscribers, all agreeable to be boiled down, who to their names here set their marks.*)

JUDY MOTT.

(*In behalf of the five Ladies agreeable, &c.*)

THE public and public press must have their daily feed of horrors: it is their morning pap and pabulum: but the intelligence it is our painful duty to communicate is, we hope, too shocking even for the most morbid newspaper appetite. We know not who can hear it without horror: unless it be the Economists, (for of the economy of the thing there can be no doubt;) the Malthusians; and his Majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands, who is not unlikely to exclaim, "There—this is the people who threatened me with fire and sword, because I cooked a few Englishmen, and thought them pretty fair eating! And here they are doing the same thing themselves on the voluntary principle!"

We linger and are loth to tell the frightful tale; but it must be told, though Horror's self cry "Hold!" We have just heard the awful intelligence that, in contempt of the command of the Three Commissioners that nothing not down in the Dietary scale should be served up to the Paupers of C—— Without, poor dear Jellybelly having, a second time, in the handsomest manner, made a present of himself to his friends on short commons, to do what they pleased with him, as he was tired of life, ("For what was life," as he inquired, "if not well fed? A fire that's going out: a squib what won't go off: it has no fizz, whizz, smoke, fire, or life in it!") they were

pleased to accept him ; and, horrible to relate, he was on Wednesday knocked on the head by Barnaby Backhout, and on Thursday boiled down on the sly, and was hardly done before the lot fell upon Jonah, and ate him up at a meal ; and “ Very good he was ! ” they all say ! !——Blessed be the memory—for it is all that is left—of this really benevolent man ! *He* was indeed a friend to the Poor !

Joy ! joy ! joy !—We breathe again ! We are not ashamed of our species ! It is not true, the terrible intelligence ! There is not a particle of truth in the horrible rumour of the sacrificing of poor Jonah. He is *not* boiled down. Our paupers have bowels. They are human, though they are not so considered. They are not cannibals, and prefer mutton to man. We had too hastily taken our intelligence from one of those flying street-runners of halfpenny gazettes who are not always to be relied on. Henceforth we shall put no trust in sheets without a stamp. Jellybelly lives ! And it were a pity so good a philanthropist (and what was Howard to him ?) should be done to rags to make a meal for about forty paupers, if he could be put to more human uses ; and he has been, how providentially ! in the nick of time, when the Parish Board was on the point of giving way to the demands of their paupers, as, in the

first place, a saving, certainly, in the parish expenditure; and, in the next place, as a quiet way of carrying out the system of Malthus, and slowly but surely extirpating the poor from the land.

Fortunately for Mr. Jellybelly, as early as nine o'clock in the day on which he was to have been dressed, a dapper little gentleman in black, with large calves in silks and short gaiters and silver kneebuckles, bearing a blue bag almost too big for him, entered the C—— Without Workhouse-doors, wide as they are, with a swirl and a swell, as though they were not half wide enough for a man of his importance. Wooden-legged Will, the door-porter, at his post for a wonder, with a civility as wonderful, (but he owned, afterwards, that he was struck with the manner of the little man in black, and knew before he heard a word of it that he had something important besides himself to communicate,) promptly inquired into his business there.

"Pray, Sir," said the little gentleman, "is there, or is there not, one Mr. Jonah Jellybelly within these wretched walls?"

"Wretched walls?" quoth Will, chewing the libellous epithet, "when it's only a week ago they were lime-washed from top to bottom! *Mister* Jellybelly too! What next? Yes, Sir, that obstropolous wagrant is here: I wish he weren't, with all my heart!"

"Vagrant, Sir? How can you legally dare call any man a vagrant who is not a houseless wanderer on highways and byeways, but has a legal settlement by birth, servitude, and paying scot and lot in this parish as a householder for thirty years? Vagrant, indeed!"

Finding that he had a lawyer to deal with, Will drew in his horns of authority as door-keeper, and inquired civilly, "What he wanted with him? To *sue penny* him, or what?"

"No," said the little man in black, "I do not want to *sue penny* him, as you call it, nor sue pound him, neither, Sir; but I am armed with such an authority, Sir, as will take Mr. Jellybelly out of your keeping, Sir, release him from the hideous incarceration of these four walls, and make him a man, a free man, and a gentleman!"

"Whew!" whistled Will: "From what quarter does this wind blow?"

"Sir, you will summon Mr. Jellybelly at once before me on very important private business," commanded the little man in short gaiters, with a waive of his hand like one who was to be obeyed; and, shewing the lawyer into the Board-room, which was unoccupied, Will stumped off to the well-staircase, and bawled up it, "Pass the word in the Men's ward that Muster Jellybelly is wanted in the Board-room!"

"Jellybelly wanted in the Board-room!" ran

from mouth to mouth through all the wards : “ Oh poor fellow ! he’s going to be taken before my Lord Mayor ’cause he wouldn’t be starved alive without complaining of it ! ” And their conjectures and their compassion so thoroughly unmanned him, that his heart sank within him, and his knees smote together. But, summoning as much fortitude as he could, (and, with a miserable humour, he confessed that it was hard to get up your fortitude when you had once been fifty-two-ed, and only lately got over the operation,) he looked, as well as he could see for tears in his eyes, up and down the ward at his pitying fellow-paupers ; begged their pardon for disappointing them of the dinner he had promised them ; bade them an affecting farewell for a month, “ For that’s what I shall get, I know, before I go up, for leading this last mutiny of the belly and members. Oh think of me when I’m grinding the wind, and hope it may turn out as per sample !—pity me—pray for me ! And heaven bless you, one and all ! I can no more ! *Ajew !* ” And in a hurricane of sobs, sighs, and groans he tore himself away from Barnaby Backhout in particular, (who clung to him as if he feared that, when Jonah was snatched away from them, he might have to take his place in the boiling, if the worst came to the worst,) and plunged desperately downstairs, entered the Board-room boldly, and striking his breast, cried,

"Do your worst to me, tyrants! I'm thoroughly screwed up to grin and bear it!"

What was his wonder and astonishment to behold no frowning Board brow-beating him, and nobody there but Will, who looked at him with less severity than usual, and a smug little man in black, all smoothness and smiles, who rose as soon as he walked in, saluted him with a profound bow, grasped his hand with both hands, and said, "Mister Jonah Jellybelly, I believe?" Jonah nodded. "Yes, I have no hesitation in believing it, for I see the nose of the late Mr. Humphrey Hunks, your mother's brother—the prominent family feature—in your face. Mr. Jellybelly, it is my agreeable duty to inform you, that, as sole remaining representative of Humphrey Hunks, Esquire, late of Cripplegate Within, you are, as heir-at-law, worth—say—seventy thousand pounds in exchequer-bills, freeholds, loans, mortgages, lands, and hereditaments. And now, Sir, allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune!"

Poor Jonah covered his face with his hands, gave a faint cry, and, irrespective of its sacredness, sank plump into the Chairman's red-morocco seat at the head of the table—a piece of presumption, an act of atrocity, at which the blood of wooden-legged Will would, at any other time, have boiled twenty degrees above blood-heat! But now, such

was his profound respect for the man he would have spat upon an hour ago, all at once "worth—say—seventy thousand pounds," (was there such a sum in the world?) he was not even rude enough to whistle in a gentleman's presence, and was even polite enough to uncover his head, and stand cap in hand humbly and obsequiously at the door!! And, observing that "Mister" Jellybelly now was half-dead with surprise at this sudden announcement of good fortune, he even had the kindness to stump out of the Board-room as fast as his leg and a half could carry him, and in no time return with the Master (who came bowing in and looking as if he had always had a profound respect for Mr. Jellybelly from the first moment he set eyes on him) and the best part of a bottle of the Board's pale sherry, with clean glasses for three!!! Jonah just touched the glass, and put it down, for his heart was too full for drinking. The little man in black, who loved a glass of good wine—you could see that in his purple-florid face—did justice to his glass, and was pleased to say that the Board had not a bad taste in sherry: at which there was a wink and a laugh exchanged between the lawyer and the Master, which they mutually understood, and relished accordingly. Meanwhile poor Jonah sat, not like a man most fortunate, but one in the depths of despair. At last he found voice and

words and strength enough, as he sat rocking in the chair, his face still covered with his hands, to cry "Oh cruel, cruel uncle! But poor mother, your own only sister, said you'd rather part with your heart's blood than a guinea, and neither one nor the other while you could help it. I don't thank you, uncle Humphrey: though you have made me rich beyond any hope I ever had in the world, I don't thank you! It will take me months—perhaps years—to feel that I owe your memory a halfpennyworth of gratitude. Sir, you look surprised at this passion! Three wretched years since, he told me he had cut me off with a shilling, and I might have it then if I wanted it. If he did not keep me out of it, he saw then that I must sink into this house, and he wouldn't give me a guinea to save me. He heard that here I was, and took no manner of notice of it. And now, if he could have left his wealth to any other relation—but I am the last—he would. No, I owe him no gratitude. Some gifts come too late for thankfulness. This is one. However, I'll take it, though I don't thank him for it. And I'll do good with it; and that's more than he would. Yes. There sha'n't be a poor fellow in this house this day week, if he can do anything for himself out of it! That's one way in which I'll spend his dirty gutter-grubbings."

And so, for some time, he went on raving

wildly (in anything but the spirit of a man of property) of doing nothing but good—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and fathering the orphan: till counsel, and persuasion, and dissuasion, aided at last by a hard shower of tears, reconciled him to his fate—to be “worth—say—seventy thousand pounds.” Most men would have been resigned at once to a dispensation so distressing; but Jonah was an oddity.

“My precious limbs,” murmured Will, who had no notion of any such reluctance as had been shewn by Jonah, “why, he’s as slow in taking as some people is in giving! Putting the case that his luck were mine, would I take on in this ridiculous manner — this ‘No, thankye, Sir, I’d rather not’ way of putting your thumb on ‘say—seventy thousand pounds!’ Try me, that’s all! I on’y wish I’d a uncle as would leave me on’y half the money, wouldn’t I be grateful to the old griper? Wouldn’t I!—Shouldn’t old squaretoes have a handsome tombstone in C—— churchyard, all over cheribums, as well as a black slab in the ‘isle? Two tombs and a brace of slabs, if one weren’t enough; besides a line and a half in gold letters in the List of Benefactions as you go in at the door? Shouldn’t he!”

The little man in black—a man of the world from his profession—let his client have his way, till he saw an opportunity to say, “Mr. Jellybelly,

as this place is no longer necessary to you, come out of it, and you will think differently when you breathe a different air. My carriage is at the corner of the street: come, Sir, do me the honour to take a seat in it."

"What, as I am?"

"Yes, as you are. My tradesmen, in no time, will alter all that, and fit you out like the gentleman you are, per favour of Fortune. Come, Sir!"—and taking his arm, he drew him to the door; and many a poor wretch had passed in at it with less reluctance than he passed out of it. There was something at once sad and ludicrous in his leaving it—"parting" from a poor-house "is such sweet sorrow!" But he got over it at last, and over the threshold;—and as he gazed at the great black double-gates; and at grim Will, their keeper, trying hard to look at once glad and sad that he was going; and at the Master, smirking and rubbing his husky palms, really happy to lose him; for he had been a pest to him from his refractory spirit, Jonah said, with something of his usual pleasantry, "Let the worst come to the worst, at all events I'm not boiled down! Barnaby isn't sticking his spoon in me! That's a penny saved! Bid that poor fellow good bye for me, Will, will you? and give my love to the rest. Tell 'em they shall see me soon, and, one and all, shall tighten their button-holes and apron-strings at my expense,

but not in the personal way at first proposed. Good bye—I'm going—I've 'been going this quarter of an hour,' as the poet says. If they've heard what has happened, get 'em to give me a parting cheer as I enter the carriage at the corner. It's a great day for C—— Without, and a nice day it is! Give Will a guinea, Sir, and put it down to me; and two for the ringers. Well, after all, it is glorious to go out o' this house, and not be obliged to come in at dusk, and sober, or war' hawk! It is glorious!"

But here he was interrupted in this agreeable train of reflections by a cry overhead of "Jellybelly for ever!"—and looking up, the heads of the house were all out of window, bidding him good bye. And when they saw him enter the carriage of the little man in black, surely never was seen such a shaking of snuffy handkerchiefs, unwhite nightcaps, and skinny hands; and never were heard such weak but hearty cheers from the walls and windows of a workhouse, since poverty was first invented, and grinding the poor became a favourite amusement with great people!

Jonah Jellybelly, Esquire, was as good as his word to his late "copartners in exile" in their own land; for every man Jack of them and woman Joan was the better for his elevation to one of Fortune's high places. The first man he hauled

out of the house was poor Barnaby, promoted to be his *valley de sham*, as he worded his warrant, because he could shave like an angel. Two master-tailors (one reduced by indulging in gigs and Derby clubs, the other by having too large a connexion for one tailor among bankers' clerks, who are better dressed than paid) he set to making suits for him as hard as they could go. Shirkwork, a dilatory dog, he set as superintendent over the labourers on his houses under repair, knowing well that no man is so intolerant of idleness in others as he who himself loves to take things easy. From Lawrence Lollobby, a poet with no patron, he was not only pleased to accept the dedication of a set of six pastorals all over Daphne and Damon, Chloe and Colin, sheep and shepherds, crooks and brooks, written under a weighed diet and water-gruel regimen, price 6*d.* stitched; but added a garret rent-free and the run of the kitchen. Mrs. Judy Mott he munificently set up in the Pomona or pippin line under his own windows, her gratitude and the incense of her roasting apples his only reward. All who had any struggle in them, as he expressed it, and had a mind to have another round with that bully, the World, before they gave in, he backed or seconded, and either made up a purse for them, or picked them up when they were down, but not dead-beaten. As for his old friend Daniel—too old for everything but munching—he

had a general invitation to call on him whenever he could get out, and have a bellyful. To the old women who were "agreeable . . . five in number," he made a weekly allowance of tea, snuff, and sugar. In short, there was not one of the forty-one clamorous petitioners for the Jellybelly *bouilli* who was not eager to eat him now out of love and liking for him, for kindnesses conferred, and benefits not forgotten, the poor are ever so rich in gratitude: but Heaven always gives something of more value for whatever it takes away.

The little man in the law who knew mankind was right. In less than a month, as Jellybelly in a new blue coat, buff waistcoat, and white trousers, instead of a coarse suit of workhouse grey, sat stretching his legs after a good dinner, not weighed out, under polished mahogany, not scoured deal, with a bottle of crusty old port passing pretty rapidly between himself and Christopher Codicil, Esq., (the little man in black,) now *his* attorney, late his uncle's, he had the grace (though nephews were never famous for their gratitude) to propose the soul's health of Humphrey Hunks, Esq., late of this place and parish, deceased, to be drunk in solemn silence.

"Ah, Sir, I knew you would soon get the better of your unthankfulness!" said Codicil. "I drink the toast with a deal of pleasure."

"Oh you do, do you?" cried Jonah, down on

him, as he said elegantly : for he would have his jest at the worst of times. Like a discreet attorney, Codicil laughed at his client's wit ; then coughed ; and, lastly, did honour to the solemn toast : for Hunks had been a friend to him ; and, though he always grumbled, always paid his bills ; and he was not ungrateful to his memory. Meanwhile Jelly-belly sat smirking and smoothing down his waistcoat with complacent palms, like a gentleman who has said something which he thinks worthy of remembrance : for he was getting on good terms with himself was Jonah ; and, as he always had a conceit in his misery, now he was out of it, it is needless to say he had one, if not two. In short, he was hourly becoming happy, and reconciled to the past, as gone—and to the present, as come in good time : for, as he said very wisely, " Only a fool cuffs and huffs when the quarrel is over, and a handsome apology is made in the Morning papers."

And after this piece of pleasantry the new client and the old attorney sat in silence for some time, the Lawyer looking into the grate at the films of soot flickering between the bars like flimsy suits at law between the courts of Westminster and London ; the Client looking all round the room like a man thinking that he might have been placed in more unpleasant circumstances, when he suddenly broke the peace by saying, as though he were

giving the postscript of his thoughts, and not the letter at length, "After all, this *is* a higher state of humanbeingism," (his own word,) "than dragging out a pitiful, mean, mere existence in a workhouse. I should think so! After all, these wainscotted walls *are* pleasanter to the eye than the whitewashed bricks of a workhouse, marked all over with the martyrdoms of poor flies and fleas. It strikes me so! After all, this nice quiet house in a nice quiet neighbourhood, and this nice quiet parlour where there's no noise except the coals a-clinking, poor puss a-purring, and me addressing these few lines, privately and confidentially, to my legal adviser, *is* rather more agreeable than a survey of that long, dreary, dreadful ward—I think I look up it and' down it now! —full of broken-backed and broken-hearted men and women: where the consumptive wretch coughs night and day, and cannot rest, and will let none rest who are near him—where the painful groan—the madman raves—the idiot drivels and slavers—the old pray for death, die, and are not lamented—the young are born and are not welcomed into the world, live, and have no love of life—where the prodigal wretch, forsaken by his summer-flies of friends, curses them, and the hour when he was born, and the very mother who bore him. Yes, this *is* more agreeable, in my opinion! After all, there is not as much beeswing in a pail of

water-gruel as there is in this glass of wine : I may be mistaken ! Well, well, well, I am reconciled to my fate : it can't be helped now, I suppose, eh ? Very good ! As I am in for a slice of luck, I may as well take it while it is on the table. So, thankye, uncle," said Jonah, lifting his eyes and a glass of wine at the same time, the one to a dingy portrait of the late Mr. Hunks, and the other to his lips, "thankye ! Five years ago I was not fit for Fortune ; now I am, and can welcome her wisely. I thank you, uncle, that you have given me time to know myself, though you did not intend it.—I have paid perhaps too dearly, in five years of bitter misery and degradation, for anything Fortune can do for me at this late hour in the evening : but it is not quite dark now, and when it is I must light up ; and when 'tis time to retire for the night to rest be ready for it, and welcome it from very weariness."

"Bravo !" cried Mr. Codicil, shaking his client's hands most cordially ; and "Bravo !" cry we. There are worse wealthy men—much poorer in spirit—than Jonah Jellybelly, Esquire.

ON
THE BEAUTY, POWER, AND PAINTING
OF
SHAKSPERE'S EPITHETS.

A MODERN Critic in poetry, among other astounding dogmas, asserts that "*ALL epithets are poetry.*" "Your *if*," in his day, was your great peacemaker: oh how many a pretty quarrel might this simple announcement have made up—what gall might it have turned to milkiness had it been made earlier! Epithets which, when applied to *them*, some men have taken for insults unbearable, were, it turns out, well-meant attempts, ill-understood, to throw a poetic charm over their prosaic souls, at which these Dapples kicked as only Dapples can!

It is not the intention of this Essay to assert as much, or even to agree to as much: all that it purposes to show is, that some epithets are, in their very essence, poetry—what these are, and what poets have been most successful in the use of them.

Poetry does not consist only in a certain number of words or syllables measured out in lines, but in thought, exalted above the level of every-day thinking, expressed in words intended, and which must be so received and understood, in their most intellectual and spiritual sense. Nor is this all that is essential to that first and finest species of writing: to elevated thoughts must be added justness and beauty of expression—that justness and beauty which, while they confer dignity and grace on what is homely, add grandeur to what is great. The finest aid to expression is the Epithet—used, not to eke out the line, but to fill it full to overflowing with that which it should contain—*poetry*. There is more beauty in this nicer portion of the art of poetic painting than is discerned by the uninitiated into its mysteries. It requires, too, the finest and subtlest part of the perceptions of even the true poet, in the first place, to see and appreciate, and, in the second, discreetly to use, this elegant adornment. It is a felicity of touch which none but true poets should attempt, for certainly none but these succeed in it. Mere couplers of rhymes—(the Fleet-prison parsons of poetry, who tag Vogue and Rogue together for the time)—seldom think of aiming at this excellence, and when they do they fail. It is “a grace beyond the reach” of their art, let them snatch at it as they may. Let them jump mast-

high, they cannot even touch it. The poet must have wings who would come at these Hesperian apples of his art. He must soar, not climb, who would overtop that tree, perch among its boughs, and feed on its golden fruit. The great masters of song have succeeded in it; the great small have wisely abstained, from a modest consciousness of its difficulty. The miraculous effects in colouring which "savage Rosa dashed" into his pictures, in his hands became spots of beauty—a painter of an inferior genius, daring the same effects, would mar even what he had done well.

In dipping into obsolete poets—obsolete only because old—we sometimes derive a higher pleasure from an expressive epithet, in what fastidious readers of the Muse would set down as a crude piece, than from the most polished pieces of writers whose utmost merit consisted in their taste in appreciating and re-using the old jewels and golden ornaments of minds undeniably rich in mental possessions, but nevertheless wanting in that judgment which is tutor to genius—the knowing how to use their genius to the best advantage. Who, indeed, that has a particle of poetry in his soul does not prefer the rocks and rugged places of the early Muse, with here and there a cataract, whose sounding waters render the silence of her more stilly nooks delicious as the calm after the summer storm, rather than wandering by the

"lax Loires," and along the smooth promenades, shaven grass-plots, and boxen alleys, where the Wallers and Roscommons scattered the polite fumes of their poetry to simpering beaux in bag-wigs and mincing mistresses in hoops and masks? The wonders, the flowers, the music, and the magic of poetry lie among the obscure Chapmans, Harringtons, Brownes, and Herricks, not among the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." The first are poets, with all their faults—their polished rivals are not, with all their perfections. The present age feels that there is none of the *mens divini*or to save them from oblivion—none of the salt of genius to savour and keep them fresh for the hunger of intellects to come. It is the native ore of poetry running in deep veins through the ground over which the elder poets walked with divining rods in their hands which makes the difference—and all the difference—between them and their more refined followers, as they boast themselves. The elaborate workmanship of these later geniuses, compare it with the rude old rough work of their early precursors in poetry, and it is like weighing books and leaves of beaten-out gold—Long-acre gold—by the side of solid lumps of the precious ore; or like comparing the dust and chippings of diamonds polished to perfection, with the rough diamond in its native crust. The leaves of these hammerers—

out of their few grains of gold, so thinly attenuated that you may gild twenty volumes of them with a grain, are doubtless very showy, vastly fine, as exactly squared as line and rule can make them, and shaped and fashioned so handsomely that none can quarrel with their form, "so express and admirable;" but, after all, it is not the crude, heavy-weighting, valuable ore you are considering so curiously:—the diamond-dust has its little sparks of brilliancy still, and is of some value to gem-engravers; but it has not the many-twinkling, concentrating light, and darting brilliancy of the diamond-stone.

But we are wandering from our immediate subject—the poetry of epithet. Instances innumerable of almost over-abundance of epithets occur in Milton—a profusion which is not, perhaps, (like the display of gems in the crown of an emperor of Ind,) necessary to our abstract notions of his splendour, but which serves to impress us with his magnificence, and conveys a powerful sense of his abundant riches. This wealth of expression is especially observable in that greatest of all minor poems, *Comus*. Shakspeare is still more profuse in golden epithets—arrays his lines in still more glorious clothing, and enriches them with gems brought earlier from the same Golconda.

It is not, perhaps, quite out of the path of these remarks to refer to the beautiful little masque in

the third act of the *Tempest* as the origin of the style of Milton's poem. Lines like the following, not unlikely, lingered like a delicious melody in the ear of Milton, and set him to tune his solemn organ to the same harmony.—Listen to Shakspeare's *Iris*, entering to music not sweeter than the verse she utters!—

“Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy *rich* leas,
 Thy *turfy* mountains, where live *nibbling* sheep,
 And *flat* meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
 Thy banks with *peonied* and *lilied* brims,
 Which *spongy* April at thy hest betrimms,
 To make *cold* nymphs *chaste* crowns; and thy *broom* groves,
 Whose shadow the *dismissed** bachelor loves,
 Being *lass*-lorn; thy *pole-clipt* vineyard;
 And thy sea-marge, *steril*, and *rocky-hard*,
 Where thou thyself dost air,—the queen of the sky,
 Whose *watery* arch and messenger am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her *sovereign* grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain;
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain!”

This seems to have been the origin of the tone and manner† of *Comus*, and of the beauty, the

* This fine epithet tells the whole tale of unsuccessful wooing as fully as if pages had been wasted in narrating it.

† I am aware that some important resemblances in the *matter* of this admirable poem are said to exist in the “*Comus*” of Puteanus, and the “*Old Wives’ Tale*” of George Peele; and that the *manner* is said to be imitated from the “*Faithful Shepherdess*,” and Browne’s “*Inner Temple Masque*;” but who was the English model of these last-mentioned writers?—Shakspeare;—the style of Jonson’s masques being fashioned after his.

expressiveness, the abundance even to superabundance, of its peculiar epithets. Milton, when he produced his masque, was young, and, if we may judge from his verses on Shakspeare, no very cold or grudging admirer of the great dramatist. It is apparent that he had studied this masque attentively—he has even transplanted the expressive epithet *bosky* into his own. A passage spoken by Prospero, beginning—

“ Ye elves of hills, brooks, *standing* lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with *printless* foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back—”

is still more (if we may use such an anachronism) full of Miltonisms—it has, indeed, the true blank-verse flow and music of *Comus*; as well as that exquisite fitness of expression which he had learned from Shakspeare, and which is only more generally characteristic of the style of Milton, because he had more frequent *poemic* (if we may coin such a word to contradistinguish *his* blank-verse from that of Shakspeare—the *dramatic*) opportunities for indulging in that excellence. Once more hear *Iris*:—

“ You nymphs called Naiads of the *wandering* brooks,
With your *sedged* crowns, and *ever-harmless* looks,
Leave your *crisp* channels, and on this *green* land
Answer your summons—Juno does command.
Come, *temperate* nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of *true* love: be not too late.

You *sun-burn'd* sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
 Make holyday—your *rye-straw* hats put on,
 And these *fresh* nymphs encounter every one
 In *country* footing."

What epithets can be better chosen — more chaste — more classical? Milton, a thorough master in his art, has finely varied the epithet "country footing" into "chaste footing," and "fresh footing"—expressive quaintnesses, plainly borrowed or imitated from him who can afford to lend, but whom it is dangerous to imitate—Shakspeare. In the dramatist these happy illustrations have all the appearance of being unconscious and unlimited: for it would be a difficult task to trace his beauties to any other source than his own inexhaustible mind, and still more difficult to detect anything like apparent art in the working up and disposition of his precious materials. But in Milton these adornments of his severe style were, on the contrary, as certainly derived from sources not his own. His imitations are sometimes, indeed, too palpable; but such of our readers as are curious in these matters may be gratified by going through Todd's richly-noted edition of *Comus*, where he will find the sources of many of Milton's finest epithets, and be convinced of the value which he set on this noble ornament and grace of poetry.

As an instance of the value of a well-chosen

epithet, that fine piece of painting in "Il Penseroso"—

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, *religious* light,"

would be worth nothing if that word "religious" were taken from it. Any couplet might have painted the rest of the picture; but that one beautiful touch shews the true poet. To any eye, light streaming through painted windows would appear dim, and solemn: any indifferent observer would discern the soft and serene effect of such light upon the objects within a sacred building; but the true poet sees even what is common "with a difference." In one of these moments Milton, by a touch, struck in this fine effect; and by one happy expression painted the peculiar medium of the light, its softened and serious effect, and the sacredness of the place it visited, as though it were poured into it from the fountain of all light in heaven, dedicated to its especial use, and made holy and, as it were, superior to the common light of day. This is one of the many excellences of Milton, that, if he puts even a commonplace object in his picture, he throws about it such a richness of colouring, as renders that truly beautiful which, in other hands, would be trite and nothing-worth.

It is apparent, indeed, how highly the old poets esteemed that particular beauty in the painting of

poetry which consists in epithets, compound and single. Homer has his "cloud-compelling" and "earth-shaking Jove," with a thousand other adjectives as sonorous and significant. It is only inferior poets who are deficient in these riches of expression: in fact, if it were wished to try the height and depth of mind of any professed poet, we should search his works for specimens of this poetic painting; and, if we found few or none of these abundancies, these prodigalities of a mind full to overflowing with poetry, we might come to this bold but not unsafe conclusion,—that there was little or no innate poetry in the mind of that man. There is, indeed, more of the essence of poetry in many epithets in Shakspeare, in the rough compounds of old Chapman, the learned lines of Milton, in Herrick, and even in the quaint and despised Quarles, than can be found in the entire works of many of the persons of quality who wrote after the manner of Mr. Pope—that admirable master of more dunces than he has named in his *Dunciad*. Pope has one fine epithet, however—"narrative old Age."

It requires the poet's eye to discern the nicety of such an epithet as the "lily-wristed Morn;" yet, whoever has noticed the wrist-like bend of that beautiful flower the lily must see the resemblance, if they cannot feel all its grace and delicacy. There is, perhaps, more of the painting of

poetry in that fine Homeric compound in one of Chapman's hymns — "brute-footed Pan"—and something which more vividly places before us the image of the Arcadian god, than we should catch from a page of minute description. Drummond of Hawthornden, who deals largely in beauties of this kind, has a similar piece of portrait-painting, if we may so call it, where he speaks of the "goat-feet Sylvens" coming among the

"Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on the mountains
Are wont to dance, shewing their beauties' treasure"

to these fine monster-men of the old world of imagination.

But He who "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," is the greatest of painters in these pictures. The "*well-apparelled* April treading on the limping heels of Winter" is as perfect painting as Poussin could present on canvas. How exquisitely descriptive is the epithet "well-apparelled;" and how much more palpably does it paint that delicious season of flowers and foliage than a more elaborate detail of its beauties would have given us, though as over-laboured as *some* of those described by the admirable poet of "The Seasons."

The following instances out of many thousands, selected at random from two or three of his plays, will shew our great poet's power and genius in this art of poetic painting:—

The all-ending day of doom . . A beauty-waning widow . . The pew-fellow of Remorse . . The pew-fellow with others' moan . . The silver livery of advised Age . . Grim-visaged War . . The grappling vigour and rough frown of War . . Tiger-footed Rage . . Tardy-gaited Night . . A lion-gaited Demon . . Heavy-gaited toads . . High-sighted Tyranny . . Short-armed Ignorance . . Life-harming heaviness (or sadness) . . Self-harming Jealousy . . The glass-faced Flatterer . . Half-faced fellowship . . All-scorned Poverty . . Misery crammed with distressful bread . . Black-cornered Night . . Love-performing Night . . Maid-pale Peace . . Tongue-tied Simplicity . . Saint-seducing gold . . The napless vesture of Humility . . Climbing fire . . The beneficial Sun . . The wind-obeying deep . . The wind-swift Cupid . . Ever-angry bears . . Silver-shedding tears . . The beached verge of the salt flood . . The honey-heavy dew of Slumber . . The chair-days of most reverend Age —[As perfect a picture or piece of sculpture, which you will, and as well made out in all its parts, as Wilkie, Hilton, or Stothard could have painted, or Flaxman or Chantrey could have chiselled ; and done at a dash in half-a-dozen humble words!] . . Ingratitude, the marble-hearted fiend . . Dark-seated Hell . . Dread-bolted Thunder . . Flaky darkness breaks . . The tragic, melancholy Night

—[Another picture which needs no further painting. Who does not see her moving Siddons-like in loneliness and solemn gloom and grandeur, in sable robes which trail along the ground, a circle of stars, like the points and flashing jewels of a crown, glittering on her brow, the widowed Empress of departed Day?] . . . The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain—[An epithet too much laboured, perhaps, but how admirably does it describe the contentious confictions of a storm!]

Here, too, is a fine descriptive metaphor :—

“ Ne’er thro’ an arch so hurried the *blown* tide,
As the re-comforted thro’ the gates.”

It would be easy to enlarge the number of these examples of the expressiveness of epithet from Shakspeare alone. These which are here hurriedly heaped together without order are mostly, it may be, remarkable rather for their strength than beauty, though the latter quality is apparent in many of them. The more delicate graces and exquisite elegances of his mind, when most playful and profuse of its exhaustless riches, and scattering them as carelessly around him as some old Oriental monarch flinging pearls and diamonds among his followers, I leave to be remembered by those who know his wealth in this way.

Turning from Shakspeare to Milton, standing

nearest to him in all the greater powers of poetry, I shall be content to take the opinion of Warton as to his genius for "enriching the English language with graces of this description." In a note on the song in *Comus*,

"Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen,"

the learned Doctor admiringly says of the adjective in the fourth line — "*violet-embroidered*" — "This is a beautiful compound epithet, and the combination of the two words that compose it natural and easy. Our poet has, in his early poems, coined many others equally happy and significant: such as 'love-darting,' 'amber-dropping,' 'flowery-kirtled,' 'low-roosted,' 'snaky-headed,' 'fiery-wheeled,' 'white-handed,' [but this is originally Drummond's] 'sin-worn,' 'home-felt,' 'rushy-fringed,' 'pure-eyed,' 'tinsel-slippered,' &c. &c." And if the worthy Joseph had not feared to dally with so Potipharian a wanton, so profuse of her beauties, and given to display them, as was Milton's early muse, he might have adduced a thousand charms like these. Mr. Todd has, in his elaborate edition of this poem, appended to this note of Warton's an admiration or two of his own on the loveliness of Milton's epithets. "There are none more elegant," he says, "than 'love-lorn' and 'coral-paven,' both also in this poem: while none can be produced so majestic and sublime as 'star-

paved.' (*Par. Lost*, book iv. 976.)" And he sums up his note by saying, "It has been observed to me that compound epithets are more common in the Persian than in any other language." What, more than in the Greek, good Todd? To go no farther than outside your own door, you will get an answer, as to that matter, by inquiring of old George Chapman, who not only well-rendered Homer into English, (far indeed before Pope and Cowper,) but imitated the Greek compounded epithets he met with in his work *not* abominably; and, if he does not quite satisfy your mind on this head, he can give you Mr. Fairfax's address, who will, we have no doubt, if you will drop in upon him when he is disengaged with his favourite friend Tasso. Spenser, a poet you may safely call upon at any time, can afford you some information, too, which will enlighten your darkness in these things, and shew you some rather fine specimens of epithets *not* from the Persian. Always rich in adjectives, he makes use of a very bold and well-compounded one, which describes at once the huge bulk, enormous strength, and uncouth awkwardness of the animal he is painting when he calls the leviathans of the deep

"——— *sea-shouldering* whales."

We will thank you, Mr. Todd, if you will bring us, at your leisure, a compound epithet out of the

Persian which will take the conceit out of that. Don't hurry yourself: take your time to pick your Persian periwinkles: we can wait.*

Yet, though we admire the beauty and ornament of epithets in poetry, and it is poor poetry which wants them, we cannot but remember that this grace has been used with an excess—a “wasteful and ridiculous excess”—destroying the effect intended, and, instead of being a charm added to beauty, became its disfigurement. Shakspeare, who knew so well the true use of the epithet, knew also how it might be “misused most damnably;” and has pleasantly caricatured this in bully Bottom’s “*raging rocks with shivering shocks*,” and in the player-king’s abuse of it in *Hamlet*.

Epithets may, indeed, mean too much or too little: there may be too many of them as well as too few: they may be too intrusive as well as too modest; and, like the child’s apple-pie of all quinces, a dish you do not wish to be helped-to

* In an excellent paper on the use and abuse of Governesses, in a magazine for November last, a line is quoted, from where or from whom is not indicated; but it is a truly beautiful example of the use of the epithet in poetry. The writer is describing the aged teacher sinking, step by step, lower and lower in the scale of suffering, till at last she has become hardened to poverty and insult, and quiets down into indifference and

“The *set, grey* life and *apathetic* end.”

Take away the admirable adjectives in this line, and where are its painting, poetry, and pathos?

twice. A school of these prodigal epithet-mongers sprung up after Darwin, whose style of description, at the best, touched very near to the borders of burlesque; and, if at all exaggerated by an indiscreet admirer, necessarily passed the borderline. These luckless imitators of the Doctor were known in their day as the (English) Della Cruscans; and a pestilent set of butterfly-gilders, gossamer-weavers, and rose-perfumers they were, till Mr. Gifford, in his great wrath, swept them away with an unmerciful besom, when a "particular hair" of it was potent enough to disperse them all, and break down all their lawny looms. These poor doggrelists—for not one of them was a poet, in any sense of the word—neither great poet nor small poet, poet nor poetaster—were indeed the worst shame and disgrace which ever befell the English muse. England has had all sorts of schools in her poetry: the Shakspeare school—the Jonson school—the Dryden school—the Pope school; but never had, till these poor triflers academized together, the school of downright nonsense and vapidity, of which Darwin, with all his ingenious wit and waste of genius, was unfortunately the founder. These milliners and mantua-makers in poetry brought poetry into contempt, and especially the poetry of epithet: from which the one has since recovered, but the other has never held up its lovely head—flower-crowned and star-ypointed

—from that day to this. May we not hope, however, that this, which is one of the grander graces of poetry, will revive in all the glory of the days of Spenser (one of its greatest masters), Shakspeare, Chapman, and Milton, to adorn the Muse, and delight those who love the truly beautiful?

THE BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

"Pompous, but feeble."—GIBBON.

HE answers to the name of John Justin Bubb promptly—a name which furnished the parochial wits with much amusement on the day of his election : for, before the state of the poll was declared, those facetious persons tried hard to impress on his mind that he was not John *Just-in* Bubb, but John *Just-out* Bubb: with other most irreverent jeers and jests, which, in the madness of faction, they ingeniously tortured out of his *now* respected name, and flung contemptuously at his *then* humble head—calling him *Hubbubb*, and *Silly Bubb*; and every time he returned thanks for a plumper, *humming Bubb*, with other quips and cranks too tedious to mention. But Bubb came in triumphantly by two casting votes—his butcher's (and Mr. Brisket wished him elected, as he had eight mouths to find in meat, inclusive of his own); and his baker's, who, for weighty wheaten reasons, came 'up in the nick of time and turned the scale, which descend-

ing, Bubb was duly declared Beadle of the Parish of St. Mary's, ——. Grateful for their critical services, he paid both their bills ; and is now stirring heaven and earth and the parish to get the Butcher the contract for supplying the workhouse with shins of beef, and the Baker the contract for furnishing ten twopenny loaves for the same number of poor old women, being parishioners, on the first Sunday of every calendar month. He could have got him the workhouse contract, had it not been previously secured by a Poor-law commissioner for his seven-and-sixtieth cousin.

John Justin Bubb answers promptly to his name when it is pronounced by a churchwarden ; or by a parish commissioner for anything that pays the commission ; or by 'Squire Clark, the great man of the parish, who has the great family-pew in the church, and comes,

“ With all the little Clarks,
His children, blithe as larks,”

in the great family-carriage, from his great family-mansion, no great distance off, to morning service ; that in the afternoon being attended by the great Clark servants only, without the great family-carriage. Mr. John Justin answers very suddenly to his name when the rector calls “ Bubb ! ” from the vestry-room : he can hear his “ Call to the Unconverted ” at any corner of the church. Nay, even at the Red Lion over the way, if the Doctor in-

vokes him, he pauses in the middle of his draught of ale, and wipes his mouth; or darts down his dram, half-fills his mouth with caraway-seeds, and, chewing them as he goes, is at the vestry-door just as the Doctor is about to call "Bubb!" a second time. If the Doctor demands why he did not come when he first called, he answers that "He heard him, and was coming; but those boys—those daring boys—they will get into the churchyard, over rails and all, before his very face; and an angel wouldn't keep them from jumping over the tombstones!" The Doctor is appeased—the rector relies on his rectitude, and does not notice how out of drawing are the perpendicular lines which Bubb endeavours to preserve when standing still; and that the horizontal lines he should describe in quitting the robing-room are serpentine, and not straight and vanishing at a point in the distance. The Doctor detects nothing, however, but the fragrance of the caraways, and sniffs, and looks round the room, and asks Bubb "If he does not remark a smell of something not unpleasant?" Bubb does, and lays it to the seedcake in the cupboard: the Doctor thinks, then, that, perhaps, it is that; and Bubb would get acquitted of four quarterns of pine-apple rum between two—Bubb and his brother beadle, Cobbes: but when the Doctor looks up in his face, his eyes (which the fragrance of the seedcake could not thus have

affected) are plainly dodging the Doctor, and getting into all sorts of eyeholes and corners, and turning and twisting about, and darting up and down, to avoid the severe scrutiny they are undergoing. At last the reverend Doctor catches one eye as it is getting into the right-hand corner of his nose, and sternly says, "Surely I am not deceived? No! Bubb, you *are* tipsy: that is to say, you are overpowered with drink!"

Bubb is undoubtedly affected by such a strong charge, or something as strong, for he staggers as he replies, "Doctor Drumdesk, reverend and revered sir, I'm overpowered with nothing of the sort! I'm simply staggered, as I stand here, by so serious a charge—nothing more! Me—I—drunk? The head-beadle of this most extensive parish set such an example to the beadles under him, and to the poor of this parish, as to be already tipsy, at twelve o'clock in the day? Impossible! It's a moral impossible, most reverend sir!"

"It is an immorality possible, sir!" says the Doctor.

"'Sir!' and not 'Bubb!' Have I lived to see this day? It is too much!" And, by a forcible pressure of his knuckles, the great snubbed rubs a drop of rum-and-water out of one eye; and, as he sees the Doctor beginning to look sorry for his severity, he pleads, "Reverend sir, now could I under such an eloquent ministry as yours"—(the

Doctor looks still more sorry)—“after hearing, as well as I could, for the boys were very noisy, such a heavenly sermon as you delivered only last Sunday on the virtues of intemperance——”

“Temperance,” suggests the Doctor, as a correction.

“Could I fly in your face, or walk in your face not properly—not straight; and *thus* set a bad example to Cobbes; and, through him, to Simes and Brown, his junior beadles? I couldn’t go to do no such thing, reverend sir!”

“Well, well, my good Bubb——”

“Ah, Doctor, now you make me Bubb indeed by that condescending famil’arity!”

“Go, and let me see no more of this,” adds the Doctor, kindly.

“No, Doctor, you shall not!” And, glad of his acquittal, he takes care that the worthy rector shall see no more of it, by rolling himself away as fast as those pedometers of the parish, his legs, can carry him. With a sly side tap of his cane at the window of the Red Lion, as he reluctantly passes it by, he draws Cobbes to the door, who understands the signal. “The Doctor’s abroad!” whispers Bubb, and he walks off to the right. “Is he?” squeaks Cobbes, and he walks off to the left; and, both making a circuit round the houses, singularly enough they meet at the same instant at the door of the *Blue* Lion, and just look in simply to see

that the house is well-conducted, and that no improper characters harbour there.

He is not so particular, not so quick, he does not hurry himself so much, in personally answering the curate (who is so old and poor, that, like an old lieutenant, he has outlived promotion): he answers him at a distance, but civilly, if it is worth while answering him at all: if not, he lets him answer himself.

He holds up his head in a remarkably erect attitude (as though he were scratching the lower part of his spine with his left hand, his right being engaged with his stately, silver-heavy staff of office) when Briggs, the poor organ-blower, bows to him: sometimes only says, "How do, Briggs?" but does not wait to hear how he does; and, with a frown severe settled on his imperious brows, warns him that he can dispense with any further familiarity, and turns upon his heel: which beholding, the humble man looks after him as he goes, and, muttering, creeps back to his own workhouse-hole, where there are no such dignified characters as Mr. Bubb the Beadle. With Mr. Softstop, the organist, in the next minute, he is as open as the church-door—as accessible as the church—as affable as a charity-boy when he sees you mean to give him sixpence as the reward of virtue, or, if he has not that, of merit. He has been accused of pride since he rose to his

present proud pre-eminence: we never knew a man who rose to anything that wholly escaped that calumny. Yes, one we have heard of, who took no pride in his elevation: he could have been content with a lower station: he saw nothing to be proud of in rising very high, to drop very low just when he had reached the climax of his climbing. Mr. Bubb, we should say, is not proud in himself, but in his clothes. Gold-lace would degenerate directly it was worn with an humble air, and look as mean a pretension as copper-lace; and he knows that, and supports its superior worth with all the dignity he can. A new red waistcoat with gold-worked buttons is not, like

“The napless vesture of humility,”

to be buttoned up to the throat, to save the ostentatious showing of no shirt. The parish pay for it, and the parish should witness their own waistcoat on all occasions—on week-days as well as on Sundays—in the simplicities of his daily life as well as on great state occasions. A cocked hat, edged with gold, was not designed to be passed unregarded: its very construction shows that its corners were meant to catch the eye. Black-plush breeches, gold-banded and gold-buttoned at the knees, shining in the sun, and shifting the sunlight all over them, as if they courted inspection, and cared not where the eye of day glanced on them, were never made to steal through the street. Let

the man who is all too conscious that his tartan trews are time-worn glide through byeways, nor dare the public gaze.

He is *not* proud: he is simply mindful that he is a great public specimen of the blended natural and artificial dignity of man. If, therefore, he affects not now the company he kept in his street-keeping days, before he arrived at this great eminence: if he accepts not the nod of Tiffin; and deigns no reply to Cummins's inquiry as to his health; and looks "duberously" at Simmons, as though he had a notion that he knew nothing of him somewhere—it is the officer, and not the man, that is thus chary of himself. He has a due sense of his dignity only: he is not proud.

He has important notions of the importance of his parish, and of his importance in it. The world within, and the meaner world without, its bounds were all alarm at the unannounced appearance of the comet of 1843. In the midst of the general consternation, when even the best of Christians thought of their water-butts as a last place of refuge, he said, and he said it contemptuously, "This extensive parish must have summat to be excited about. Last week it was at what the enemies of order were pleased to call an improper stretch of authority on my part, in forbidding apple-stalls during afternoon-service. This week it's at this here comeit, with a tail I can't

.

tell you how many millions of miles long! That's an improper stretch of authority, if you please. What'll St. Mary's, ——, have to be all up in arms about next week, I wonder? *You* couldn't do anything enormous, could you, Cobby? If you could, now's your time to be famous—for a week. But you're too humble to distinguish yourself—you are. Don't be humble, C.! I ain't, and you see how I'm feared—and respected. Oh no; don't be humble! That's 'the last infirmity of noble minds,' as the Doctor says. Only last Monday I caned John Justin, *junivor*, for being humble—for wanting to go down the side-steps at Hungerford Market, when he could go down the grand stone staircase in the middle to buy his periwinkles. It's a lesson he'll never forget. Keep up your dignity, Cobbes, though you're only second beadle. ~ Who knows what you may come to? Perhaps, to be first: for I am mortal, Cobbes—I am mortal!" It was confessing too much; but greatness has, at times, these small misgivings.

Bubb is, perhaps, proud to the poor. But the poor have altered his opinion of the poor since he became head-beadle. He has heard a great deal about their poverty since, but, for his part, he never saw so much of it as is said to exist. "Where is it? Who are the poor? Where do they live? What do they want? What would

they have? A'n't there ten twopenny loaves (left by the late Alderman Grubgutter, of this great parish) given every one away on the first Sunday in the month? And coals at Christmas? And a shilling in money to five poor widows? And fifty flannel-petticoats contended for annually by five hundred decent women, being poor parishioners? If four hundred and fifty go without them, whose fault is that? They should be more prudent in their petticoats: but they won't; that's the worst of them, poor weak creatures!" He "don't see that the poor are so very poor, not he. They are only not so very well off as other people. He has heard of starvation—he never saw any of it—and he has been now at seven parish dinners, where there was a confusion of everything as was in season—especially peas, which wer'n't, and a guinea a-quart! There was, it's true, one man who was said to 'ave died of starvation—a manufacturer of stage-plays, or some of them wicked profanities; but how could he be starved, when, as soon as he was brought into the house, he ate so voraciously that he choked himself? There a'n't so much poverty in the parish as there's said to be, excepting among the bettermost classes."

It is plain that Mr. Bubb's great sympathies are not with the poor: householders, with a vote, have all the sympathy he has to spare. To these he bows and bends, and touches and takes off his hat;

but in the presence of the poor he has no hat : he elevates himself, and stands erect, and, as he is six feet high, looks over their heads at anything (he is indifferent what) in the distance, while they are interceding with him : lets them cry, and does not interrupt them : if they are starving, tells them "There's plenty of work : " if they are sick, prescribes for them — "Take a penn'orth of bitter *always*, and you'll be well enough in a week !"

The poor old women of the parish (the old women of the parish *not* in petticoats are not included) are accordingly not much divided in their estimate of Mr. Bubb, for his conduct to them is certainly *not* conciliatory. A great officer who listens to their wants with his left shoulder, his head averted all the while, as if *he* was going immediately, and his head had gone on before some time ago, must not wonder if he misses their good word : for old women with a sad story do not like to be listened to by men in authority "in that *cavalry* manner," as they term it. They do not agree in the terms of their dislike, however, but they do in the intention, as the following dialogue will testify :—

First Spiteful.—An agreeable man, that Mister Bubb!

Second Spiteful.—A dis-agreeable wretch, that Mister Bubb!

Third Spiteful.—He a beadle! Brinks *was* a

beadle! [His predecessor.] He *was* kind to us poor creeturs, the more's the pity! But he's gone to goodness knows where, bless his old soul! But this Bubb, ma'am, I've no patience with the hard-hearted vagabone! Oh how I wish I was a man for his sake!

Fourth Spiteful.—I'm sure, Mrs. Gruntle, he oughtn't to hold his head so high that there's no seeing it, though he has gotten a gold-lace hat on it now—more's the shame and disgrace! Let him look at his gran'mother!

Fifth Spiteful.—And his wife, poor thing! She had a fine time with him before he was made beadle, I'm sure! Let him look at his own poor dear father!

Sixth Spiteful.—Ah, Mrs. Sleeke, it's of no use looking at anything in this dark world! Look at him, the porpus! He's so fat a'ready that he can hardly get into his own door, and he hasn't been two years a beadle! Whilst us poor creeturs (heaven pardon the expression!) are so thin that six of us might walk in arm-and-arm!

Now it is a remarkable fact in the natural history of beadles, that no sooner is one returned, by however small a majority, as a representative of the opinions of the parishioners, that indiscriminate charity-boys should not be permitted to play at whoop among the gravestones of the ancestors of the parish undisturbedly; and that elderly apple-

women require stirring and routing up occasionally, to keep their cold blood in circulation : no sooner, we say, is the elected man gilt and caned, than the portly process begins ; and in nine months after his induction the Sir Plume of the parish becomes so fat, that coats, waistcoats, and waistbands have all to be let out, to accept and take in the greatening man, so

“ justly vain
Of the nice conduct of his clouded cane.”

But I have observed that, like other great men, Bubb holds himself paramount to the calumnies of his small inferiors, and goes on in his own pre-eminent way, heeding nothing but the preservation of his white stockings from the spiteful splashing of the scavengers, to whom he is obnoxious, because, as those susceptible servants of the parish say, “ He wanted to domino [domineer] over them, and instruct them in their line o’ life ! ”

Mr. Bubb is charged with pride. If he will not know (that is, see) some persons, there are some other persons who will not see (that is, know) him, now that he is so considerable a man.

“ Envy doth Merit, as its shade, pursue,”

to quote that fine moral line of the copybook poet. But he sometimes suspects a disrespect where none exists. I saw him, the other day, looking with such an intense power of indignation across the High-street, that, if the road had been

five times as wide, his arrowy eye would have reached across it. I wondered what so moved him, till I noticed a humble-looking but gentlemanly man creeping close to the wall on the other side, as if he did not wish to get in the way of any one. And it was this quiet creature that had stirred up the bile of a beadle to such bursts of invective as these:—"The pitiful fellow! Who is he, I wonder, that he holds his head so high, like my Lord Somebody in distress, and won't acknowledge *my* bow?—Cobbes, will you stand staring there, and see me *not* bowed to by I don't know who? [Cobbes looked uneasy; but what could *he* do?] Where's your patr'otism, sir? Where's your loyalty? your love of country? your respect for Church and State? I blush for you! Unbutton my top button, sir! But there, you needn't! *I* am able myself to look him down, and look him up, and look him out of this extensive parish into nothing—nowhere! Keep my collar down, sir!" Meek Master Cobbes complied; and, thinking to "smooth the raven down" of his indignant Head "till he smiled," timidly dared to say, "Good sooth, Mr. Bubb, it *is* up to-day wonderful high!" meaning his choler, and not the dignified cape of the dignified great coat of the dignified Bubb.

"Cobbes! Mr. Under-Beadle Cobbes! Sir!" cried Bubb, measuring his assistant with his eye; and with an imperious frown he suppressed the

irreverent spirit of the inferior, making him to shrink in his shoes, and then magisterially bade him "Take notice of that man! I don't know who he is: but this I know, I've seen him at the church twice if I've seen him once; and I said at the time to Brown, that his hat was not a best hat—by no means a good hat, but a shabby, secondhand, suspicious, exchangeable-looking hat. Keep your eye on him, Cobbes, for I have my sirmisers! Look to him, for I have my doubts! Seize him, if you observe he's at all partic'lar in picking an empty pew with best prayer-books in it, for I am not without my suspicions! The fellow looks as if he'd steal a bell from a belfry! He's either a bad man or a mad man, take my word for it! It's only last Monday I saw him, with these eyes, give a shilling to Peter Poormouth, one of our paupers—you know Peter: that fellow would draw tears from a crocodile, he's such a way with him! But that's not what I was a-going to say. Well, when Peter was gone, (and I saw where he went to well—too well—round the corner, and in at the back-door of the Red Lion: would anybody, who didn't know it, believe in such depravity?) I stepped up to this Mr. I-don't-know-who, touched my hat, trifled with my cane, and inadverdantly, in the openness of my natur, (you know my natur, Cobby: I can't conceal nothing of any consequence—I *do* let out things in the most unguarded

way in the world,) I gave him a hint—delicately, you know my manner—that the day was very warm, and going about this highly-extensive parish very dry work in dusty weather; and he gave me—what do you think?”

“Half-a-crown; neyther more nor less,” guessed Cobbes at a venture.

“No, *Sir*,” retorted Bubb, with undue severity, “he gave me a sircastic screw of the mouth, and told me the pump over the way was as full and refreshing as ever!—A pretty squirrelous jest to break on the head of a man in my position in this great parish! Eh? What do you think of him now? That is the sort of man not to bow to me when I bow to him! Oh what is this world come to! Oh what is it a-coming to! I tremble to think.”

Great was the boiling of Bubb, and great my instruction in beholding him thus boil over. I learnt to know; while witnessing it, that a man in office does not easily forget the man who pays no compliments to office; and that persons of consideration look for more considerations than they demand in so many words.

Mr. Bubb’s proper frame of mind was, happily, soon restored: he ceased trembling for the world, and cried out commandingly to Cobbes, like one who has only to say do so and so, and it is done, “Kick that half-starved dog out of the way, in

such a marked manner as shall make him remember it as long as he lives." The subservient under-beadle kicked *that* dog away accordingly. Bubb then returned to his suspicions of the signs of the times, winding up all with sorrowfully saying, " But this is another fragrant proof, as the Doctor says, of the wickedness of the world we live in. Oh, Cobbes, what a world it is! What will become of us? I endeavour all I can to be a lamb in my dealings with all sorts and conditions of men—(drive that boy away!—he's a listening to all I say!)—but I bear myself meekly in vain. Some on 'em looks on me all the while as a wolf in a flannen waistcoat, let me bleat as I will. These awful times are, perhaps, sent to try the hearts of men in authority, and see what sort o' stuff they're made on. Let's bow to the rod! I do.

" By the bye, Cobbes, (I've often thought on it,) that old 'ooman's stall *there*," and he pointed it out with his cane in so emphatic a manner, that a passing dog and two charity-boys at play all three took to their heels; " that old 'ooman's stall must be suppressed and put down as an abomination. It's too near the church, in the first place: it's a reg'lar eyesore to the Doctor, I know, because he's told me to look to it in church-time: Mr. Blink, the churchwarden, regards it with no good in his eye; and, as for me, I'm sick o' seeing it, and

tired of her coming to me always, when I go by, with a low curtsey, and three of her best pippins as a present to little Master Bubb, the carneying old creetur." [How like to pampered greatness!]

"Here has she been a listening to every synnable I've said, officially or otherways; and all the time pretending to be only rubbing up her apples to make 'em shiny. Cobbes, I should be sorry to be misanthropical, but I shall speak the sentimen's o' my mind, and say, as I think,—that those old apple-women are awful artful. Beware on 'em, Cobbes! They'd deceive a angel, let him be black or let him be white, whichsomever he pleases. Oh the human heart! What a vile and deceitful thing it is! 'Who can fathom it?' as the Doctor says. I've had my eye on this 'ooman some time: remove her, Sir!" Cobbes, by his bow, promised she should be removed. "But do so discreetly: use all gentleness, as the Doctor beautifully says."

"*All* gentleness? What no roughness?—no wholesome severity?—not none of the terrors of the law?" inquired Cobbes, marvelling at such mildness.

To him the immovable Bubb:—"No, Sir, none! She must be dispersed quietly. We must have no noise about it, to give the discontented patriots of this highly-extensive parish an excuse for disturbing the peace of these three united kingdoms, because an old apple-'ooman's

turned to the rightabout. We've had enough of that, I should think. No, Sir, in these dreadful times—in this age of haytheists and infidles, as the Doctor very properly calls the evil ones, we must mind what we do, and how we do it. Use all gentleness, then: only this Mrs. Morgan must be broke of the habit of sitting here selling pippins under the very nose of that cherub there on the top o' the church-spout. These are your instructions:—Every time you catch her huddled up in this corner like a toad in a garden, take her stall away, and clap it down just round the tower there, quite out of sight, so that I can't observe her at all when I go into the Red Lion to see that it's properly conducted. If she won't suckem,* very good: then we'll try what severity 'll do: it's hard if I'm not a match for an old apple-'ooman any day in the week, Sundays included. In the meanwhile use all gentleness; but, at all events, the nuisance must be removed—the indictment must be squashed!" And as he used this powerful figure of legal rhetoric, not very wisely, but very well, considering his attainments, Mister Bubb raised his large, heavy foot somewhere about four inches from the ground, and struck the ground emphatically with it as with the paw of a lion: the action was significant of

* *Qu. succumb?*—P. D.

crushing what such a man as Bubb would call "a poor creetur."

"I understand, Sir," said that most forcible Feeble his underling: "Mrs. Morgan shall no longer be an eye, sore to you! She shall be squashed!"—And, in humble imitation of the expressive pantomime of his superior, Cobbes struck the ground with *his* foot, with as much force as would have crushed the very heart out of a good-sized gooseberry when at the ripest.

"It's disgusting to think," said Bubb, "that I can't go in and out o' that Red Lion on private and partic'lar parochial business, but that old 'ooman's sly eye is always a-watching my goings-in and my comings-out! I don't know whether she don't keep an account how often I go, and how long I stay there. I'll have no more of it! Let me see her removed." [It has been done; and Mrs. Morgan no longer shines her pippins in view of the Red Lion.]

Some further converse passed between these great and lesser dignitaries, which Bubb wound up roundly in these words following:—"The poor, (by which, in course, I mean such as have nothing to give, and will take anything you can give 'em,) the pauper poor, increase and multiply too much and too fast upon us. There isn't room enough for 'em. They're as thick as bluebottles in summer-time; and, like bluebottles, they blow

upon the good things of their betters, and, out of spite, spile what they can't carry off. They must be flapped down by the dozen—quietly got rid of somehow, or we shall be eaten up alive by 'em. Some of 'em must go without. It's plain enough to the meanest compacity that there isn't room—dining-room—enough for all of 'em. Then, ag'in, they're all envious of their shuperiors in life: they all want to be gentlemen, and have a vote; or beadles, and have authority. That's a moral impossible! Besides, look at 'em, or leastways the majorenty of 'em, did you ever see such a diminity set o' creeturs?—pretty creeturs to dress up in blue and scarlet and gold and highly-responsible authority!—Oh Cobbes, Cobbes, I can't think whatever the world is coming to! Something very unpleasant to all parties, I'm afraid."

After this impassioned colloquy I noticed that Mr. Bubb gave his mouth a husky rub with the back of his hand in a very significant manner, expressive, as it struck me, of being dry—dry as dust—impatiently dry—a dryness which must not last much longer. Choler, when it is what the learned call adust, is provocative of drowth, and drowth of drinking. Beadles, too, whether it is that they have greater absorbing powers than lesser men, require more to wet them, and keep them moist. I left the worthy parochial pair looking round in all directions to see what and

whose eyes were on them : Dr. Drumdesk's were not, fortunately, in the direction of the Red Lion : thus emboldened,

“ Falls the last disguise
From their full wish ; and on the threshold fair
Of that safe structure a scarce-murmured air
Invites them farther. They have enter'd there.”

It has been reported, and it is believed, that Christopher Cobbes, that poor inferior, was quite pleased and proud, and even boasted, of the extraordinary condescension and communicativeness of his great Head on this ever-memorable day to Christopher, who has since been heard to say that it deserved to be marked with a white stone : for it must not be concealed that, in general, Bubb treats his humble underling as tyrants in power always treat such as are subject to them. He despises him for his very humility and harmlessness : derides him as a poor, weak, meek creature, that would not tread on a worm, unless he had had its word of honour beforehand that it would not turn on him : if anything, he despises him all the more because he knows his underling looks up to him, and has said that “ Bubb was what a beadle should be ; and that he wished Heaven had made him such a man ! ” Christopher is invaluable to him as a scape-goat : for if any excess of beadle-power alarms the parish from end to end, *he* did it, though Bubb moved him to do it. *Per contra*, if anything is done which is creditable to the cloth

with the gold lace, Bubb did it, and gets all the praise and all the pudding which ensue. For, being sagacious, he commonly contrives to have all the honours in his own hand, leaving his coadjutor to make the most he can with his cards, and count his pips.

At present, Cobbes is in a cleft stick, and distracted between his duty to the Doctor and the church and the demands of Bubb and the Red Lion. Neither his soul nor his salary can be said to be his own: for Bubb gives no quarter to the one, and a periodical thirst comes on him as quarterly as the other becomes due. Eventually, we have little doubt that simplicity will have the best of duplicity—nay more, triplicity: Bubb, like a bubble too fully blown, will burst; and Cobbes, who seeks not to rise, will be in the ascendant. At present, Bubb successfully disguises from Dr. Drumdesk that he drinks, though the Doctor has his suspicions. He even humours the worthy divine's prejudices so far as to dry starch, flour, and even chalk his nose, to tone down its tell-tale glare: keeps his hat before his mouth when the Doctor "comes between the wind and his nobility;" never offers to blow the dust out of the Doctor's eyes, however painful it may make them: never breathes in his face, he knows his manners too well: nor whispers in his ear, for that's a meanness: smokes in his shirt-sleeves,

because the Doctor detects tobacco sooner than anything; and contrives to keep half-sober throughout Sunday, till evening service is over, and he has done with the Doctor, who, he laments to say, grows more and more particular every blessed day.

It must be said of Mr. Bubb, that if he has not the respect of all men, he has all his own. No great man is on better terms with himself—therein setting a good example to the rest of the world. This self-respect has led him to think lately, that, as beadles are elected to their high state and great trust with much ceremony; after much canvassing, bribery, hubbubbery, appealing to feelings; much repetition of the six small children, and the ailing mother with a seventh; much speechifying of the parochial orators, clattering of cabs, jangling of hackney-coaches, opposition of Tories, clamour of old women, indifference of Whigs, raving of Radicals, and roaring of boys (who put no trust in the professions of his canvassing letters): he has thought, I say, that as a beadle comes into office amidst such a stir and parochial uproar, that a foreigner would think that the next revolution of opinion (which everybody says is to take place) had broken out alarmingly in that parish, and all Europe was to be disturbed for the next fifty years, so a beadle should not be suffered to die out of office like the snuff of a candle! And yet

kings go out in the same quiet way! But a king is not a beadle!

Mr. Bubb, ever jealous of the honours of beadleship, was likewise led lately to think that when a new stone is put up by the reigning churchwardens, to commemorate the whitewashing of the church, considering that churchwardens are annuals only, and beadles a sort of evergreens, their verdure lasting for life, the head-beadle should have his illustrious name graven upon the same stone, that future ages, and antiquaries yet unborn, may learn that the said St. Mary was whitewashed during the beadleship of John Justin Bubb, in the year of grace, and second year of our Lady the Queen, 1838. He was also curious enough, recently, to consult the vestry-books, which, among other "fond records," contain a list of the long line of his predecessors in dignity; and, while running his eye and his finger up the styles and titles of ten centuries of blue-and-gold beadles, his great official heart felt (so he told Cobbes) almost too big for its red waistcoat when he discovered that eleven Bubbs had illustrated the last thousand years by filling the imposing office he now occupied as BUBB THE TWELFTH! And his graver mind was, for a moment, in some sort amused by one of those remarkable circumstances, which Chance surely had nothing to do with, but Fate when in an extremely agreeable

humour. This was the coincidence of Bubb and Grubb being contemporary beadles in A.D. 1583! At which truly humoursome coincidence, as he called it, he gave a short, grave laugh, such a restrained laugh as might become a head-beadle; and he had no sooner laughed than he rebuked himself severely for being so light-minded, and then resumed his studies. How he meditated on this volume, which contrived somehow to contain memorials of four hundred beadles, all gone—nothing now but names!—signifying nothing, and yet how much!—all their glories and gold lace—all their “pride, pomp, and circumstance” gone! How he felt the smallness of greatness! The rich array haunted him, and came and went; and again he was alone in the darkening vestry, in the dusk of evening, poring over the long, illustrious line entirely rubbed out. Thoughtful were the looks, pale was the face, (with rum and water in general rubicund,) and rapid were the strides which the belated beadle took as he glided from the vestry of St. Mary to the wine-vaults of the Red Lion over the way in the deepening dusk of evening.

It is already recorded that the Old-womanhood of the parish do not love Mr. Bubb: it must now be recorded that the Young-boyhood, including all kinds, rich and poor, dirty boyhood and dandy boyhood, hate him, he is so harsh a Herod over those young innocents; and no wonder: for it is

calculated there is not half a boy in the parish that can say that it has not had three wipes and a half of his cane, as its average share of the great reckoning. It is amusing, indeed, to see the wide parenthetical lines any two of those young persons will describe on either side of him, when they see him bearing down upon the spot where they were at marbles. No one can truly say that they interrupt him in the discharge of his duties, or in any way impede him in his "lonely round." Reader, if you have seen the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, you will remember at what respectful distance the two semicirculars of that open Circus keep, that they may not incommode the stately pillar in the centre. Measure the area with your mind's eye, and you will have a notion of the distance any two young gentlemen keep when "Bubb the Beadle!" is announced to be coming down the centre. He wishes, indeed, they would not be so distant with him: for one of the pleasantest perquisites of his great office is dusting a young jacket here and there; and since the wary whipsters have resorted to this subterfuge—this strategy—a cane lasts him a month now. On Sundays, of course, there is the usual three services of cane, addressed to young persons in particular: that in the morning by Mr. Bubb, that in the afternoon by Mr. Cobbes, and that in the evening again by Mr. Bubb. These keep him in goodhumour with the young world, and help to make his heavier duties light. Beadles

never were looked on with a favourable eye by youth. The very word *Beadle* seems to the youthful mind synonymous with *chastisement* in the canons of church discipline; and *canon*, as these small scholars write it, is *cane-on*. Bubb, by his severities, has rendered the office more odious than ever in their inexperienced eyes. I was not surprised, therefore, at observing that all the Guys of the Fifth of November last past bore great resemblance to the burly person of Mr. Bubb, and little to the traditional effigy of ancient Master Guido Faux, that "gunpowder Percy." Fortunately for the ends of justice, however, as the papers say, the worthy beadle was at that time laid up with his *first* fit of gout (for he has been in office but two years); and, as fortunately, Cobbes was too dull a beadle and man to detect the audacious parody of the person of his great chief, or I know not what might not have happened on that memorable day. As it was, Bubb burnt very brilliantly at night, and was squibbed and martyred at the stake in a truly Christian manner, to the great edification of the young Protestants assisting at his *auto da fé*.

On the whole, it is due to this great functionary to say, that, notwithstanding his indifference to the poor, and the unlimited use he makes of his cane, he is an extremely good BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

AZEEM AND HUSSUNNEAH:

A PERSIAN TALE.*

IN one of the beautiful valleys which enrich the pleasant land of Persia dwelt a venerable shepherd, styled, among his brethren of the pastures, Haroon the Happy; and happy indeed he was, if wealth more than he required—a benevolent heart—a serene and unsullied soul—a healthy age, and sons affectionate and virtuous, could render man happy.

In the same valley dwelt an old shepherd, who was the envy of some few worldlings for his wealth in flocks and pastures; but by the wise and good he passed unenvied: for gold was to this man, Hadeed by name, more precious than the Word of the Prophet; and virtue and goodness were, in his estimation, worthless as the weeds of the wilderness and the unprofitable sands of the desert. So sordid, indeed, was his nature, that he would

* For an incident or two in this story I am indebted to a stray leaf of old waste paper which fell in my way.

have been shunned by all good men, but for one possession, which drew the eyes of young and old towards his dwelling—his daughter, the beautiful Hussunneah. As a lily among the humble herbage of the fields, or a pearl among the pebbles of a stream, was the daughter of Hadeed the Iron-hearted : for so was he called. To please her ear the young shepherds of the valley instructed themselves in the songs of Hafiz, singing them to the airs of their favourite musician, Cantimr ; and she could not wander in the clusters of cedar at sunset without hearing, from their concealments, the gentle voices and tuneful tambours of many a modest shepherd, warbling out her name, set in the verses of their favourite poet like a peerless jewel in precious gold. The voice, however, which most delighted her was the young and comely Azeem's, the humble shepherd of her father's flocks, and son of an old friend and yoke-fellow of Hadeed, till the latter grew rich, and the father of Azeem, sinking into poverty, became his dependent.

Hussunneah and Azeem had been the delight of each other's eyes from childhood ; and as the manliness of the one and the beauty of the other ripened, that pleasure which they had so long and secretly enjoyed in beholding each other now went deeper into their natures, and became a gratification of the heart rather than of the eyes.

Hadeed beheld their growing affection with no uneasy apprehensions : for he felt that he could in a moment, without one tear or touch of remorse, pull down the aspirations of the one, and crush the hopes of the other. In an evil hour—for it destroyed the passionate dream of years—Azeem, finding his master in a more gentle mood of mind than was habitual with him, betrayed the cherished secret of his soul, and received that scornful refusal which he might have looked for from a father who would have bartered the beauty of his daughter for gold. This stern denial plunged the young lovers in despair ; and they no longer met, as was their wont, pleasure beaming from their faces, and passion burning in their eyes. The gentle Hussunneah now sat alone in the shade, working her silken webs, and weeping as she wove them : whilst poor Azeem, with a heavy heart, led forth his flocks to graze, choosing such retired spots as suited with the isolation of his mind.

In one of these moods of melancholy he had flung himself on the margin of a spring, and was pouring the eloquence of his sorrow on the air, when Haroon, the benevolent shepherd, hearing his cries, paused to listen what might be their import. He heard enough to induce him to advance to the spot from whence they proceeded, where he beheld the unhappy Azeem lying with his face to the ground, bewailing his poverty and

the defeat of all his hopes with bitter tears. The good shepherd was moved, and in a gentle voice thus addressed him :—

“ My son, why weepest thou, as if thy heart were a spring of sorrow, and thine eyes fountains for tears? Grief, at thy age, should be as the night-dew on a leaf, which vanishes with the first sunbeam; but thy sorrow welleteth like a spring in the sands. Unhappy man! tell me thy misery: for I have been young, and have known the hopes and disappointments of youth—I am old, and the experience of age may counsel and console thee.”

Azeem raised his head from the earth, and looked on the venerable Haroon in silence, as if surprised that his misery had found pity from man. The silvery beard and gentle countenance of the stranger in a moment won his confidence; and, rising from the ground, he thus related his simple story:—

“ Turn your eyes, O reverend man, towards yonder cluster of palms and cedars: for there, in that pleasant shade, dwells the cruel Hadeed, the father of my Hussunneah. That hut, the rude and humble neighbour of the pleasant home of the lord of this valley, is the dwelling of my father and two younger brothers. Plenty and fatness fall with every rain from heaven upon the pastures of Hadeed; but, upon the home of the wretched Azeem, barrenness and leanness. I, alas! have no flocks to lead among the hills—no golden fleeces

for the shearer, and therefore am I despised. It was but now that I offered myself to Hadeed to be the son of his old age—I asked of him the hand of his daughter: it was in an evil hour for the hopes of the unhappy Azeem! I felt not till then that I was poor—I forgot till then the riches of Hadeed. He has spurned me from his feet—he has driven me from the humble home of my birth, and the valley of my early days. Hadeed is too powerful to be just. I have entreated with tears that I might remain in the land of my fathers—I have sworn by the Holy Prophet never again to speak to him of Hussunneah—I have asked that I might conduct the flocks which are driven to pasture on hills remotest from the spot most dear to me:—he has denied me all—and I am driven forth to wander an outcast, for no crime but love. My father is aged—who shall support his trembling steps to the grave? My brothers are young—who shall be a father and a brother to them, when their father sleeps in the narrow house, and their brother's feet tread a homeless land? O misery, misery! What son of man was ever so forsaken of heaven as the miserable Azeem!"

The kind Haroon wept to hear his eloquent grief, and said, "My son, be of good cheer! Thou shalt return with me to the pastures of Hadeed: I will intercede for thee; and, God and his Holy Prophet willing, thou mayest yet be happy." A

faint ray of hope beamed in the sorrowful eyes of Azeem as he looked on the sincere face of the aged shepherd, and resigned himself to his guidance. It was not long ere they had entered a narrow defile which wound downward to the dwelling of Hadeed; and ere the tears were dry in the eyes of poor Azeem, they had passed over the threshold of that selfish man with the friendly salutation of "Peace be with all who are dwelling here!" Hadeed met them in the way, and Haroon thus addressed him:—"This young man, whom thou hast driven forth from thy doors—is he virtuous?" Hadeed could not deny that he was—"But he is poor!" added the sordid man. "And thou art rich," said the good shepherd; "and for whom dost thou accumulate, having no son to cultivate thy fields, increase thy flocks, and succeed thee in thy large possessions? The riches which thou wilt leave behind thee, will they buy off the worm from thy body, and make the dust of thy grave less corruptible? No. What, then, is the value of thy riches? Be wise, my brother, and use them as they were intended to be used—to be gathered, then dispersed, as corn is brought to the garner only to be brought forth again, and distributed when and where required. Riches——"

"Dost thou preach against riches," interrupted Hadeed sternly, "who art wealthier than I?"

"'Tis true," said Haroon; "but see how I regard

the gold which is thy god—behold how I use the possessions which heaven has lent to me!—The snowy flocks which wander through the neighbouring valley are mine and my four sons': they are wealthy enough to have wherewithal to spare; and their father's portion, given to a poorer brother, will be but as a handful taken from a heap—not seen. Give thy fair daughter to this virtuous youth, and, ere to-morrow's sun is sultry, a fifth of our flocks shall be driven upon thy pastures." The promise of the generous shepherd was reputed throughout the valleys to be of equal verity with the Word of the Prophet. If Hadeed consented not, it was because he believed not in the fulfilment of so great a gift: but his avarice at last gave way, and he growled a harsh consent and turned away. The good Haroon then departed, leaving Hussunneah and Azeem locked in each other's arms—the sorrow which had weighed so heavily on their hearts remembered now only as it served to heighten their present joy.

The promise of the shepherd was faithfully fulfilled: for, soon after sunrise on the morrow, snowy flocks, droves of oxen, and herds of horses, were seen descending the valley, the dowry bestowed by that generous shepherd on Azeem. The covetous scruples of Hadeed were now removed, and he consented that the lovers should be made happy.

A few days after, the generous Haroon revisited

the valley, to witness the issue of his munificent endeavour to bless the wretched and the virtuous. He had approached the cedars under whose cool shadow stood the habitation of Hadeed, when his steps were arrested by a sight which filled his heart with gladness and his eyes with benevolent tears. On a hillock, at whose foot bubbled a cooling spring, he beheld the avaricious Hadeed calmly seated, with the hand of a venerable old man clasped kindly in his—it was the father of Azeem! The good shepherd contemplated, with the silent satisfaction of the generous, this change in the disposition of the one and the condition of the other, and already felt himself repaid. Round their feet the two rosy brothers of Azeem gambolled with the playfulness of young gazelles, the old men caressing them, and encouraging their sports by their smiles. At a little distance from these, and somewhat deeper in the shade, sat Hussunneah and Azeem—now looking fondly and earnestly in each other's faces, and now observing with delight the delight of those who were dear to them. Haroon glanced alternately at each of the couples composing this social group; but he regarded with most interest the countenance, so changed, of the cold and selfish Hadeed, whose looks appeared to be animated by the enlivening scene now before his eyes. For once in his life, though late, he seemed to have forgotten his attachment

to riches as the sole purpose of his labours by day, and theme of his thoughts by night: he felt how inferior, how poor, how mean was so sordid a pursuit. He reflected, too, and not without shame, on the generosity of his brother shepherd, and felt his inferiority. The tears of returning emotions of a kindlier nature, which a long life of avarice had frozen in their wells, hung trembling in his eyes. At that moment the benevolent Haroon advanced among the happy group. The lovers, as they caught his glance, sprang from the ground, and threw themselves on his neck, thankfully acknowledging him as the author of their happiness. Hadeed, too, the sordid, hard Hadeed, fell in humility at his feet, confessing that he had been taught by him that virtue was more precious than wealth in the sight of Heaven; and that riches could only confer happiness in so far as they afforded us the means of rendering the unfortunate fortunate, and the unhappy happy.

MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"His father asked him if he could not frame the idea of an universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind: that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his fur-gown and gold-chain: nay, that the coach he saw the Lord Mayor ride in not a little disturbed his imagination."—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.*

THE old proverb says of the great Monsieur Homo, and somewhat scandalously, that, after all, he is only "Once a Man," and that is something, "and twice a Child," and that is once too often. I have no mouth to make at this dogma, nor at the sage Sancho who blurted it out incontinently as a bit of good truth which must be told. But, if this truth be true, I have to complain that one of those foolish Fates and Sisters three who manage our threads of life for us, and not always well, has drawn the two ends—the two childhoods—of my mingled yarn too soon together, and robbed me wholly of the middle term, during which we leave off childish hoops and habits: for I am at forty as

great a child as I was at ten—greater, if anything. Mr. Wordsworth has said, *after* Dryden—but, by your leave, living Laureate, we will hear glorious John first. Dryden says,

“The Priest continues what the Nurse began ;
And thus the Child imposes on the Man.”

Now, not inglorious William of Rydal, we will hear you, if you please. You say,

“The Child is Father of the Man.”

It is a parentage which would puzzle Pat, and put him out in his reckoning who was the father of him: but it is not unlikely; and we have only to wish that the child-Father could keep the man-Son under more subjection in his riper years—in those years which are said to be the beginning of discretion: whereas, your moralists know, from long observation, that the first year of discretion is the first thirteen lunar months of indiscretion. You need not be reminded, Mr. Wordsworth, that it would be well for us all—the best and the worst of us, the wise young and the young foolish—if our pursuits, even our follies, as adults were as innocent as our doings and misdoings as children: our crimes would, in that case, be as venial, and their punishment as light and merciful. Would that it were so! But we hear daily, and we see hourly, that it is not.

Being still a child, I still love childish shows—
“those trivial, fond records” of the passing idol-

atry and hero-worship of the day; and, among other sights worth or not worth seeing, my Lord Mayor's Show commonly finds me a gaping observer of the new wonder of the 9th of November. But, out alas! if there is one honour which illustrates the short-livedness of all honours, it is this amphibious pageant—this splendid induction to twelve months of mortal honour. There is something more or less melancholy in all grandeur, and more or less ridiculous in its most serious exhibitions; but if these sad proofs of saddening experience are seen in one solemnity more than another it is in my Lord Mayor's Show. The whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of semi-barbaric pomp (its men in armour) with modern refinement (its men in superfine saxony and pink-silk stockings), that it reminds you, and not pleasantly, of what has been, till you grow discontented with what is. If of a romantic turn, you turn away from pink-silk stockings splashed with London mud, as too shocking to contemplate, and let your imagination play about among the pomp of helmet and plume. But, assist it as much as you can—assist at it as much as you will—the Show is commonly so cheerless, from the season and its attendants, fog, frost, drizzle, or drenching rain, that, instead of gratifying your love of glory, it passes away like the mockery and not majesty of greatness, which

should have some poetry and painting thrown over it, or it becomes more tedious than a good tale out of Joe Miller told by a man who does not tell it well. Yet for this short glory good men and true have striven, and, having enjoyed their gilt gingerbread, have sucked their thumbs for the rest of their days contentedly. There are worse ambitions ; and it is well, perhaps, that this is but

“ For a twelvemonth and a day.”

The best rulers of old Rome, be it remembered, were her consuls for one year—no more.

My first Lord Mayor's Show came off in that happy, puppy period of life—boyhood—when we are easiest

“ Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw.”

As was dreaded, a dense, dark, truly English fog, “ native and to the manner born”—one of unadulterated Essex home-manufacture—did, both on the going forth of the Show and on the returning thereof, palpably obscure its glories ; and, attended by a sleety sort of drizzle, render the paths of Honour as dim as the way through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and as slippery as the sledge of Schaffhausen. But what to me *then* were these differential drawbacks upon the great occasion ! They might belong to the Show, and be a part of it ; or they might not. True, I had seen what I went out *for* to see as if I had seen it

not; but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited too favourably: all the rest was "leather and prunello." Nevertheless, the obscured glories of that day still haunt me like a vision; and I have assisted at no Lord Mayor's Show since my first without suspecting and expecting that there was something to be seen which I had not seen very distinctly. I cannot now forget the failure of that first public illusion. "What is grandeur?" quoth I, as soon as I was dismissed, and might go home, if I could find the way. As it was my first disappointment, is it to be wondered at if I answered, "Nothing—without a linkboy!" When asked if I had seen the Show, I could not say that I had; but I believed I had; and I had. I had seen the veritable Lord Mayor's Show of sulky-serious November, and not the brilliant April pageant of my young imagination. It was an epoch in my life; for it was the first of its many deceits in which I was undeceived at first-sight. The show of my prevision was something to have seen: I saw Simon Pure himself, and felt that all glory and all grandeur here is no more than

"A nought, a thought, a pageant, and a dream."

And first impressions are last impressions.

It was, as a thing of course, a dirty, disagreeable, disreputable day. The Lord Mayor coming-in, when he drew his curtains that morning to see what sort of a day it was, and saw what

sort of a day it was, drew also a long "Ugh!" of horror: his dear disappointed Lady shrieked at it: "She knew it would be so! It made out her dream—that she was dressed in grey drugget, and draggle-tailed up to her hips!" The retiring Lord Mayor did not so much mind it, as fog is not unfavourable to greatness, if unpopular, when it goes out. The Sun, who is a great sight-seer, tried to look into London, between nine and ten; and seeing what a day it was in his despite, did not attempt to look again. The rain of the day before had, perhaps, meant to wash the city, and make it clean for the great occasion, but really rendered it one wide weltering mess of mud and mire. However, about dawning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines, I forget which, the clouds held up, as the expression is, contained themselves, and were content with dispensing a kind of sleet—a confectionery rain—rain chrystallized, which, under pretence of powdering you all over with a candy of ice, contrived to soak you through and through. From daylight—and where it lighted no one knew—till ten the thick air, instead of melting into thin air,

"Grew palpable to feeling as to sight."

At eleven there was not the sixteenth of a hope held anywhere between Guildhall and Blackfriars that the fog would clear away. The

"Clink of hammers accomplishing the knights,"

who needed it,

“ And closing their rivets up,”

sounded the note of preparation to start. “ They’re a-going to go !” cried an unseen spectator : “ There’s British courage !” And he had hardly said so when a half-choked cry, mixed with coughing, ran from one end of King-street to Rumball the chemist’s at the other end of “ They come ! They come !” “ Where, where ?” “ There ! There ! Don’t you see ’em ?” “ No : do you ?” were the rapid replications and rejoinders. There was a rush by me of pickpockets, who, in the dark, were lightening one another : a movement of many feet and some heavy wheels was audible up the centre of the street ; and round the corner ; and along Cheapside : I heard Bow-bells banging away over my head, but could not see the church, much less the steeple : having been swept away by a rush of the human tide, I found myself whirling like a weed in the eddy round a sturdy post just where Gutter-lane empties itself into the wider channel of Cheapside : I caught as convulsively at it as a drowning seaboys at a hencoop—held on hard—and the Show I came out to see passed unbeheld away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, horsemen, knights, pages, whiffers, watermen, beadles, coaches, carts, common-councilmen in hackneys, city-marshalmen, waggons, and the long arrear of

trucks delayed so long—all passed imperceptibly away through a mob as imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

The principal performers in the pageant, by some mysterious instinct with which Nature, when she located that people of Britain called Cockneys on the northern shore of the Thames, must most largely have endowed them, having poked their way to Blackfriars, there the Right Honourable and his retinue took water with their fog; and the various barge-masters tremulously felt out their way to Westminster by the piles standing along the shore. It was on this memorable occasion that the memorable expression "Which is the way to Westminster?" originated. It was the hailing cry of an officer high in command during this blind voyage of discovery. Being assured that they had reached Westminster-bridge, by running full bump against it—an infallible indication—there was a loud cry of "Land!"

"There they arriving round about did pry,
Now this, now that they *tested* curiously,"

and thought they were at the old wooden bridge, but were not sure: when the Common-Serjeant, with the instinct of a lawyer, made out Westminster-hall, by the smell it was said, and himself led the way within its dreadful gates. Lights being procured, and the new being clearly distinguished from the old Lord Mayor, by the inherent marks

of elation in the rising and dejection in the setting luminary, certain mummeries were mumbled through as forms of course; and then the corporate capacity of London fumbled and felt its way to the waterside once more. "Eastward ho!" was the word. Clearing the bridge, and the barges, and the smaller craft, with a craft-nautical not to be too much admired, thanks to him who was at the helm of affairs, they weathered the bridge of Blackfriars "all well"—not a company missing—the Stationers in their old station, a little behind time, being blown by partaking too freely of the Lambeth-palace spiced ale and spongy buns—the Skinners in whole skins, or they could not have held so much wine as they did—the ninety Merchant-Tailors all there, not a man of thirty missing, thanks to the City Lord High-Admiral, who conducted this remarkable expedition.

At this time the surly-sullen November, as though he relented in his design of darkening the general joy and the corporative glory, smiled a moment, perhaps in derision: the fog falling back a few yards, the brave procession was seen marshalling itself; and Solomon in all his glory for two minutes seemed somewhat smaller than Staines. This momentary brightening was but in mockery of the hopes of City man: for, ere the word "Forward!" had got half-way down the line, the Sun, who had been trying all day to get a

glance at the dial of St. Paul's, (to learn the true time?) gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis's lap as early as half-past two in the afternoon, instead of six, as usual.

And now all was

“ ——— dark as Erebus, and black as Night.”

“Darkness seemed pleased” indeed to put her extinguisher on all this blaze of glory, and it was out. Oh Genius, what a glorious gift is thine! Some more than common citizen, (his name should have been memorable, but it has escaped all pens,) darkling without like a magic lantern, but bright as it within, thought it not impossible to procure a dozen links; and, like a gallant soldier heading a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the first oilman's. The “ineffectual fire,” but it was something, being procured, (and never was light to the blind more necessary, for thicker and thicker rolled the fog—dubious, nay, worse than that, *dubious* became the way—and more and more like night became the day,) “Forward!” was once more the cry along the line; and the pageant moved forward.

First came, beating out the way, to keep the press in order, the city peace-officers, breaking it all the way. To these succeeded a number of matronly-looking old gentlemen by courtesy called Bachelors, in blue long gowns and woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under

the weight of years and beer with some difficulty, and their dragging banners and streamers with more. Thrice the call to "Halt!" ran along the ranks; but these venerables either did not hear it, or, hearing it, thought it superfluous to bid those to halt who already halted. Upon the heels of these

"Most potent, grave, and reverend"

seniors, watchful of the trampling of his white horse, came the City Marshalman, an attendant picking out the way for him on the one side, and a constable with a link on the other. Mindful of his steps, with silver-stick gingerly picking his path, came a band-major, the admired of himself and of some few beholders. Following him at due distance, how inferiorly, came his band, when their lungs would let them, playing

"See the conquering Hero comes!"

as if in mockery of those who could see nothing. Several pairs of indescribable persons passing along, some wag on a lamp-post called down "Smug one of them chaps, and make him tell us what the others are!" but the irreverent order was not obeyed. Two trumpeters on cream-coloured horses now tried to rend the air, but it was too tough for them; and a kettle-drum sounded as if muffled, its melodious skin had become so relaxed under the moist fingers of the Morn. After these

came a "lusty Juvenal" as an ancient herald, cruelly bare-headed; and then a standard-bearer in half-armour, which, if ever burnished, had now, like Satan, lost its original brightness, and looked

" ——— like Glory for awhile obscured."

Certain scurvy squires on sorry jades followed, their upper halves too hot with armour flannel-lined, their lower halves as stony in their saddles as the Elgin Marbles. And now came an ancient knight on the modern principle, looking in scale armour like a carp half-stewed on horseback. Two more trumpeters, exploding something like the choke-damp of coal-mines out of their silver instruments, announced another knight clad in the iron armour of King Harry, who looked as if he wished old Harry had it still. Rider and horse came staggering along, to shew the Age how much the might of man had diminished since the days of sack and Shakspeare. Could the ladies at windows have seen him, they would have taken him for the most courteous of knights, his head so often bowed to the demi-peak saddle; but, out alas! these were no gallant salutations, but craven confessions that his knightly bearing was more than he could bear. His heralds, however, unashamed of him, went on challenging the world to meet him. And so passed away the shadow of the strength of Chivalry!

More shadows came and went, when a shout proclaimed that something more than common was approaching. "What's next?" demanded a thousand voices: "A Mayor's nest!" cried some one; and lo! the creaking, swag-bellied car of the great Vishnu of the day rolled lumbering along, kneading the mud like paste beneath its ponderous wheels. Then came the shout, the hiss, the groan, the rush, the squeeze, the scramble, the deafening cheer, the shrieking outcry of the trampled down, the swearing of brewers' servants, (their butts of bodies suffering from the pressure from without,) the punch in the head, the savage dig in the ribs, the cry of women torn to tatters, the crush of bonnets, the loss of shoes, the exchange of hats, (a new lamp for an old one,) the transfer of handkerchiefs, the uncertainty of pockets, the mistakes made therein, &c. &c.

Meantime the mob darted their eager eyes in at the open windows which Mr. Macebearer and Mr. Swordbearer (widened at the expense of the Corporation) pretty nearly filled, and saw that they could not see the man and Mayor of their idolatry for the fog which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach, for it swagged from left to right of Bridge-street, as if it meant (but was undecided on which side) to spill its right honourable contents; but the macebearer trim-

ming the boat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch Bridewell-wards,—as some broad-bottomed Dutch butter-brig adjusts herself in a gale by pitching her tubs and rolling her round cheeses from side to side, till, having accommodated one another, they settle, and are still, and on she goes again.

Sweet is the breath of popular applause, though the odour of onions predominate over that of more fragrant condiments! Sweet is it to be the idol of a day, even though that day twelvemonths you are to be Alderman Nobody, and go for nothing! Sweet is it to hear a thousand vociferous fellows, even when you cannot see them, desire that you may live for ever! The stately Spaniard deems himself munificent when he wishes for his Excellency, his correspondent, that he may live a thousand years: a good term, but, if he is to hold his life under a repairing lease, it is no such great advantage. The English compliment for my money:—"Staines for ever!" bellowed a white baker jammed in between two well-grown sweeps, becomingly dressed and powdered for that great occasion. "Staines for ever!" immediately echoed a thousand dirty artizans, as they splashed through thick and thin after his coach, twirling their greasy hats and caps in the air, the fouler for that fanning. Envy will speak, though sure to have its voice drowned by the thunder of ten thousand

lungs. "No Staines!" feebly cried one poor creature alone. That little spark of opposition fired the gunpowder of a thousand generous spirits; and such an explosion followed, that the puny malcontent disappeared where the fog was densest. The chief attraction of the Show being gone, next came the retiring Mayor, in no great hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt that he was too soon even for the *late* Lord Mayor, so slow he was to lay his honours down.

It was now so dark that it was no easy matter to tell an alderman's coach from a coal-waggon, save by the slight difference between the oaths of the whips of the one and the other. The elder aldermen might, here and there, be distinguished—by their asthmas: the junior by their sneezing, and such like symptomata of a fog and of going by water to Westminster in November. After these came the ominous-browed Recorder—him the pick-pockets disliking hooted: then the new Sheriffs, brilliant and benighted: the old Sheriffs, with their twelvemonths' trappings tarnished: then that love and loathing of good and bad City apprentices, the kindly old Chamberlain: then the Remembrancer: the Common Serjeant, with his prejudiced hissers: the Foreign Ambassadors, each with a handkerchief to his mouth, wondering every one of them, save Mynheer of Holland, at the barbarity of our climate: then the Judges, enveloped in robes, wigs,

and darkness ; and, lastly, several Persons of Distinction, who could not easily be distinguished. Among these were the Ministers of the day. The Right Honourable William Pitt, though popular, was partially pelted, amid cries of " No Charley Fox !"—at which the heaven-born scowled : while the Right Honourable Charles Fox, though unpopular, was being drawn by the mob, amid cries of " Billy Pitt for ever !"—at which that chuckling never-do-well laughed heartily, and bragged of it after dinner as bilking Billy.

By the time the head and tail of the Show had wound round St. Paul's like the serpent round the Laocoon, the links were burnt out ; but candles were loyally put up at the windows in Cheapside. And here, as I had only a moiety of coat-flap remaining, and only one pocket uncleaned out, I fell out of the procession, pairing off with an old lady who had lost her umbrella, pattens, pockets, three grandsons and a granddaughter at one fell sweep of the mob, and claimed my protection, which I gallantly afforded her, being fifteen.

The weary, dreary pageant having melted into thick air, in a short time the streets within the Bars were partially cleared of the concomitant mob and mud which ever associate in honour of Lord Mayor's Day :—every man on foot and foot-man had taken himself and his share of City dirt away home—the bedraggled women and children

and Mansion-house men in pink-silk stockings to change their shoes and dittos : two thousand City apprentices—not one less—who had had a holiday that day (to take warning what they might come to ?) were soon seen seated before as many kitchen-fires, drying their feet and indulging in as many golden day-dreams of being all in their turns Lord Mayors hereafter :—the four-and-twenty aldermen might be seen slyly taking peristaltic persuaders, to clear the way for more turtle :—common-councilmen in all directions were gulping glass after glass of Booth and bitters to provoke hunger : old company beadles, young chaplains, and liverymen just made were all hating Time for getting so slowly over the ground between four and six, when dinner was to be on the table ; and lickerish wardens were greasing their masticatory machinery with sops in the pan. Six having struck at last, in a minute or two nothing was or could be heard in all City halls save the drawing of corks, the musical jug-jug-jugging and gurgling of wine, the jingling of glasses, the ringing of silver-spoons in soup-plates, and the choked crying for more turtle ;—and gluttonous Guildhall, and every other hall, was in all its glory. By eight, good-eating was over : there was not room anywhere, within any white waistcoat there, for a bit more ; and, out of all those hundreds of ingenuous and ingenious lovers of good-living, there was but one man—a Sta-

tioner—to whom the happy thought occurred, that, if his waistcoat could hold no more, his coat could, and popped a fowl into each pocket: which being observed by a wag, he, good fellow! thought he must surely want sauce to them, and slyly poured two boats of melted butter into the same receptacles. And now good-drinking began. At nine the last lying speech and confession of the Dagon of that day—that he thought himself unworthy of the honours paid to him—was over, and well over, and the singing, better worth hearing, succeeded. At ten, clipping the King's English, accompanied by a strong desire to address the Chair, which was no sooner pulled down by the coat-tails than it rose again, commenced in all corners of all halls; and hiccups were heard here and there. At eleven, the various companies, ever-mindful of benevolent works, made a charitable collection—of the liverymen fallen under their tables; and, having sent them home to their wives and families with their compliments, the well-seasoned old soaks sat seriously down to spend the evening. At one the white waistcoats which could walk flashed from afar upon the dazzled sight in all the leading thoroughfares. Here you fell in with a fine, full-bodied five bottles of old port not going straight home: there four bottles tuneful with

“Rule, Bri-tan-yar—Bri-tan-yar, rule the waves!”
set as a solo, with an umbrella accompaniment on

the shop-shutters; and there, at the corner of Huggin-lane, you came up to a portly, port-full man hugging the post, and giving out

“ God save great George our King,”

two lines at a time, in the manner of the Methodists, and singing them as nasally, who, because you refused to take off your hat, abused you, and called after you as a Whig and a rebel. [*Left speaking.*] At two the speech-full deputy of the Ward of Billingsgate (where London eloquence begins) woke up the watchman on that beat by addressing the Country from his place in Parliament (one of the stone confessionals on old London Bridge) on the condition-of-England question, and was taken into custody for disturbing the peace and the sleep of said watchman. By half-past two the Ward watchhouses might have written up “FULL” over their doors: for they could hold no more white waistcoats which could give no account of themselves, and were unbuttoned and taken particular care of till they could. And thus ended the day. Soda and brandy, Seidlitz powders, salts and senna, sick-headaches, letting blood, self-lecturing, and sorrow for the sensual indulgences of the day before, with some indigested thoughts of leading a new life, were the weaknesses of the day after.

Such was my first Lord Mayor's Show; and I have not forgotten or forgiven what I saw in the

sight of the Lord Mayors' Shows of other years. The one impression—that it was a melancholy vanity—has to this day affected me; and I am not alone in this feeling. An ingenious friend—a hypochondriac to be sure, who has illustrated every page of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* in his own proper person—among other heads into which he divides and subdivides that hydra-headed passion, has one which he calls "*The Lord Mayor's Show Melancholy; or Spectaculum Prætoris triste*," a phantasma which returns to his gloomy imagination with every returning *nones* of November, during which he sees, as he reclines in his too-easy chair, the nightmare-slow passing and repassing of a splendid Show dim-seen, which gropes and finds its way somehow through worse than Bœotian fog and Stygian darkness. Just as he has made up his mind that it is only my Lord Mayor's Show returning, he looks again, and, *hey presto!* sees a long line of mourning-coaches, and hears the tolling of funeral-bells, as if in mockery of all human grandeur. Justly indignant at seeing every mute, and page, and plume-bearer, and even the undertaker, as each passes, wink at him with one eye while they all affect to weep with the other, he hurls whatever is at hand at their heads; and lo! the drowsy charm is over—the horrible phantasy is gone—and he resumes his port and evening-paper!

A PRAISE OF NONSENSE.

(WITH A SPECIMEN OF THAT SAME.)

SENSIBLE Reader,—if you are *not* a sensible Reader, (ask yourself that leading question, as the lawyers call those grave impertinences which come at once home to the bosom and point blank to the business,) give an honest verdict against yourself, and lay down this paper as a thing with which you have nothing to do: if you *are* sensible, and you can speak to your own character in that respect, read on, and read out. Sensible Reader—for so you are—did you never enjoy, luxuriate in, abandon yourself to, Nonsense for a little hour—while a man might count sixty minutes as they beat timely with regular pulsations; and was not your enjoyment, your luxuriation, and self-abandonment sweet, and pleasant, and delectable?—When your mind was a-weary of the abstruser studies; or you were sinking under the waking nightmare of some great worldly care; or you were shrinking fearfully from anticipations of slow-

coming but sure-coming miseries; or you were prostrate, soul and body, under the heavy pressure of positive sorrows,—was it not, in such hard hours as these, like letting a long-strained bow relax, or like giving slackness to a lute-string, to throw off the bit and bridle of serious restraint, and give a loose to Sense, till it grew antic, and frantic, and behaved itself like Nonsense? — Was not Nonsense then to Sense (to your released mind) what shade is to light, making the light more beautiful? Was it not like a discord in a delicious melody, making the sequent concord all the sweeter? Was it not like silent slumbering after sorrowful wakefulness? Or like the calm that follows on the heels of a storm? Or like a cheerful smile on a face of care? Or like condescension after pride? Or the freedom of a night-gown and old slippers after the cramping fashionabilities and outward-man conformities of boots tight-fitting, Hobby-made, and a confining coat, Stultz-constructed, and bursting at all its button-holes, you are so cabined in by its extreme fitness?—Was it not as pleasant as a night's dancing after a month's gout? An indulgence, like the brow-beaten schoolboy's giggle when the task-compelling usher turns his back? An easement, like the laugh which politeness has suppressed till some wearying blockhead or perfumed puppy has left the room, and set you at peace again?

If ever your sensible indulgence in delicious nonsense was like, or at all like, any of these exquisite enjoyments, then I pray you pardon me, Reader, while I indulge myself (and you, if you are wise enough at times to play the fool) with this short saturnalianum of folly!

Sensible as you are, you cannot but agree with me that that same word *Nonsense*, which grey-beards call unmeaning, is the most misunderstood noun-substantive in our language. Fools do not understand it, (how should they?) though they affect to be very knowing on the what is and the what is not.

“ The wisest man the world e’er saw ”
knew it, and called it Vanity. If you would come to the proper understanding of it, you must come up better prepared than your unripe scholars to a college examination, or you will take no degree : you must be already enriched with much wisdom : then you may, *perhaps*, arrive at something like a bird’s-eye perception of its deep profound, as you skim swallow-like over its surface ; and begin dimly to discern that that sad dog, Nonsense, is no other person than that good fellow, Common Sense, in a disguise—in a domino, assumed for the nonce.

Nonsense is much mistaken. It is thought an easy thing to talk nonsense : it is not so easy as it seems : it is not every man’s sense. Men of sweetest, learnedest wit only can talk nonsense so

that it shall be relished : all other pretenders are counterfeits. Nonsense is only sense made easy : it is the first faint twinklings of the just-lighted intelligence and simplest inklings of thought of babes and sucklings (Sir John included) : wisdom in short sentences made up of words of easy syllables. It is popular among the few wise, who teach it to the many foolish ; but they are slow to learn. The growing intellect of the age takes to it, and is getting on extremely well with it : its Primer is between all sorts of thumbs. The heaviest writers of it are your political economists : for, what with their excessive collocation of words, and their mistakes in the terms of their science, (which, they acknowledge, are not yet thoroughly defined,) they make Nonsense hard to understand, and are doing their best to render it disagreeable. Patriots on their legs, and loyal men to themselves, dole it out column after column ; and where it is well reported, it reads smoothly, eloquently. It sells well, and now and then reaches a second edition, done up in three vols. crown 8vo., price £1 11s. 6d. ; but if you would make a stir with it, you must get a lord or a lady to adopt it as their own, and put their title in the title-page, which some lords and ladies are good enough to do for a consideration. Then

“ How the wit brightens, and the sense refines ! ”

Phrenologists fumble your head with their fingers,

and fall into the happiest vein of it immediately, the head examined listening with much awe to the Brummagem Greek and Water-lane Latin of the phrenologic nomenclature. Homœopathists talk it, write it, prescribe it; and it tells and sells. Hydropathists souse into it, come up catching their breaths, and swim—for their lives. Mesmerists have it at their fingers' ends, and pass it—on old women.

Nonsense writeth much, and readeth much. Though newspaper columns are crowded, and all their space is occupied, editors find room for *him*, and all the papers are bespoken a dozen deep. Some critics write it, and are not severe on themselves; but they affect not to understand what the authors they review mean by it. Some poets indite it, when they are in the vein; and in the moment of inspiration, if they feel they have been more than commonly happy, they sometimes throw down their pen with an air, fall back in their chair, give their nose two pinches of Thirty-seven fine, rap their snuff-box flat on their table with a satisfactory report, and cry "That's dem'd fine!" or "Delightful!" or "Beautiful, by Gosh!" or "by Gomb!"—an old Catholic saint, whom your well-read writers sometimes swear by.

Nonsense speaketh much, and very wisely: for he speaketh advisedly, and is listened to with deep attention, "the rapt soul sitting in the eyes" of his hearers. He is indefatigable in his place in Parlia-

ment. He moveth the address—he secondeth the motion—he divideth on the motion—he taketh the sense of the House—he moveth the previous question—he explaineth across the table—he covereth the floor of the House with petitions as with rushes—he readeth them—he enlargeth on their grievances—he hath no confidence in ministers—he moveth for a new writ for the borough of Tyn-cum-Down, the late member having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds of a certain Barebones Parliament (which we shall not more particularly describe, for fear of committing a breach of privilege, and getting ourselves called up to the bar of that House from which no reprehended person returns)—he expatiateth upon the incorruptibility of the late honourable member, and sitteth down exhausted, amid loud cries of “*Hear ! hear !*”

Nonsense is sometimes serious; and then he putteth twenty quarto leaves of imitated manuscript, in a dark cover, into a black-coat pocket, and walketh into a church, and along the aisle, and up into the pulpit; and his hair is parted Wesley-wise, and his lady-fingers are adorned with many rings, and his band is clear-starched, and his white cambric sendeth up a pleasing savour; and he readeth the imitative writing, and he expoundeth the Hebrew of the Old and the Greek of the New to “Squire Acres and a congregation of two hundred tenants and their clodhoppers; and they are amazed, and brag of their curate “as the most

learnedest man in those parts;” and the ’Squire dines him, and drenches him, and sees a future bishop in him. When Nonsense taketh orders, besides growing pedantic, he becometh priggish; and calleth his Maker “*Gud!*”—and speaketh of St. Paul as “an apostle of *no mean celebrity!*” *

All hail to thee, great NONSENSE! best sense—best understood—though some poor fools affect to understand thee not! Chief orator of that old Parliament convened at Babel, hail! Only undying one, immortal NONSENSE, hail! Universal NONSENSE, welcome! “Room, there, for my lord!”——The Speaker of the new House salutes thee—shakes hands with thee—congratulates thee that thou art returned Member for that great borough the World, and representest that large constituency, the foolish Sons of Men! He loveth to hear thee volubly discoursing; hateth to have thee hindered; and loudly calleth the rising Common Sense to order when he interposeth an interruption. He is never weary of hearkening to thee: thinks thee great on small occasions—eloquent on all. Wise men admire thy flowery

* Both of these absurdities *there* we have heard with our own ears in two several churches: we shall not, therefore, spare the rebuke which recording them will be: for dandyism in the pulpit and affectation in the worship of the Maker are so intolerable, that no censure could be too severe, nor no place unfit for the reprehension of such unworthiness in men whose duty it is to be an example of simplicity and plainness to “the congregation committed to their charge.”

fluency, and doat upon thy periods, well-turned. Dullards deliberate on the double-distilled drop-pings of thy mellifluous mouth, and deem them sweeter than delicious honey. The wisest sons of Sense wish they had thy folly; and love to listen to the lively jingling of the bells nodding about thy ears, "most musical—*not* melancholy." Great men feel small in thy presence, and vainly try to ape thy winning ways. This wise world is governed by thee when thou art gravest, amused by thee when thou art antickly disposed, and pardoneth readily thy comical capriccios. Fools only hate thee, and deny thy too-provoking powers! Great governor of states and empires, and all the pomps and vanities of men, grave NONSENSE, hail!

"Your lordship's welcome back to Denmark!"

NONSENSE, nearest relation (a nephew) of SENSE, that old Infallible—not of Rome, but of the World—who, good Papa, cannot forego that almost-virtuous vice of popes, *Nepotism*, and means to load thee with all the good things he can lay hands upon—places of honour, in which peculation is a perquisite—places of trust, to which there are many private golden keys—NONSENSE, great Negative, I honour thee! Oh, if thou shouldst ever rise to thy good uncle's chair, and be Pontiff of this foolish world, come to it, sweet Cardinal, (the eighth cardinal Virtue,) by no other style and

title than NONSENSE, the last and best of all the INNOCENTS; and if no one else will kiss thy toe, claim thou of me that Catholic condescension!

So to *our* nonsense now, "with what appetite you may," good Reader.

Two wags, A. and B., some nights since, were settling in their own minds, over a bowl of punch, which was the driest book they had ever read. Several modern works, both English and foreign—in especial, German—were mentioned, but they could not agree upon "the bright, particular star." At last, the almost-forgotten black-letter book of 800 pages, folio, intituled "*The Works, Divine and Human, of* DIEDRICH VAN DRONKENDYK, *now first traduced from the Low Dutch, and done into Englyshe, by an eminent Hand.* LONDON: *Imprinted and to be solde at the Devil and St. Dunstan over against Temple Gate.* 1550" was named as the veritable tome. "*Eureka!*" cried B. "Yes," said A., "you *have* found it: that is the very work! That is, undoubtedly, the driest of all possible books!—To prove that it is so," continued

A.* Wilson has it in his collection solely to keep the damp from his dear books. Tomlins has every edition of it; and Simpson, trustworthy

* A small portion of this dialogue has already appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, in which admirable work this Dry-book joke originated.

sexton of that Golgotha his library, has it, I have no doubt, somewhere.

B. It is, certainly, a most extraordinary book, with most extraordinary powers! There is no end to the wonders it has worked. It is so dry in itself, that nothing wet can approach it and keep its moisture long. Take a coal-porter, treat him with seven pots of porter, (the quantity required to saturate a coal-porter thoroughly,) and when you think him wet enough, get him to read, if he can read—if he cannot, read to him—the title-page:—in one minute the seven quarts go for nothing: he is as sober as a temperance man-milliner, as dry as a lime-burner, and ready for a second seven.

A. You wear a Mackintosh cloak in wet weather, I believe? The ingenious patentee of that waterproof-comfort professes that it is caoutchouc that preserves the dryness you desiderate: he knows better. This is the process of making waterproof cloth:—Take your cloth, dip it in a water-trough, take it out, let it be wrung and hung: then walk through your drying-shed reading this book aloud, and the process is complete: the cloth is incapable of wet for ever; and not only that, but everything in the manufactory is rendered dry as a bone, even the porters, (thoughtful of pots of beer,) the pump, and the water-dog that guards the premises. Braidwood might play his enormous

engine on it, he could not put out its dryness. Draw it through a horse-pond, and the tender feet of our fair Queen might tread on it as on a carpet, and soil not her pearly satin-slippers.

B. So, you see, Shakspeare was right when he said there was a "goodness in things evil." The driest of books has *one* good property, at least.

A. Yes; but, on the other hand, it has many bad properties to countervail its good. For instance, it is said that this very book originated a cutaneous complaint still prevalent—dryness of the skin. An old friend of mine read it through; and now, when you shake hands with him, his skin gives you a severe notion of scouring paper, or a baker's rasp. You feel that you are shaking hands with an old file, indeed.

B. Now I think of it, I remember many instances in which it has done mischief. A young lady put up her beautiful raven-black hair in some loose leaves of it as curl-papers, and when she waked next day she was as grey as her grandmother!

A. Oh, more marvellous than that! I know a barber who sent home a brown wig in a waste sheet of it, and when the bald gentleman came to put it on, he cried out, in an agony of chagrin, "Why, curse that fellow, Screwcurl, if he hasn't sent me my grandfather's grey wig, and not mine!"

B. Tragedians, if they read it, leave off their whey faces, and become dry drolls.

A. It was the author of Liston's melancholy.

B. And Charles Kemble's taking to comedy.

A. Sir, I can believe that: I know the virtues as well as the vices of the work too well to doubt it. As another instance: an enemy to unions of all kinds has, for twenty years, prevented the junction of two convenient canals, by obstinately keeping this book in his library, situated midway between the two water-parties.

B. Oh, that's nothing! A publican, owing to the swampiness of his ground, lost all his skittle-players. A true friend, I should call him, recommended him to try this book: he did yesterday; and to-day he has had re-painted over his door, "An undeniably *dry* ground for skittles!"

A. A man who carried the book about him for a day was afflicted with a dry cough all the days of his life.

B. The toll-tickets of a turnpike-road in Wales are printed by the same man who reprinted it. The London hackney-coachmen go down there, take a ticket, drive through the gate, return, and are dry for life.

A. A man, living in a damp house, kept a copy in his bedroom, and waked in the morning in a fever.

B. A gardener wrapt a water-melon in a waste sheet; and, on cutting it open, it was as dusty as a dried poppy.

A. They cover warehouses for dry goods with it, instead of slates, and it answers the purpose admirably.

B. A hatter makes waterproof beavers by pasting an inch of it inside.

A. A bunch of grapes, bagged in it, in half an hour became raisins.

B. They dry grasses, for winter fodder for cattle, by reading a chapter of it through the fens of Lincolnshire.

A. If you put a page of it in a hayrick, it never fires from damp.

B. A cow, milked by a Welshwoman who had merely said she should like to read it, never yielded a drop of milk afterwards.

A. Washerwomen recite a passage of it, and take down their clothes—dry! They have sold their drying-grounds in consequence.

B. Innkeepers keep the book in one of their bedrooms, and they want no warming-pans in the rest.

A. Dry-nurses find it the shortest method of weaning children. Two sentences out of it will make any swaddled young gentleman so thoroughly satisfied, that he will decline taking in his afternoon milk, as usual.

B. You are aware how the deserts of Arabia became the dry places they are?

A. No; but I should like to hear.

B. Oh, simply enough!—A learned Dervish bought a copy of this book at Grand Cairo, and took it with him to Suez, and on, and on, and on, from place to place; and the Egyptians noticed, wherever he came, what remarkably dry weather immediately set in, the men putting by their umbrellas, and the women their pattens, as uncalled for. At last, when the deepest and most fluent wells got dry, and the people got dry, and there was such an universal drought all over Egypt that it began to be no joke, (the phrase “dry joke” had its origin then and there,) an inquisition was made into the cause of this most extraordinary continuance of dry weather and dearth of water; and, to make a long story short, suspicion falling on this Dervish, they tried him, and proved him guilty of this miraculous interposition, and that day burnt him and all he had, the dry book included. No sooner was the unlucky volume reduced to ashes, than down came such a deluging rain, that an umbrella was of no more use than a fig-leaf would be to an elephant caught in a hard shower, or a twopenny toothpick to a rhinoceros when he wants to pick his tusks. There was too much water now, and they murmured at that. The ashes of the undying book, separating themselves from the ashes of

mortality, were wafted over the desert, and wherever they fell, their nature being changed, there grew a green oasis in those wastes of sand.

A. A very probable account truly. I was witness to an extraordinary instance of the like fatal effects. A spiteful critic (you know what such fellows will do when they are in one of Mr. Dennis's humours) took the manuscript of a retrospective review of the work in his pocket to Sadler's Wells. What was the consequence? Why this: the managers were obliged to postpone the water-piece usual at that theatre, and it has never been repeated since: they dare not attempt it; for the fellow is still of the same malignant mind, and swears that he will put a stop to their ridiculous pretensions to get up sea-pieces, and give Cockneys imperfect ideas of a sea-fight, in about forty pails of New River water.

B. Good. If you take it to sea with you the ship never leaks. The ship-caulkers are starving in consequence.

A. If a seaman goes over by the board, and has only presence of mind enough to keep on repeating a sentence out of it, it is as good as a hencoop thrown out to him: he cannot sink: his fellow-seamen may take their time in lowering a boat, and be under no apprehension that he will be drowned. I had this from an East India captain who has never lost a man, as he has taught

them all the Form of Preservation for a Man overboard.

B. The Duke of Bedford, I am told, conditions, in granting a lease, that this book shall not be kept on the premises, his Grace having discovered that it was it, and it only, which afflicted so many of his tenements with dry-rot.

A. Printers use it to dry their sheets. But no good is without its attendant evil: it renders their compositors so dry, that they drink, drink, they are always drinking, like fishes.

B. I lent my tall copy to a young friend in the Temple, sending it by a ticket-porter. Poor Waggle! he has not been able to get rid of the man since: he is eternally knocking at his chamber-door, and begging for another pot of porter.

A. Publicans, I see, write a line of it over their doors, by way of motto, and even the temperance people slip in for a sly drop.

B. House-painters and portrait-painters find that it saves the expense of drying-oils.

A. It seems an extraordinary piece of neglect that it has never been used by commanders, when retreating or advancing armies have had to cross great rivers. I should say that two good readers, one in the van and the other in the rear of an army, might read it safely across the deepest and broadest river in Europe, simply by expounding

a passage to the waves on either hand as they went along; and as soon as the rear reader trod the shore on the other side, and shut the book, let the enemy follow, if they have the temerity.

B. Ladies, who are shocked at that robustious indication of good health, a moist palm, touch it once, I am told, and, unless they are very careful in the application, their hands become as dry as a mummy's.

A. Widows cannot resist its influence. Throw yourself on your knees, and spout your favourite passage out of it: their tears cease, and they are taken.

B. Widowers who read it either take to hard drinking or the soft solacing of widows as inconsolable.

A. An author, who used to produce a novel a-year, fell asleep over it, and has had a dry brain ever since.

B. One instance of its deleterious effects I have from a farmer. A cow of his, which had suckled her calf in the most motherly manner, happened curiously, with her horn, to turn over a stray leaf of it as it lay in the farmyard, and was obliged to put out little staggering Bob to wet-nurse, for she was dry.

A. Tradition says that Diccon, the wicked Duke of Gloster, leant his elbow on it, and his arm was withered by that, and not by witchcraft.

B. Little is known now of the author of these "Works, Human and Divine;" but what there is significant. While he was composing what he calls the crowning jewel of his works—a Low Dutch "*Faërie Queene*"—(conceive, if you can, *that!*)—it is said his exhaustion by evaporation was so great, that he kept continually calling for more hollands and water; and that it was his habit while *operi intentus* to drink like a fish. Hence the term "dry study."

A. Was he the author of anything good for anything?

B. Why, yes: he may be said to be the author of a great part of his native country, Holland, for it became dry land by his means, if it is good for anything. While he was revising his works, that he might not be interrupted, he hired a house on what was seashore when he took it; but when he had sent the last sheet to press, this house was up the country a long day's journey inland. Wherever he went the waters retired, and were seen no more.

A. It is said that this is the very volume which gave poor Petrarch his death. He was found dead in his library, with his laurelled head lying on a book. This!

B. And now we will drop the dry book. Nonsense may cease to be nonsense. It is a vice in humour when it runs riot, and forgets itself. The

manner of death of a man said to have been in his life "a fine and deep poet—an excellent scholar—a real lover—a fast friend—a patriot—a gentleman—and an honest man" is no subject for a jest, however good or bad that jest may be.

ON THE POEMS
OF
DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

DRUMMOND is a greater poet than he is said to be by the few admirers of early English poetry who have noticed him. It is true his greatness is only occasional. This should not set aside his claim to be eminent among the eminent. The greatest poets are not always great. Homer has been seen to nod. Milton failed in his paraphrases of the Psalms.* Unfortunately, the critical readers of Drummond discover, first, his faults, and by them estimate his genius—instead of fairly comparing his beauties with his deformities, and striking the

* It is indeed remarkable that the paraphrasts of the Psalms have universally failed, from Milton down to Cowper; and I do not mean to be uncharitable when I express my hearty wish that every good poet who attempts this work may likewise fail: as for the bad, we may be sure of them. It may sound like a paradox to say that rendering the prose of those beautiful pieces of inspiration into verse is really turning what is already the finest and noblest poetry into a tinkling sort of prose; but it is very like the truth.

fair balance of his reputation. His innumerable *concetti*—(derived, with all the errors of the poets of the same era, from his study of the poetry of the Italians, and more especially of Petrarch—his preceptor in the sonnet, and brother in love, and in misfortune in that love)—take in some degree from his greatness: yet, these errors granted, Drummond is still a true poet. A sincere lover of the early English Muse will not be deterred from searching out his beauties, and, as he finds them, give them their due admiration, because he has been instructed—by those who had eyes perhaps more willing to discover blemishes than beauties—that there are “weeds which have no business there.” He would as soon be dissuaded from wandering in a wood for its violets, because brambles and nettles also grow in luxuriant wildness there: for, among these, as if they would be protected by them from the common eye, these lovely children of the wilds have their hiding-places; and so, among the thorns and weeds of Drummond’s poetry, you may find little communities of beautiful images, and most of the flowers and much of “the honey of the old woods.” Even in his most barren places, some flower may be found blooming alone—some single line of deep beauty, or fine tone, that rewards your patient searching.

The chief qualities of Drummond as a poet are deeply-religious impressions, and holy and ardent

aspirations after a goodness and purity not of earth ; touching pathos ; noble imagery ; exquisitely smooth versification, and richly-varied expression :— his faults are overlabouring of epithets ; occasional quaintness ; frequent alliteration, but not so frequent as in other poets of his time ; and that worst Italian error in early English poetry to which we have already alluded—the straining after *conceits*, which, however ingenious they were, and however much admired in their day, have had their day, and are done with as out of date. His finest pieces, especially his sonnets, are wholly free from this fault, and indeed from all fault. He is almost the first of the early poets of England in whose writings is to be found what is called *ethical* poetry. There is a fine line of Drummond's which has been the father of many like lines, for import and concise construction :—

“ God, *various in Names, in essence ONE.*”

Pope was maliciously said to be a poet of fine single lines : it would be difficult to find in his works a comprehensive idea more concisely expressed than in this noble line of the neglected Drummond. Indeed, if single thoughts and couplets picked out here and there are to give character to a poet, some of Drummond's, for their richness of painting, depth and concentration of meaning, and harmonious flow, are as fine as the most praised of Pope and Dryden. Here is a line, picked out at

random, which is as noble as the sylvan monarchs it portrays :—

“ The stately comeliness of forests old.”

Another, as beautiful as the season it paints :—

“ Whilst violets with purple paint the Spring.”

What a melancholy grandeur of dissatisfaction there is in this :—

“ Far from the madding worldlings’ hoarse discords.”

Another reminds one of the alliterative strength and straightforward sternness of Shakspeare, in such of his sonnets as lashed the vices of his age. Drummond, reprobating

“ those black arts

By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,”

stigmatizes them as

“ *With horrid acts staining earth’s stately stage.*”

Had he turned his attention to satire, there are many passages in his writings which lead one to think he would have been a more stinging satirist than the Bishop Halls and King Jameses of his time.

The following passages are selected from, perhaps, his finest poem, the “ *Hymn on the Fairest Fair.*” They have not, I think, many marks of a school of poets—the Sidneys, Surreys, and Daniels—who exhausted their ingenious breath in running as fast away as they could from Nature, to throw

themselves into the arms of unnatural Art. This passage opens well :—

“ I feel my bosom glow with wonted fires :
 Raised from the vulgar press, my mind aspires,
Winged with high thoughts, unto His praise to climb
 From deep Eternity who call'd forth Time :—
 That *ESSENCE*, which, not moved, makes each thing move—
 Uncreate beauty—all-creating love . . .
 Ineffable, all-powerful God, all free,
 Thou only liv'st, and all things live by thee . . .
 Perfection's sum—prime cause of every cause,
 Midst and beginning, where all good doth pause . . .
 Incomprehensible, by reachless height ;
 And unperceiv'd, by *excessive light* ;*
 O King ! whose greatness none can comprehend,
 Whose boundless goodness does to all extend,—
 Light of all beauty—ocean without ground—
That standing, flowest—giving, dost abound . . .
 Great Architect—Lord of this universe—
 That sight is blinded would thy greatness pierce.”

Then follows this noble simile, nobly sustained, and with a flow and harmony of verse not common in the poets of his period :—

“ Ah ! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
 Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter glass,—
 The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,—
 Pyrenees' cliffs, where sun doth never shine,—
 When he some craggy hills hath overwent,
 Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
 Till mounting some tall mountain he do find
 More heights before him than he left behind,—
 With halting pace so while I would me raise
 To the unbounded limits of Thy praise,

* Gray has turned this fine expression and the thought which closes this passage to his own purposes in his “ *Progress of Poesy*.”

Some part of way I thought to have o'errun ;
But now I see how scarce I have begun :
With wonders new my spirits range possess ;
And, wandering wayless, in a maze them rest."

Much finer passages might be picked from this poem, but I forbear and pass on. Drummond has a thousand qualities upon which we might expatiate ; but it is for a sweet melancholy, and a pathos more delicious than joy, that he deserves the love of all true admirers of poesy. The bereavement which befel him,—that of losing by death (that old forbidder of the bans of marriage between two affectionate natures) the lady to whom he was betrothed, within a day or two of the time when he was to have led her to the church, darkened his spirit with a melancholy which, though more religious and resigned than is common with unfortunate lovers, was still sufficiently painful and cankering to "vent its grief in words." The vanity of our endeavours after happiness *here* is, consequently, the prevailing burden of his complaints. It is under this estrangement from the world that he declares the delights of life to be

"A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams :"

its best joys but "weeping rainbows ;" and that

"If aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave."

In another place he passionately exclaims—

" Oh that the cause which doth consume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too destroy !"

And, in another, tenderly regrets that the May of
man's life should know no " second spring ;" that

" Woods cut, again do grow :
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done ;
But we, once dead, do no more see the sun !"

And that

" What fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought."

I shall now turn to his sonnets, some of which
are not excelled for pathos and beauty by any
writers. These, though not always free from the
pedantry of the old poets, are as sweetly melancholy
and beautiful as the most praised sonnets of
Petrarch, upon which they are evidently modelled.
I will select a specimen or two :—

" Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,—
Thy head with flame, thy mantle bright with flowers :
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,—
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers :—
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but ah ! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again.
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold, nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtues—seasons, go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb !"

The polish of this is equal to that beautiful
sonnet by Gray, written after the death of his

friend West, and its pathos is as touching. So true is real sorrow to the sacred seriousness of Nature, that here the poet throws aside all the playthings of the schools, the bells and beads of futile fancy, and breathes his grief in unaffected accents, and in lines surely as full of feeling as any that ever flowed from the heart!

Many of Drummond's sonnets are as beautiful as the one just quoted. I hope that few of my readers have met with this:—

“ Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well-pleas'd with delights which present are,—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,—
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?—
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays!”

The sonnet of Warton “ written in Dugdale's *Monasticon* ” is said to be one of the finest in the language, and fine it is ; but not so fine as Milton's finest, to say nothing of Shakspeare's, or of Wordsworth's. Drummond's is most touching. The subject is inferior ; but that has little to do with the dispute. I leave it to the lovers of the sonnet to compare them ; and let the crown of decision fall

on the head which best deserves it. I shall transcribe two sonnets to "*Sleep*," and then pass over this portion of his poems :—

" Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her, from Thetis' azure bed,
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole ;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance describes,
And, looking pale from height of all the skies,
She dyes her beauties in a blushing red ;
While Sleep, in triumph, clos'd hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,—
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice,—
I wake, I turn, I weep, oppress'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

" Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest ;
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings ;
*Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings ;**
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd,—
Lo ! by thy charming-rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd ;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou sparest, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come!—but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to shew :
With feign'd solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath :
I long to kiss the image of my death !"

Drummond is also especially happy in the lighter efforts of the Muse. His little amatory pieces

* Sir Philip Sidney speaks of Sleep as

" ——— indifferent judge between the high and low."

have much of that playful, epigrammatic turn of thought and easy versification which are so delightful in the loving and laughing Herrick, though Drummond was earlier in these effusions of a pleasant fancy. Herrick, of course, is the imitator, if there be any imitation in either case: the "*Hesperides*" of the latter being first published in 1648, and Drummond dying in 1649. Hear this of the Hawthornden lover: it would make a pretty match with music:—

" Hark, happy lovers, hark !
This first and last of joys,
This sweetener of annoys,
This nectar of the gods,
You call a kiss, is with itself at odds ;
And half so sweet is not,
In equal measure got
At light of sun as it is in the dark :
Hark, happy lovers, hark !"

How Herrick-like is this !—

" My Wanton, weep no more
The losing of your cherries :
Those, and far sweeter berries,
Your sister, in good store,
Hath in her lips and face :
Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your peace."

And this :—

" Why, Nais, stand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss ?
Deny him not that bliss :
He's but a child, (old men be children twice,)
And even a toothless one :

And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
You need not fear he will those cherries bite."

And this, called "*Lilla's Prayer*":—

"Love, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
Sweet god! make me not burn
For quivering age, that doth spent days deplore.
Nor do thou wound my heart
For some inconstant boy,
Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy.
But ah! if I must prove thy golden dart,
Of grace, O let me find
A sweet young lover with an aged mind!—
Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
Who heard—Dear, have thy wish: for such am I."

We wish he had left the lady to discover this for herself; but no matter: the poem, none the worse for his want of modesty, is as good as any like it in the Greek anthologies.

I long to quote some passages from two of his noblest pieces, "*Tears on the Death of Moeliades*," (in which there are lines as strong, as deep, as gentle, and as full as any of Denham's or Waller's); and from his "*Pastoral Elegy*," a poem commemorating the death of a friend, in that mixed style of classical with modern allusion, of which Milton's *Lycidas* is so fine an example. Milton may have taken Drummond's poem as a suggestion, for there are certainly faint resemblances to be traced; and that he had read the Hawthornden bard with attention, and even retained recollections of him, is apparent from his

having borrowed this line from the latter, with but a very equivocal alteration:—

“*Scarfed* in a comely cloud,”

which in *Il Penseroso* stands

“*Kerchief*’d in a comely cloud.”

In reading these old writers—the Drummonds, Spensers, Donnes, Vaughans, Herricks, Jonsons, Carews, and some more—we are likely enough to overlook, or rather not to hear, one of their greatest excellences as poets,—their fluency of versification; and how exquisitely facile, sweet, and musical it is! Very many of Herrick’s little lyrics especially, besides their beauty of thought and delicacy of diction, are admirable for this gliding fluency: they seem to want little or no setting to music: they sing as they flow, and set themselves; and you are borne along with their movement, and sing and dance with them. There is too little of this music among the late or the living lyrical poets. Your modern poet stumbles, and hobbles, and halts, and comes to a stand still, and goes on again, like an old gentleman with corns, who will get up to walk a minuet with some young beauty all lightness, life, and grace; and both poet and old gentleman are glad when the verse and the dance are done. It would be a labour we should like, to prove the old poets superior to the modern in the musical and metrical movement of their verse; but we will be

content with selecting one of the sonnets of Spenser, which is as fluent as water, and runs as rapidly, in proof of our assertion:—

“ Like as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escape away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguilèd of their prey,—
So after long pursute and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsook,
The gentle deer return’d the selfsame way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the same brook :
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
Till I in hand her yet half-trembling took,
And with her own good will her firmly tied :
Strange thing meseem’d to see a beast so wild
So goodly won, with her own will beguilèd ! ”

But I forbear from loading this paper too much with extracts, my intention being rather to lead the taste of readers of poetry to study Drummond for themselves, than satisfy them with these gleanings. There is but one thing wanting to place his reputation on its proper high ground,—a new edition of his poems, carefully selected, the chaff being winnowed away from the grain ; the sonnets arranged in a body ; the devotional and larger pieces coming after these ; and the Latin and lighter pieces closing the volume. A careful weeding of the latter would be necessary : for it must not be concealed that there are pruriencies among them, which our age, and very properly, would not endure. Indeed, as they stand in the

London edition of 1791,* they are destructive of the interest which this poet, in his chaster moods, must create in the hearts of all true lovers of the Muse. When these blots are wiped away from his shield, the escutcheon of his fame will shine purely, brightly, and nobly, even among the great masters of our early song.

The poet for whom Ben Jonson could forego the daily delectations and drinking-bouts of the *Devil*, (a tavern in Fleet-street, where Ben and his "tobacco boys" resorted "always in the afternoon,") and, at the age of forty-five, travel on foot from London to Hawthornden, to visit for his genius' sake, must have been something in that day, and is surely something in this.

* There is a later edition: but it abounds with absurdities of its own; and has not amended the palpable errors, to a man of any reading, the misprints, and repetitions, in the edition of 1791.

AFTER-SUPPER DREAM OF A NIGHT-AUCTION.

“ Such a jest there is that will not pass out of Covent Garden ;
and such a one that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde
Park Corner.”—*Tale of a Tub*.

As I am a loiterer about town, I am, as a matter of course, a dropper-in sometimes at those resorts for bargain-hunters, auction-rooms, where penny-wise and pound-foolish persons purchase all sorts of miscellaneous property which they do not want, and which wiser men put up there to be knocked down there with many a well-affected groan, as though they were ruined by the sacrifice ; and, next day, are seen dashing and splashing about town in a new phaëton, drawn by a pair of ponies, bought out of these ruinous losses !

Among other places of this kind into which I occasionally ramble, and where, bitten as deeply with the bargain-mania as the rest of the pound-foolish, I sometimes buy a picture which is honestly worth half the money I gave for it, and sometimes

buy a pig in a poke, which is honestly worth nothing, I straggled, the other evening, into Georgione's well-known sale-rooms for all sorts of miscellaneous matters, situated in a corner of Leicester-square. There are many worse places roundabout, into which a *not* penny-wise but pound-foolish man might enter, and fare worse. As I passed through the square, two or three cards were insinuated into my hand by two or three dark, dirty, dingy, shabby-looking foreigners, which informed me that I might, if I was so mad-minded, find play-tables, and be made one of Fortune's fools by the dexter and sinister hands of Fortune's knaves. I had no sooner recovered from the surprise which these serpent-like insinuations stirred up in my mind, than I fell to reflecting that it was hard that this great city (having, I should say, enough bad men of its own breeding and rearing) should give town-room to the depraved and desperate of other nations; and that Jews and Foreigners should form the main body of the camp-followers in the march of modern society, and be the most active plunderers of this most Christian people! If my fellow-citizens must be robbed, thought I, let them be robbed by their fellow-citizens. I have no notion, or a very slight one, of this species of robbery being almost wholly monopolized by strangers. If rascality must needs live and thrive here, I am patriotic enough to wish

that English hands may have the sole privilege of picking English pockets. I am no advocate for free trade in these matters. I would have France keep to herself her *rouge-et-noir* robbers, and leave us alone to our own thimble-riggers, and the other rogues who live upon the folly of their simple fellow-men. It shows, indeed, a sad supineness in our magistrates to sleep over these things. It is a melancholy spectacle to see the increase of the sly, side-door, reputable-looking, shop-like gambling-houses daily springing up under the very windows of the Queen of a people renowned for honest industry. It is, indeed, so great an anomaly, that one wonders what has become of the good old moral hatred of rascality of the English men of forty years ago—where it is gone—where they are gone—where resident—and how it is that their sons think so diversely from their fathers!—But to turn to a more pleasant theme.

The moralist and the benevolent philosopher might find serious matter for reflection and sober speculation in an auction-room. The private history of the articles composing a sale under the hammer would make as melancholy a series of chapters as ever yet were written, and "*Tales of the Catalogue*" be as stirring and exciting in their interest as "*Tales of the Canongate*." Many a domestic joy and sorrow—many a hope and many a despair—many a painful and many a pleasing recollection

—are attached to many an article in an auction-room, which the hard eye of the bargain-hunter glides hastily over, his hand carelessly takes up, and as carelessly lays down.

But as the sale had commenced when I entered the rooms, I had little time for reflection. One incident of the evening directly struck me as remarkable, and set me pondering on the contradictions there are between human circumstances and human character. This was seeing a celebrated veteran boxer bidding earnestly, as though he desired to have it, for a respectable copy of Vandyke's "*Crucifixion!*" In his hard, homely face I could read that it was in no commercial spirit he was bidding for it: that it was a matter of taste with him—and if of taste, of veneration for the subject!—"Truth is strange!"

However, not to dwell too long upon one lot, the sale went on, and two or three Claudes—a Raffaele—a Guido—three cabinet Correggios—Canalettis out of all conscience—a Salvator Rosa, which "savage Rosa" never "dash'd" with his mad brush, but at which he would have dashed his extravagant head, if he could have seen it, and heard it called *his* picture—a Poussin, which "learned Poussin" never drew—a Teniers, two years old—Paul Potters, which put me in mind of the glazed-clay cattle of the Staffordshire potteries—Gainsboroughs which ought to have been

placed lately in Schedule A, they smelt so much of corruption — Sir Joshuas, the dirt on which was not dry — Morlands, painted from pigs of 1837, and from donkeys dating their birth from the year of the accession of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, who must well remember (the donkeys, not the Queen) standing for their portraits — Wilsons, which were not “all Dicky,” for they smelt uncommonly fresh of Tommy* — Nasmyths, *Nae-Smyths*, but good Allans—with other first, second, and third class pictures and cabinet specimens of the best (and the worst) masters, the whole forming the expensively-selected collection of a gentleman going abroad — (if he was not going, he had been much abroad, I should say) — were sold off without reserve; and, on the average, brought about two-thirds of the original purchase-money—a very profitable investment of the surplus capital of the gentleman going abroad!

After the pictures had been thus well-disposed of, the unique collection of curiosities of a celebrated antiquary (who was not going abroad, for he was gone) were put up, and knocked down to the highest bidder, who, I remarked, was uniformly the purchaser — a decided proof of the fairness

* Thomas Wilson, an admirable copier of Richard Wilson, and an admirable artist when painting from his own perceptions of the natural in landscape, who died of decline in 1839, just when his genius was ripening.

with which sales are conducted at Mr. Georgione's. Some of the lots were ridiculous enough to make one laugh at the absurdities of taste and puerilities of virtuosity, and marvel much more at the competition there was for such worth-nothings, because they were old, ugly, *outré*, and had cost an antiquary some dirty research in poking them out, and much misused money in buying them. It was with disgust that I beheld "*A doigt of St. Thomas*," for which no rational man would have given a doit, fetch ninety guineas! (The fortunate purchaser might have all my digits, when I have done with them, for half that sum.) "*The two lost fingers of Three-fingered Jack!*" were afterwards sold to the same antiquary (in a dream I had) for the more reasonable sum of ten pounds. (Black Jack would have manumitted the whole for a dollar.) Several more like lots were duly disposed of, and bought at large prices by gentlemen and agents for gentlemen, among whom I heard great names whispered as great collectors of such strange articles of *virtù*, which much more astonished me. But there is no use in marvelling at the absurdities of men with a mania for collecting. Some have spent half a fortune in making an unique collection of turnpike-tickets: others in forming a complete series of ropes used on particular occasions before the Debtors'-door in the Old Bailey: others have a chronological collection

of the cotton caps used on the same melancholy occasions: others a phrenological museum of casts of the heads which wore the cotton nightcaps: others, albums full of the autographs of hands which had been used in rubbing wens; and if the penman was illiterate, "*John Smith* ✕ *his mark*" was just as preservation-worthy! — There is no end to the absurdities of men who have more money than wit. I only wish they would turn their rage for collecting to better purposes—such as an unique collection of comfortable old women, carefully arranged in a consecutive series of almshouses; or a few choice specimens of broken-down hedgers and ditchers, decayed tradesmen, and other like bald and battered antiquities, the best antiquities after all. What a glorious catalogue of the effects of some late Sir Simon Somebody these would make! With what pleasure we should hear that he had bequeathed them to the nation—almshouses, old men, old women, and all; and left funds enough to keep up the collection, and add occasionally to the museum such choice specimens as are worthy to form a portion of so praiseworthy an exhibition!—As it was, I confess that I looked on with impatience at seeing an apocryphal finger of St. Dunstan (preserved in an expensive glass-case, and which, after all, might be one of the furtive five fingers of some diving ancestor of Nimming Ned) fetch a larger sum than

"*A Sketch*" said to have been the handiwork of the sublime Raffaello, (and if not his, as beautiful as the creations of his hand;) and I laughed outright when I heard the hot competition for a warming-pan said to have been used at Malmaison, and which *might* have warmed Napoleon's bed, which, after a long contest, was knocked down for fifty guineas, while a really fine copy of Jordaen's "Blowing Hot and Cold" was sold for less than the value of its frame. But there is no accounting for the prejudices of taste!

The sale over, I retired to a neighbouring tavern to sup; and weary with the day's fatigues, and drowsy with the late replenishment of my wasted energies, I, in no long time, dropped to sleep in the comfortable corner of the box where I had ensconced myself. I was no sooner in that happy land, the land of Nod, than

"—— dreams which mock the close-shut eye"

visited me; and methought—or, I should more properly say, medreamed—that I was still seated in the great room at Georgione's, and that the whole sale was still going on, and all the oddly-assorted articles I had seen put up and knocked down were represented to my "dreaming eye," and sold off, lot by lot, as they occurred in the Catalogue, in the fantastic form and fashion following.

"Lot 1," being put on the easel by Joe the porter, was pronounced by Mr. Georgione to be

" *A Cabinet Landscape, by Klomp—a sweet little gem!*" *—whereupon my fancy began to play its tricks and conjurations; and medreamed that, instead of a landscape, I beheld a street-scape, otherwise one of those scape-graces about town, a little, ragged urchin, half-breeched and half-shirted, answering to the name of Jem—a sweet little Jem, not gem—boring a gimlet-hole through a hogshead of sugar standing on one side a grocer's door; and medreamed that, just as he had made his first quotation, Mr. Sweetensand came stealthily behind the too-amorous of sweets, and gave him such a severe taste of that concomitant of sugar—cane, as made the young scamp roar so lustily, that

" All the street resounded back his roar :"

when, waking up with a start, I found the waiter of the tavern pacifying, with gentle soothings and smoothings, his mistress's favourite spaniel, whose tail he had just trod upon, of which inadvertence Spot was still complaining. Dropping off to the " land of Drowsyhed " again, in a few moments I

* All the articles named in the early portion of this paper, and designated by *italics*, are actual quotations from the catalogue of the sale in question. It would have been easy to have brought together a series of supposed lots of a more ludicrous kind; but as the text of Mr. Georgione's catalogue suggested this paper, I have stuck to my text, and made the best (and the worst) of it.

was once more in the smiling presence of Mr. Georgione ; and the next lot being put up,

“ *Six stout Tumblers*” were, in the twinkling of an eye, turned—Heaven only knows how!—into six Dutch burgomasters, of the broad-bottomed sort in fashion three centuries since, when an old Mynheer wore at once as many pairs of breeches as would supply a modern Mynheer with galligaskin for life. What could move the worthy Dutchmen to such an enterprise I know not—whether it was infatuation, or some wild delirium of their grave fancies, too powerfully excited with smoky hollands and smoking ; but all at once, as one man, they deliberately laid down their yard-long pipes, with the intention of trying a fall with one another. Not dreaming of the consequences of such horse-play, I was pleased at such an unusual exhibition of spirits in such a quarter—was curiously speculative as to which would be the conquering three—and was hugging myself that I should see a wrestling-match which must beat Devonshire wrestling hollow, and render it child’s-play. No sooner had they grappled, each Dutchman his antagonist, by the collar and the plaited parts of their breeches than—O horror!—down they all went together ; and medreamed that the entire Earth reeled and shook under the shock—all Europe save Holland started in affright from its bed—and a loud cry went up that “ There was an

earthquake!" Not content with the alarm they had thus created, methought these same doughty Dutchmen took it into their fanciful heads next to attempt the feat performed by the Bedouin Arabs, of piling up a pyramid of bodies upon the heads and shoulders of other bodies—Dutch burgomaster heaped upon Dutch burgomaster! To accomplish this, methought two of them—the sturdiest and broadest at the base of the six—began by taking up their ground in the street under the windows of the house where they were quartered—while two more got out of the balcony, and mounted upon their shoulders—a fifth clambered out of the second-floor window, and straddled, Colossus-like, from outside shoulder to outside shoulder—and the sixth was most deliberately getting out of the garret-window to put Pelion upon Ossa and top the whole, when methought I cried out, in an agony of apprehension, "Mein Gott, Mynheer—(what's your diabolical Dutch name?)—for heaven and earth's sakes don't attempt to do *that*!" But methought the topmost man took no other notice of my agonizing fear than this: deliberately taking his pipe from his mouth, laying it carefully down across the coping-stone, and phlegmatically spitting out of the window upon me, he made answer to my entreaties in these words:—"I vill knock mein head bomp against de sky, and break all de vindow, bot I vill do it!"

And so saying, so expressing his Dutch determination, in the true spirit of Dutch courage, he stepped over the parapet, and carefully adjusting himself as the pinnacle of that Dutch pile, the frightful accumulation was completed, and six Amsterdam burgomasters stood pyramidically heaped up on each other—

“Horror upon Horror’s head accumulated!”

Medreamed, then, that the ground rocked and rolled about like a wave of the sea—the houses danced up and down like corks in Chelsea Reach when a gale of wind is blowing—the streets lurched—their scared inhabitants ran from side to side as though they were land-sick—and lastly, “this firm-set Earth,” which could no longer bear up under this awful accumulation of superabundant Dutchmen, suddenly opened—gaped—gave way—swallowed them down alive—closed over them—and they were seen no more! Then methought I heard an old woman, who, like myself, had been intensely looking on at the desperate doings of these Dutchmen, cry convulsively, “O lord! that’s the way there’s so many earthquakes in the world!” Not unlikely: for these convulsions of the Earth earthy commonly begin among the old Dutch spice-islands! not at all unlikely! And her fear made me afraid, till I heard her add, in an agony of horror, “There they go! They’ll go right through to the *Antipathies*!”—at which I laughed

so rudely that I was called to order. When again this Cassandra cried, "There! what's that?" as an awful noise ran rumbling along the ground, I started—gave a groan of horror—fumbled for my brains—found them—listened—and it was a heavily-laden country-waggon rocking and rolling by under the windows!—It was clear I had been suffering a fit of nightmare all this time. [*Mem.*—Invalids should never indulge in pork-chops for supper if they desire to have

"Rosy sleep, and slumbers light,"

undreadful of excess of Dutch animal spirits.]

As sleeping in a tavern is not for the good of the house, unless you lodge there, and pay as you go, but as imbibing *is*, I took a deep draught of whiskey-punch, and lighting a cigar, once more "addressed myself to Sleep," who was polite enough to attend to me; and again I dreamed.

"*Two Paintings and a Tea-caddy*" formed the next lot, and somehow got confounded, in my fancy, into a pair of landscapes by T. Caddi, an Italian painter of no eminence, though he painted mountain-scenery.

The following lot, "*A Bottle-Jack, in perfect order*," was speedily transformed into a very-like likeness of my too-sober friend, Jack O., who had been dining out somewhere with her Majesty's ministers, and he had never sat at table with a

jollier set of *parsons* in his life—so he said: an irreverence which I was astonished to hear from his lips; for I know that he has such a reverence for all that belongs to the church, that he cannot forbear from bowing profoundly to a beadle in his best. But when the wicked wine is in the good wit is out. I regretted to see that he was all at sixes and sevens with his single bottle—his neck-cloth, which he ties so neatly in general, all untied—his white waistcoat unbuttoned—his hat at full cock, with a deep dent in it, as though a lamp-post had run against it—his coat half off, as if partly ready to be “anybody’s customer”—and the whole circumspect man as drunk as a lord—(for lords get drunk and make drunk again in these days!)—careless of all consequences, and utterly indifferent whether a hackney-cab or a police-stretcher carried him collectively home to his lodgings for a single gentleman. Just as I was about to offer to see my old friend safe home to his truckle-bed, the next lot,

“*A Warming-Pan*,” was put up, and drew my attention away from him. It was no sooner handed round than there ensued such an uproar of savage laughter, and such “an outcry wild,” as though a crew of Bacchanals had reeled out drunken-ripe from the Bacchus and Tun, to

“Break lamps and beat the watchmen.”

when, *hey presto!* the warming-pan commenced a transformation—assumed a classical shape, and I beheld Pan, “the Universal Pan,” warming his hirsute hide, rain-drenched, by a winter wood-fire; and,

“O soul of Sir John Cheke!”

heard him most unclassically complain of being as wet as a water-dog, and bitterly regret to the satyrs, who were laughing at him, that, times were so hard, he could not afford to buy

“*A very excellent new Mackintosh Cloak,*” the useful lot which followed.

“*A Filterer*” was the next article, and was no sooner up than it changed into that dribbling antiquary, Time, who seemed to have learned nothing from long practice, but was still making the old experiment, of which he ought to have known the result thousands of years ago—namely, watching those “minute drops,” a widow’s tears, for the loss of “her dear departed,” which were slowly filtering through the stone, in little drops no bigger than pins’ heads, and these only every now and then.

“*Sundry useful Glasses*” were then handed round; and I must say they did not behave themselves so well as they should, for they thrust themselves rudely before the faces of several old beaux and battered beauties, time and town worn,

who shrunk back appalled at the wrinkles and defacings which themselves, more than Time, had made in their frontispieces.

"*A Meat-safe*," the next lot, seemed strangely negligent of its responsibilities: for I observed that its door was enough ajar to admit that abomination of housewives, "a strange cat," who was engaged in picking a cold shoulder of mutton intrusted to its charge, while the real Simon Pure, the cat of the house, looked on not unwishfully at his lawless doings, and would have shared in the spoil, had he not feared to interfere, the stranger wore such fierce moustachios, and swore so much like a terrible mouser. As I had seen men—civil, civic men—stand in the same awe of the moustachioed men of war, I pitied the pacific timidity of puss, and thought of the tyranny of the powerful.

"*A dozen and a half of D'Oyleys*" being flung on the auction-board, methought that, having lately heard a doctor of that name deliver a long lecture, I cried out, "No, no: a dozen and a half of D'Oyleys is too much! One at a time, Mr. Georgione, if you love us!"

"*A Cupid, after Sir Joshua*," was the following lot, and a most diverting one it was: for methought that no sooner did Sir Joshua hear there was "*a Cupid after*" him than he took to his heels, amidst loud cries of "Run, Josh!" and "Run, Dan!"—and that Reynolds ran like a cock that dreads

scalding, while the little blind god followed fast "with a whoop and a halloo!" till *both* were fairly out of sight in one of his own blue distances. Bets, methought, were freely offered and taken, a Noble Lord backing "Cupid against the field!"

"*Four old Bronzes*" were no sooner put up than they turned into the same number of impudent attorneys, which created a deal of merriment at the cost of those agents of "old Mother Antic," the Law.

"*A white hat, dimity waistcoat, black surtout, pair of drab kerseymere smalls, and ditto leg-gings,*"—before any one had time to examine into their respectability, ran off, *vid* Gretna Green, with

"*A Leghorn bonnet, lace veil, satin spencer, fashionable ball-dress, white silk hose, and white satin slippers.*" Whereupon methought the four Bronzes offered each his card and legal services to the outwitted guardian of these articles, on the most moderate terms. I was sorry, for White Hat's sake, to hear that Leghorn Bonnet was a ward in Chancery: so that White Hat is likely enough hereafter to get his head into the same.

"*Seven yards of fine Irish*" were somehow transmuted into little my Lady Morgan, who beats the Swiss giantess hollow in womanhood.

"*Nine yards of stout Irish,*" being unrolled, presented themselves as O'Brien, the giant, who was to be seen, "during the fair," in a caravan,

which, from the lowest tire of the wheels to the top of the tin chimney, stood only eight feet high from the ground. While I was puzzling myself what was done with the surplus of Mr. O'Brien, methought that one Dr. Maginn, who was present, (there was but one,) disgusted with the trick, gave the giant such a hard hit in the pancreatic part of his person as doubled him up, and made the caravan hold him comfortably.

"*A pair of double-milled Trowsers*" then stood up like (the lower half of) a man, to be knocked down by Tom Cribb and Jack Gully hitting into them right and left, till the Marquis of W. cried "Shame!" and Lady ——, who patronizes prize-fighting, (!) cried, "Take 'em away—they're beaten—and can't come to time!"

"*A bundle of Breast-comforters*" took the much more pleasing form of several marriageable young ladies with good fortunes; but were no sooner exhibited than the following lot—

"*Twenty yards of strong Irish,*" went after them, with what success I know not.

After this lot was cleared away, Mr. Georgione took a long sip at his sherry and water, and remarked that, if it suited the convenience of the company, he would now go on with the collection of curiosities and antiquities. Accordingly, as I dreamed, he went on with them, much to my amusement. As is the irrespective manner of my

fancy, I dreamed that the purchasers of the following unique articles of *virtù* were present, then and there; and, as they were dignified characters, gave an *éclat* to the humble auction-rooms of Mr. Georgione which Mr. Christie might have envied.

“Julius Cæsar’s first copy-book of pot-hooks and hangers, name and date at foot of page, in excellent preservation.”—(Purchased for the Society of Antiquaries.)

“A Toad in a block of Marble, supposed to be coeval with the World!”—(Brit. Mus.)

“Rag, like a rainbow, with which Richard Wilson wiped his palette.”—(Two guineas.)

“Copy of the same, in oils.”—*Turner*.—(Two hundred guineas.)

“Pin with which Napoleon picked his teeth during the Battle of Waterloo.”—(Duke of W.)

“Hoof of the Deer which Shakspeare stole, made into a snuffbox.”—(Guildhall Library, one hundred guineas.)

“The whole Works of William Shakspeare. First Folio edition.”—(Five guineas. Knocked down to me, the worthy auctioneer taking one of my nods for a bidding.)

“Pilate’s Wash-hand Basin. Carrara marble!”—(Sir Moses M.)

“Sir W. Walworth’s Dagger.”—(City Remembrancer.)

"Stone stained with the blood of Wat Tyler."—
(Idem.)

"Cleopatra's Needle, with a bit of Thread in the Eye!"—(Society of Antiquaries.)

"Tear of Dido in amber—warranted."—(Idem.)

"Asp with which Cleopatra destroyed herself."
—(This turned out to be the *hasp* of an old stable-door, which caused a deal of jeering at the learning of the Antiquary—going abroad.)

"The Shepherd's Staff and *Scrip* of David."—
(Messrs. Rothschilds, in mistake.)

"Pen used by King John in signing Magna Charta—wants mending."—(British Museum.)

"Bridle and bit with which Alexander the Great tamed Bucephalus."—(W. Batty, Esq.)

"A cast Shoe of ditto."—(Veterinary College.)

"Searing-iron used in blinding Prince Arthur."
—(Dr. Ware.)

"Tail of the Trojan horse."—(Sir Peter Laurie.)

"Macbeth's Knee-buckles."—(Idem.)

"Garters of the gracious Duncan murdered by Macbeth."—(Duke of Buccleuch.)

"Lady Macbeth's Night-light."—(Idem.)

"A Net, the property of St. Peter."—(Watermen's Company.)

"St. Luke's palette and maul-stick."—(Sir M. A. Shee.)

"Walking-stick which Dr. Johnson lost in the Hebrides."—(J. W. C., Esq.)

"Cane with which he threatened to thrash Sam Foote."—(J. W. C., Esq.)

"Night-bell and surgery door-plate of *Æsculapius*."—(College of Physicians.)

"Warming-pan of Tamerlane."—(His M. C. Majesty Louis-Philippe.)

"Poking-stick of Marie Antoinette."—(Idem.)

"Welsh-wig worn by Owen Glendower."—(Sir W. W. W.)

"MS. Title-page of Cæsar's Commentaries."—(Dr. Dibdin.)

"Malbrino's Helmet."—(Society of Antiquaries.)

"Sail of the Windmill which Don Quixote assailed."—(Idem.)

"Bridle and bit of Rosinante."—(Idem.)

"Tail of Dapple—Sancho's Dapple!"—(Idem.)

"Head of Cervantes."—(No bidders—bought in!)

"Dr. Johnson's wig-block."—(Phrenological Society.)

"*Cast of the Head of a Civil Cabman*."—(The most remarkable lot in the sale, and made quite a sensation. The biddings were exceedingly brisk, the competition being between Dr. Combe, for the Phrenological Society, and Mr. D. W. Harvey, then head of the Hackney-coach office, Essex-street; but science finally triumphed over mere love of *virtù*, and it was knocked down to the

Doctor at thirty guineas. "And cheap, too!" said Mr. Georgione.)

"The Tip of one of the two Tails of the quarrelsome Cats of Kilkenny."—(J. Hume, Esq., M.P.)

"Three yards of the Labyrinthine Clue."—(Soc. of Antiquaries.)

"Nose of Praxiteles' Venus."—(Idem.)

"Little Toe of the Colossus of Rhodes."—(Mr. M'Adam.)

"Stone thrown at the head of Peter the Great."

"Another (*doubtful*), with marks of collision."—(Strange to say, this apocryphal pebble fetched twice as much as the real Simon *Peter*!)

"Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pouch."—(Duke of S.)

"Cloak which Sir Walter gallantly threw on a plashy spot of ground that Queen Elizabeth might walk drily over it."—(Count D'O.)

"An unique Series of Turnpike-tickets, collected and arranged by the late Mr. Richard Turpin."—(Dr. Cotton.)

"Apple (preserved) which falling led Sir Isaac Newton to discover the Laws of Gravity."*—(John Liston, Esq.)

"One of Chatterton's two Shirts—the best—

* Many of these imaginary lots may seem too ridiculous even for the frolicsomeness of fiction, but as ridiculous things

with a Guide into it.—*From the Strawberry Hill Collection.*”—(Geographical Society.)

“Cancelled Pages in the first Edition of Joe Miller’s Jests.”—(Methought this not undesirable lot (to certain wits whom it would be invidious to mention) was about to be knocked down to *me* at twenty guineas, (what could *I* do with it?) when I protested I did not nod; and Georgione appealed to the company whether I did not, and snore too. Ultimately he took Mr. Hook’s bidding, which amazed me: for he, of all men, methought could so little want a set of jokes not good enough, or too bad, for Joe Miller, that the very perturbation which such extravagance in an author put me in waked me. Giving a yawn, and a stretch out of my legs, the tavern dog, who had crouched at my feet, gave a yelp as though I had hurt him. In the confused state of my faculties, between sleeping and waking, confounding dog with man, I cried “Poor Bully Dawson!” and composing myself, slept again.)

This strange collection of antiquities being disposed of, and the brilliant bidders departed, Mr. have been offered at auctions, and bought too, “and that highly.” In the *Morning Herald* of June 19, 1838, is this paragraph:—“One of Newton’s teeth was sold in 1815 to Lord S. for seven hundred pounds!!”—a pretty round sum to give for a philosopher’s tooth; but if it was his *wisdom-tooth*, as it is called, and it could confer some of his intelligence upon his lordship, it was cheap at the money.

Georgione took another long sip at his sherry and water, adjusted his spectacles, and resumed the sale of the modern pictures of old masters, and the disposal of things in general.

"*A bundle of Fishing-rods*" were no sooner handed up than they took it into their collected heads to dissolve partnership; and in a moment I beheld the sylvan shores of the River Myddelton dotted along with two lines of large and little "Complete Anglers," each one with a book in one hand and a rod in the other, (like the effigies of Mr. Dilworth,) in most ridiculous attitudes of the patience and perseverance you must exert in doing nothing.

"*Six bottles of Sauce*" turned in a jiffy into half-a-dozen bad boys, whose impudence to the next lot,

"*Denner's old Woman*," was past bearing, as she seemed to be.

"*Landscape on panel.—Houbraken.*" — (The panel being split in two, "How broken!" exclaimed one wag: "How broken?" inquired another.)

"*A House on Fire—Vander Pool*," was put out, in a way that would have puzzled the Sun Fire Office, by

"*A Woman milking a Cow.*"

"*A Dutch Fair—Teniers*," was transformed into a favourable specimen of a Dutch beauty,

“direct from Amsterdam,”—squat, low in the waist, clouted-headed, wooden-shoed, and encompassed roundabout with as many coats as a Dutch onion; and, what with her chafing-dish and short pipe, as smoky as her native hollands, but not so *spirituel*.

“*Portraits of Bonaparte and Bernadotte, a pair*,” somehow got associated in my fancy with the next lot,—

“*A Hawk and Sparrow*,”—till I could hardly tell which was which.

“*A Cymbeline flute*”—a sort of monster in music—a horse-load of hurdy-gurdy—being put up, no one would bid for it till the old woman (a “foreign importation,”) was put up with it as one indivisible lot. She had been standing all night at the door crying her eyes out at her bereavement in that “unredeemed pledge;” but being brought into the room—her tears tenderly dried up—and a bottle of Cologne-water thrown over her—she was introduced, with all possible respect for her Savoy susceptibility, by Mr. Georgione himself, and then delicately handed round the board by the porters. After a severe competition, the whole lot was going for twenty pounds, when methought a trap in the floor suddenly opened, and the ghostly head of that great antiquary, Dr. Kitchiner, cried “Guineas!”—the hammer descended with a loud thwack, like the single knock in Don Juan—“Yours!”

said Mr. Georgione with a bow—the ghostly doctor came “down with his dust”—grasped his bargain—disappeared—politely pulled the trap-door after him—and neither hurdy-gurdy nor old woman have been seen about town since !

“*A Merino Shawl*” was no sooner put up than it jumped down, and ran about the room on trotters, which I could hear beating the boards, bleating for its dam.

“*A chased gold seal and chain*” were, by a chain of consecutive circumstances which I have not time to link together, seen scampering through St. Martin’s Court, with a dark, whiskery, long-locked, wild-looking person—quite a Cranbourne Alley Corsair—in chase after them, crying “Stop thief!” which seemed to set them scampering all the faster ; and they got clean off.

“*A Cherub carved in oak*” was no sooner laid on the table, than methought I was horrified by the profanity of a gourmand near me, who begged to be helped to the wings and a bit of the breast. I expected next to hear him ask for the merry-thought.

“*A large Bench Vice*” and “*Superior small Vice*” were the next lots. I was curious to learn how, in morals, one vice could be superior to another. The “superior small Vice” turned out to be the assumed superiority of an egotistical small man of genius over a modest great one.

"The large Bench Vice" was a judge politically corrupted.

"*Two hundred and thirty Balls, various sizes,*" in the hands of two hundred and thirty boys of *ditto*, began flying about the rooms in all sorts of directions, breaking windows in *ditto, ditto*. The place was in danger of becoming a bear-garden, or a certain house during a party division, when, fortunately, the following lot,—

"*Twenty copies of Dilworth,*" so scared the whole two hundred and thirty boys, that, with a cry of "School's up!" they took to their happy heels, and order was restored.

"*A box of Toys,*" when opened, turned out to be an assortment of such trifles as children of the largest growth amuse themselves withal: such as the love of power, place, a seat in Parliament, a Sunday Bill, a blue ribbon, a star, a garter for one leg, (not a pair, which might be useful,) a grand cross, a sword, a feather, a regiment, a pair of colours, a troop of horse, a cab and tiger, an opera glass, love of fame, a fashionable novel, a reputation for wit, a showy horse thirteen hands high, a French figurante, and "other saleable effects." Methought they were all knocked down for a large sum to a nobleman just arrived at the years of discretion.

"*The Every-Day Book,*" being put up, turned into the "Tutor's Assistant," and, torn and dog's-

eared, with one cover wanting, was seen "creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school," amusing itself as it went by flapping down flies from the wall.

"*A pair of Turkish slippers*" presented to my quirkish fancy that immovable (not wandering) Jew dealer and chapman of Cheapside, the yellow-tinctured Turkey-rhubarb-merchant, who has dispensed that mild medicine there during so many years, that his rhubarb (like Sterne's iron) seems to have entered into his soul—his head looks like a large lump of it—and one glance at his face is a dose.

"*A small silver Waiter*," taking the aspect of the waiter where I was reposing, kept hanging about the box in hopes that I would give him the silver fourpence he had given me in change; but I taught his avarice a moral lesson by giving him only the odd coppers.

"*Twelve Walking-canes*," being mounted, went strutting away, before they were knocked down, with as many puss-gentlemen-like persons, affecting no mean airs of consequence as they "walked the town awhile, numbering no intellects."

"*Twenty pieces of choice Music*" all at once struck up such a confounded Dutch medley as would have driven, not "drawn, three souls out of one" Weber. The company was plainly getting into confusion, when

"*A handsome pair of Snuffers*" were introduced, and who should they be but Count D'O. and Mr. Liston, exchanging pinches of Pontet's Paris, with such profound motions, and "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," that the company were ravished with wonder and astonishment; and

"*Chesterfield's Letters*" being offered for sale, there was an universal indifference shown to such a superannuated teacher of old-school notions of *politesse*, and no biddings.

"*A set of Teeth in a red Morocco case*" perplexed me in my dream more than all the lots together. Methought I watched their doings with much curiosity; and while they were engaged in the discussion of an "Epigram of chicken cutlets," it was with indignation that I observed their ill-concealed indifference to so elegant a repast. They went through their task, not as a labour of love, and as though they relished their pleasing employment, but as a labour of duty, in which they felt no interest—performing their office, but how?—in how slovenly and inartificial a manner! How would a real, right-earnest, natural set of teeth have enjoyed and thought nothing of their labour in masticating so delicate a meal! But I was still more disgusted when, a little while afterwards, I saw these impostors of teeth taking great pains to exhibit their whiteness in the most conspicuous box in the dress circle of a theatre; and I

felt an irresistible impulse to expose these "unreal mockeries" when I saw them carrying away a dowager countess by a *coup de théâtre*, and, by the force of their pearly pretensions, wait upon her to her carriage—hand her in—and get themselves invited home to a *petit souper*, though there were two Irish captains unattached; a *roué* lord, who wanted her fortune to set him again on his (black) legs; a sporting colonel, whose betting-book could not be cleared at Tattersall's for lack of ready money; a poor poet, who only wanted the patronage of a countess to make him a proud one; a fortuneless younger son, of good family; two divines, and a young barrister—all with good natural teeth in their heads, who would have been only too happy to pay the faded old beauty the attentions of disengaged gentlemen. But this "Set of Teeth in a red Morocco case" carried the day and the countess hollow!

"*A pair of cut Lustres*," being put up, assumed the changeful countenances of a couple of antiquated beauties, formerly toasts of the town, and though "forsaken, still faithful" to themselves—still trying their best blandishments to sparkle to the last.

"*Ten pairs of stout Hose*" were then put up, and in a moment walked out of the room with ten pairs of stout legs in them—astonishingly stout

legs!—legs of Irish-chairman capacity!—such legs as Dr. Maginn, if he had to describe them, (thinking all the while of Guinness's beer,) would term “best Dublin stout!”

“*The Village Politicians*” and “*The Tempting Present*,” a pair of prints, were no sooner exhibited than I beheld the old bribery and corruption at their dirty work again, notwithstanding the pretended new purification of the old purity of election, and “the great cry and little wool” of the Reform Bill.

“*The Seven Virtues*,” again “*after Reynolds*,” methought made a lively chase of it, running extremely well for superannuated ladies: but they could not overtake the great President, he was so fugitive; and he got clean off, with “colours flying.”

“*Various Portraits—mostly proofs*”—(“Of the excessive vanity of the originals!” methought I heard a crusty old connoisseur mutter in a corner)—were sold for a song, for people have got tired of the heads of the nobodies.

“*Modern Maps, all different*,” being put up, methought I heard the same old cynic remark that, “For his part, he had never found any two that agreed.”

“*Watson's Apology for the Bible and a Counterpane*,” were then put up in one lot, and caused

some merriment at the coincidence : for the reader will remember that the worthy bishop wrote his Apology to counterpane or quilt Tom Paine.

"A pair of Silver Spectacles" were speedily metamorphosed into Messrs. H—— and B——, dealers in foreign coin, *done* by a foreign smasher in an exchange of good English gold for bad German silver, and now rubbing their eyes, which never before had deceived them, and now the silver, which made matters worse.

"A View of Somerset House—Turner," was no sooner upon the easel, than, horrible to relate, it shewed signs of wishing to make one in the modern movement; and suddenly throwing a summerset, tumbled the Royal Academicians out of its windows, works and all, to the amusement of Mr. Haydon, who, like the little dog in the old Nursery tale, "laughed to see the sport."

"A Harlequin's Dress and Sword" were put up and knocked down to John Bologna, who had no sooner got hold of his old wonder-worker than he began his old tricks, and with one smart slap of his lath everything, animate and inanimate, was set in motion, as though touched by the tarantula. Such a scene then ensued as it would puzzle the comic genius of Cruikshank to paint, and Boz, Hook, Hood, or any other wags, to describe. *"A whole-length Portrait"* of Queen Bess stepped down from a fine old frame, and took the part of

Columbine at short notice, hoping for the usual indulgence; Lord Burleigh undertook to play *Pantaloön*, to please his royal mistress and master; Essex, with his head off, played the *Lover*; the contemporary King of France the part of *Pierrot*; and that old Joe Grimaldi among kings, James the Sixth of Scotland, undertook the part of *Clown*, (not his first, nor last appearance,) and was irresistibly greedy, tricky, stupid, whimsical, cowardly, and comical. The fun soon grew fast and furious. Never was auction-room so full of entertainment. All was motion, mad prank, uproar, row, flip, flap, slip, slap, quirk, jerk, whirl, twirl, din, spin, jumble, tumble, hurly burly, helter skelter, roley poley, rolick, frolick, jump, thump, contusion, and confusion. The Virgin Queen seemed to take a very large *Little Pickle* delight in the fun, which beat hollow all the entertainments given at the bear-garden on Bankside; and even "*The Globe*" of that same ilk, with the humours of *Sir John Falstaff* in love, were lightly rated when compared with the humours of this unlicensed theatre in Leicester Square—a name still dear to her. It was gratifying to observe that, notwithstanding her majesty danced in high-heeled shoes, and wore a heavy dress of silver tissue, she went through the gaieties of *Columbine* with remarkable grace, and entered with all her old gusto into the spirit of the scene. All the slaps, flaps, huffs, and cuffs falling

to the share of the *Clown* during the pantomime were not given by the sword of *Harlequin* only, but were partly bestowed, of her own free grace and pleasure, by the hand of Madame *Columbine*, who could not forget that she was still Elizabeth. If loutish Jamie roared at being pinched, it was the loving nip of her royal finger and thumb which made him so diverting. If the theatre rang with a box on his ear, it was her royal hand which dealt his lug the blow. Jamie bore all her humours pleasantly. Coquettish as usual, the "fair Virgin throned in the West" fell at last in love with Liston as *Bottom*; and right lovingly played with his ears, and fondled him, and patted his hairy cheeks so tenderly, that *Bottom* began braying "a soft song about love." Whereupon medreamed *Harlequin* grew jealous; and Essex, as the *Lover*, hung his head, not as lovers do, sheepishly, but as sheeps'-heads are hung on butchers' hooks; and was sadly walking off the stage, when *Harlequin* translated a calf's-head from a tray, and with a slap of his wooden sword stuck it on his shoulders, which caused a deal of merriment at the time.

The opening scenes of this pantomime-extraordinary being gone through thus creditably, when the unrehearsed company and piece are considered, there was all at once a pause in the vivacity of the

performance, which, as the Genius of pantomime abhors a vacuum, was filled up by

"*A dumb Waiter*" giving out the three first verses of "Tippitywitchet," and singing them in imitation of Grimaldi: which so mightily tickled Bess, that she could hardly contain herself "for affection." This was followed by

"*A pair of Tongs*" dancing a *pas seul*; and I must say that they poised themselves on one leg and lifted up the other quite as high as (and much more decently than) the crack Opera-dancers of these days, to her Majesty's admiration, who seriously declared it was Gad's mercy they were not split up by such ungainly evolutions.

"*Two old-fashioned Elbow-Chairs*" next undertook to dance a *pas de deux*, which they performed in a very lively manner for a couple of crazy old creatures such as they were; and it was diverting to witness the vanity of the old frumps, who seemed mightily proud of the fashion of their legs.

"*A hooped Petticoat*" then went very gracefully through a minuet with an old-fashioned

"*Court Suit, diamond-hilted Sword, and Bagwig*," which handsomely, in the spirit of that old gallantry for ever gone, stepped forward to do honour to their partner in the dance.

"*Half-a-dozen Rummers*" then favoured the

company with a comic dance ; but in cutting some mad capers they capsized one another, and when they were picked up they were cracked, every one of them. The rest of the incidental *corps de ballet* were not unfitly represented by sundry spits, pokers, fire-shovels, a pair of "*Models of Spinning-Jennies*," and "*Another Dozen of Walking-Sticks*."

At this interesting moment medreamed that Mr. Georgione, impatient of the delay of business, called for "Order at that end of the room!" John Bologna immediately took the hint and a flying leap at the same time through an open window ; Queen Bess, as in duty bound, bounded after him, and, I must say, was not so careful of her person as became a "virgin queen;" Burleigh, after much pondering, and many shakings of his head, followed his flighty mistress, and did not seem to throw, but bow himself out of the window ; Essex flung his head before him, and then went tumbling after ; daft Jamie tried the leap, and stuck in it, as usual ; the King of France walked up to the window, and then walked back again, (a feat for which kings of France have been famous,) but, at last, took the leap ; and the principal dancers followed. The noise they made, or I made, I know not which, roused the waiter at Slaughter's, who had been sitting up for me, and, waking, thought it was high time to awaken

me, which he did with a gentle shaking of my shoulders—an assurance that the bar was closed, of itself enough to rouse the dead—and I was the last gentleman. I gave a yawn, a sleepy shiver, and a stare, and shook myself: when lo! this wild and wonderful “*Sale of Miscellaneous Property*” was all delusion, and a dream!

MR. HIPPY ON MODERN MEN AND MANNERS.

“ ——— He is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.”

Shakspeare.

My crotchety friend for many, many years, the late Mr. Hippy, (a beau in early life, a “ dismissed bachelor” at forty, and therefore just the man likely to look with a sour face on things which were young to him whilst he was growing old,) in one of his amusing fits of spleen—for they were so to his familiars—said, severely, that “ The men and the manners of this day,” (this day thirty years ago, or thereabouts!) “ like the ticketed trinketry in Jew jewellers’ shops, were all gold and glitter without and all lead and lustrelessness within.” It was a hard sentence—especially to remember: but this mildest of men would sometimes sacrifice his love of justice to his love of once in a way knocking down men and things in the mass with a damnable dogma.

My fractious friend was, at this time, a humorous

philosopher of fifty-five, under or over; and, barring a mild bout of gout once in every two years, and a fit of hypochondria as regularly as the March winds began to blow, was a hearty and agreeable old boy enough, though as brimfull of whims and whimsies as the spoiled child of old people.

Mr. Hippley (*Hippy* with his friends, for shortness) was descended from an old family, not a little proud of its origin, (I forget where,) its antiquity, (a great way back, too far to go back,) and the gentle blood which had flowed in the veins of a pretty prolific progeny; and after flowing hither and thither, almost "at its own sweet will," abroad and at home, had recoiled to its original "well-head of English undefiled," and was at this time sunk in the single existence of my whimsical old friend. He was the last of the Hippleys. His grandfather—a man about town in the time of Addison—had the honour of being one of the train of that peerless essayist and poor secretary of state. He was one of Button's men, where he was a listener, and a wit himself at Will's; and used to boast that he had lent Dick Steele many a guinea, which Dick forgot, and he never remembered till it was too late. He loved poor Dick, he always said, and admired Addison. The distinction did him honour. From this grandfather came no few of my friend's pre-

judices, which were his only as appertaining to his family; and having inherited them with his grandfather's humour, his father's humours, (whence his gout,) and his grandmother's estate, (a small one, but large enough for him,) if he had married, as he wished to do, I fancy he would as faithfully have transmitted them to *his* generation, if he had been so blessed. But Miss Euphemia somebody, a great beauty and flirt, sentenced him to single life for life; and, as is not uncommon with men of warm temperament when damped and impeded in their "intended wing," his singleness gradually sank into singularity.

It was in the club of cozy, close old fellows of whom I have made mention in another place, calling themselves in congregation "The Old Boys," among whom Hippy was the coziest and blithest of old boys, that I picked up my unaccountable, accountable old friend. And it was among them that *he* picked up one of his most important companions, so far as that companion's self-importance went. This was Master Stephen Spiffle — a man in independent circumstances, (and he took care to let everybody know that best recommendation of him;) and a most particular little villain, as his clubfellows called him, he was. Spiffle—(he is gone to his account, and has left no friend or relative to whom my speaking the truth can be painful: so I shall say the worst and

the best of him, without mincing the matter)—Spiffle was my quaint, queer old friend's great admirer—behind his back, where he would praise, approve, applaud, and glory in him; but before his face he was ever his antagonist, as far as he could be so with safety to himself—his most questionable friend, and apparent foe; and as strange a compound of contending qualities (in so far he resembled Hippy) as one would expect to meet in a medium-sized man. These discrepancies in their characters were, I imagine, the affinities which bound each to each in jarring, jangling unity, (as Mr. Wordsworth somewhere does *not* say,) and made them content to jog on together, like the twins of Siam, jolting and jarring, agreeing and disagreeing twenty times a day—wishing with all their hearts they were disunited, yet fearing that the knife which cut their loves in two would cut their lives in as many parts. Steevy, as he called him, was the refractory Siamese double of himself, and for a dissolution of the partnership. Ten times a week, during ten long years of trial, would he swear never to speak again to his quiet friend; and as often was he heartily unhappy till he was again dogging his heels, and barking at them or biting them as usual. All which annoyances would his friend most martyr-like endure, murmuring not. If he sometimes turned on him, and growled, and shook his mane, and lashed his

tail, and showed his claws in anger at him, till he scared him into good behaviour and a greater distance from him, in the next minute he wore his more gracious aspect, and by playful gestures and a gentler roar invited him to sport with him, and fear nothing. I can only liken little Spiffle to the lapdog which the lion in the Tower took under his patronage, and made his companion, and which presumed sometimes to snap and snarl at its great friend, and beard him in his den. But of Mr. Spiffle, and his sayings and doings and daily goings-on with his condescending companion, I have related many anecdotes in another place. Having given there the principal particulars of the life and last hours of my worthy, whimsical old friend, (I hope he is happy now!) I shall do no more here, in this *post-mortem* recollection of one of his longest dogmas, than give such traits of his manner of thinking as I can recall, just as they come to memory.

It was in this club, (consisting mostly of old men learned in the law of attorneyship, a few literary men, a half-pay or two, and some old cits who had made their money and made up their minds to enjoy themselves during the rest of their days,) which, under pretence of meeting socially three times a-week to take a beefsteak and pint of port, took and partook of everything in season, faring sumptuously and drinking largely, that my

friend Hippy would sometimes hold forth by the hour to listening lawyers, who thought him eloquent, and rapped down his good things with bowls of spoons, tobacco-stoppers, and punch-glasses, which too often lost their "unsteadfast footing" in this facetious fray. Indeed, one of the signs that Hippy had been very happy on any occasion was this item in the bill when the reckoning was called:—

"To broken glasses (at cost price) . . . 9s. 0d."

or some such sum, for which there was "a whip" of so much all round, which niggardly little Spiffle always called "A castigation for so much folly at so much *per* fool;" and always paid last, and grudgingly; and three times out of six hadn't a sixpence. "Take for two fools," said Hippy, and threw down a shilling, on such occasions: yet still Spiffle went on nagging, till he was silenced by cries of "Shame!"

I always liked to meet my friend in one of his dogmatic moods of mind on men and things, for he was then infinitely amusing; and though, in his *ad captandum* way of thinking, he as often jumped from right premises to wrong conclusions as from wrong to right, make him this allowance, and now and then blow away the husks from the grain of his threshing, and it would go hard if you did not gather up something to reward your labour. Like most masters in the dogmatic school, he was as

impatient of assent as dissent; and therefore I seldom went beyond nodding a "Yes" where I agreed with him, and left him to see that I differed and said "No to that" by a quick, sharp shake of the head. As we often dined together in this club, I noticed that the tone of his mind was much influenced by the goodness of his dinner: if that was satisfactory, his discourse was pleasing and kindly; but if the fish was under-boiled, or the sirloin over-roasted, his manner was cross-grained, singular, and severe, and his matter as indigestible as his beef, from being overdone. The salmon and shrimp-sauce, or else the saddle of mutton, was not to his mind on this occasion: for, after the cloth was cleared, and clean glasses and his pint of port and pipe put on the table, thus the old man eloquent ran on, some mere remark of mine leading him to the subject:—

"You spoke of manners, Sir? Yes, Sir, manners. 'Manners make the man.' Manners are not what they were, nor what they should be. But every age, half age, and quarter age has its own notions on such matters, which the next age either laughs at, as only good for our grandmothers; or studies, as new natural philosophers look into the systems of schools broke up for an eternal holiday, and the scholars gone home—not to return—not 'to make haste back'—only to set

off their new nonsense with nonsense the worse for wear.

‘To paint the living Manners as they rise’

is no high task, nor hard, now that they are at so low a mark. The Domestic Manners—the hearth and home manners—the good pride and true glory of England—still live, but among one class of its many classes only,—the middle men, the merchants and tiptop tradesmen: that is, where the sober, serious business of life, the duties they were sent here to do—and not the showy, surfacy side of things superficial, which no men were sent here to do—is attended to as ‘the one thing needful.’ These manners are unknown in France since the days of the Sevignés, Bossys, and Du Deffands. The out-of-doors manners, which had at least the look of being agreeable, however artificial, are deteriorated both there and here, till hardly anything is left but this thin, seen-through superfice, which cannot conceal the want there is of that something within ‘which passes show.’ But, if the gay and pleasurable manners are gone out, improved manners in middle and common life are certainly coming in. Fifty years ago, no man would have hoped to see the change there is in the characters of these classes, which constitute the bulk of society: for the might and majesty of an

army is not in its officers, but its men—not in the showy few who step out in front of the line, but the substantial many who stand their ground. It is the upper class—the star-and-garter class—which is lowering a little—not much—in grade on the scale of quality, and shows a downward tendency. My Lord Byron said of the men of his rank that the white hand was the last mark left to them of their ancient distinctions. Pooh! I could have produced the noble poet, in the hour when he said so, as many shopmen as there are lords, and not pick them, from Flint's or Morrison's, with hands

‘White as hers who goes the Sun before?’

He might as truly have said that taking snuff with an air and a diamond-ring is the only habit remaining of the iron age of Chivalry; or that the thin, washy, slipslop talk of fashionable *soirées* is the table-talk of the Shaksperes, Seldens, Miltons, Ben Jonsons, ay, and even Sam Johnsons, of by-gone days. If his lordship had said that their lamentable lack of sympathy with the wants of universal mankind, and their hanging-back and dropping into the rear, instead of leading the vanguard, in the modern march of mind, (too quick a step for them,) were the marks by which you should know them from Wilkins with the white hand or Tomkins with the taper fingers; and that

they had now better go learn of those poor inferiors whom they once taught, and did not instruct well, he had been nearer the mark.

“It is in what is called ‘fashionable life’ that the decline of good old manners and good old modes of right-thinking is remarkable. A mere man of fashion, in all ages, was but the ‘fool of quality’—a butterfly-man, delicate even in its dust—an agreeably gay, glittering thing—a sparkle that pleased whilst it sparkled: like the glowworm’s ‘ineffectual fire,’ if it did not warm it shone. What is a modern man of fashion? Negatives only could describe him. Among modern dandies, where are your Airys, Wildairs, Valentines, Mirabels, Flutters, Archers, Rangers, or any other of the sparkling spirits, sad dogs though they were, of the old age of Gallantry—which should rather be called its youth: for gallantry now, like my Lord Ogleby, the last of the race, is an infirm old gentleman with a mortgaged estate, two gouty fits per annum, no pocket-boroughs, and a hecking cough in winter weather. In the age of which these gay creatures of comedy were the representatives, Beauty had her proper homage, and was worshipped for herself—for what she was worth in charms, not dirty acres. Manners and men have changed since then. Wit, Gallantry, Gaiety, and with them genteel Comedy, have walked off the stage of life and life’s mimic stage, and are gone to

'the tomb of all the Capulets,' (including Mercutio;) and if their voices are heard lingering about the halls and walls of their old haunts, it is in sounds as sad as ancient Memnon breathes at the gray close of day.

"Wit and polish were lost to the world of fashion when the fine gentleman laid down the dress-sword. When our men of breeding looked scrupulously to the polish and the point of the one, they had an eye also to the point and polish of the other. A gentleman's wit, like his weapon, was drawn in a moment in a fierce encounter of wits: ever well-tempered, it was brilliant at a parry, and harmless at a thrust. And it may, I think, be mooted, whether his sense of honour was not more acute, and his resentment of its disparagement more immediate, than your modern fine gentleman's. The arbiter of all disputes was at his side, and would not allow time for evasion and slow explanations of sudden injuries by long letters and intervening friends; and consequently, where none of these loopholes were left open for cowardice to creep through, insults were few, because their punishment was immediate. Besides, in the use of the sword there was something graceful and more or less masterly: whilst any blackguard of our day can pull a trigger, and bring down a gentleman.

"Then, Sir, the Park was indeed a park for the

prettiest and whitest *does* and dears of beauty. Every kind Clorinda and consummate Chloë had her moving circle of satellites as they 'queened it' down the Mall, the Cleopatras of groves and courtly bowers, having each their devoted Antonies struggling to catch their smiles, and lighting up into the brilliancy of wit or the manly glow of glorious exultation as they won the smiling eye of their regard. But feet, and the true use of them, are gone out of fashion: a lady of birth has no legs now-a-days when abroad. In my young days women could walk; and then Kensington Gardens made Mahomet's heaven in comparison a poor, pitiful place of entertainment, not worth going to, and his houris mere sky-drabs and celestial cinder-wenches. Look now, Sir, at our forsaken beauties in the Parks, and at our men of fashion. The first ride in stately singleness along, attended by two humble servants with worsted shoulder-knots and clouded canes, instead of a gay *cortège* of proud slaves with gold-embroidered coats and diamond-hilted swords. They go to be seen, and they are seen, like the meteors of a minute: a few eyes glance on them that sort of admiration which asks for as much in return; and in the turning of four wheels they are gone and forgotten for the Cynthia of the following minute. The men of fashion go likewise to be seen; and that is all. They have a mare, or a coat to shew: a

leg, or the new laugh published by Sir Harry Horsemouth last week at Tattersall's. They parade dustily up and down between two rows of carriaged beauties, shut up like hothouse-flowers, indulging themselves like Richard in a chamber lined with looking-glass; and if the reflection of their own exquisite persons in the passing mirror of some lovely eye pleases them, and they have won the usual number of gentle glances, they go away well-satisfied to their club; and their morning, which begins at three in the afternoon and lasts till seven, has been passed in a *demmed* delightful *mannaw*!—And the ladies, poor things, having seen and been seen by the public, and spoken to by that dear witty creature, Viscount Onepun, drive home to dress and dine; and in the evening (for our modern fine people have no afternoons) they walk very gracefully through their parts in the same senseless round at Lady Crambeaux's *soirée*; and then their day, which ends at daylight next morning, is done!

“In the good old times, Sir, our theatres were like hot-houses, where the young Sir Harry Wildairs were forced into a precocious earliness of wit and half-harmless wildness; and perhaps, had the female performer of that sparkling specimen of the man of fashion failed to appear in the part on any evening, you might have picked out a hundred substitutes from the pit, who would have played it

with an off-hand matter and manner which would have made the absence of gay Mistress Margaret Woffington but as the clouding of one star when thousands as bright were in full beam. Look into our theatres now. Is there any one you would take for a wit in the boxes; or could you find a Wildair in the pit? No man of fashion goes to the latter; and in the former you should not, by any Promethean or chemic art, extract more wit than would fumble for its brains in an epigram. Quiet, voiceless, and laughless, the man of fashion sits in the circle, and winks and blinks at what is passing, but which he can barely see, it is so remote; or hear, for the same reason. He is too isolated to enjoy a laugh, if he could find matter for mirth; and too much bound down by fashionable restraints to be a natural man, and let his heart and mind have their free play. He must not be what he would like to be. It would be almost forfeiture of *caste* to be seen applauding the Keans and Kembles of our stage—men worthy of the time of Shakspeare. True, our theatres are wildernesses, in which wit can be heard well only through an ear-trumpet, and beauty seen only through a telescope: but were they smaller, they would still be deserted by that class who are the proper supporters of the national stage, and whom it should most amuse, if not amend.

“The taverns and coffee-houses were, in good old times, the haunts of wit, character, humour, and good breeding. ‘A man of wit about town’ was a true description of a true gentleman: a man of fortune without wit had better not have been born. If our men of fortune now were compelled to live by their ‘five wits,’ they would have but a ‘beggarly *denier*’ for their income. It was some compensation, then, for the accident of being born a gentleman, that his rank in life privileged him to move in the orbits of the great intellectual stars, and to gain by reflection some portion of their ‘excess of light.’ The wits did not feel themselves patronized by the presence of rank, but rather patronized it; and rank itself was conscious that nobility of mind was a higher order of nobility than kings could create. The young men of fortune swarmed around the men of genius of the day as the bees hovered about the mouth of old Menander, for there they knew the honey of mind abounded. It is doubtful now, if the men of wit of our day could be brought back again to clubs and coffee-houses, whether they would be troubled with the living race of ‘fine gentlemen,’ and endure their fluttering about the light of their knowledge like so many amazed moths and belated butterflies.

“Sir, who that lives in these degenerate times would not prefer to have lived in the days when

Shakspeare and Jonson fought what old Fuller calls their 'wit-combats' at the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, or at the renowned Boar's Head in East Cheap? Jonson, 'like a Spanish great galleon, solid but slow in his performances;' Shakspeare, 'like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, that could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention'?—Who that now muddles away his mornings at White's would not rather have dropped in at the Mermaid in Cornhill, where the quaint and humorous Ben, forgetting all rivals and rivalry, kept his 'tobacco boys' and table-roisterers about him as long as life would let him, trolling at intervals his fine old rough-flavoured songs over a tongue sweetened and smoothed with Canary?—Then

' what things were not seen
And done at the Mermaid? Hard words that were
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past—wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled—and when that was gone,
An air was left behind them, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty, though but downright fools.'

But these 'brave doings' are done: for though we

have thousands who 'put their whole wit' in one jest, and live fools the rest of their lives, we have no Shaksperes, Jonsons, nor Beaumonts clubbing the wealth of their wits in a joint-stock company to make the table roar, and cancel the common folly of the City for a month. The only brilliant things which our taverns can now produce are bright glasses and highly-polished tables. When again shall we see another Dryden sitting enthroned, as it were, in his arm-chair at any modern Button's?—when see a man of wit idling about a coffee-house door, as Steele is said to have done, 'jerking his sword and his leg alternately against the pavement'?—where find Congreves, Farquhars, and Addisons with their circle of sparkling eyes and instructed hearts about them?—when again see another Kit-Cat Club, that fine common-wealth of wits?—Never! We could not now get up the head to such a body, much less the component members. It is true we have clubs; but what are they, and what are the recreations of their members? Look in at one of them, and what do you behold? Twenty or thirty well-dressed men dispersed about at twenty or thirty tables—'all silent and all d——d.' No wit, no talk even, and no more communion than that which mere good-breeding compels. If on any occasion you catch two or three of them in a cluster, it is when a sudden shower brings them at one time to the same

window, to learn whether they have a chance of escaping from the dulness they endure to some dulness they have yet to endure. And this is what they call society ! It is : the society of a menagerie, where each animal has its own cage, its own appetites, its own habits, and its own selfish and solitary feelings and existence.

“ In the old clubs, where congregated our grandfathers, the more intimate mingling of minds and contact of one wit with another might give rise to collisions and jealous jarrings ; but, in a much greater degree, they cemented warm socialities, long friendships, and lasting pleasures. They served to keep the various talents of the age on the full stretch, as one racer is self-spurred on to outstrip his competitors by seeing them straining along by his side. If they quarrelled, all was open beard-to-beard warfare, above-board, honest, and half-harmless in its results : wit warred with wit, and yet wounded not : they would not launch a venomous pen (like the poisoned dart of a skulking savage) at lives which they could destroy, but not disgrace ; nor would they silence the timid voice of genius with horse-laughs, till it died in its breast like ‘ the broke heart of a nightingale o’ercome in music.’

“ Sir, the causes of this ‘ most accursed effect’ are selfishness, unsociality, pride, and want of sympathy with the world. It is much professed

for the aggregate mass of man, but it is little felt for individuals and small communities. The man of genius now is as isolated as any one of the statues standing enriched in our ancient halls and abbeys: or, if he has a circle about him, they are lesser lights, and go out with his setting. This gives that coldness and solitariness, that abstraction and exclusiveness to some of our best living writers, which lowers the value of their labours; and to others it gives that malignity and repulsiveness which make both their works and lives worthless. This renders the hermits of literature who cry out in the wilderness as sensitive as spiders: touch but one line of their webs, and down they dart, all alive with venom. Even the most moderate of our writers will anonymously publish what few men would dare to fling personally in their opponents' faces without being banished from good society.

“ But I have wandered wide of my mark. To account for the state of what are called the manners of fashionable life, it may be said, and safely said, that the old heads and inactive limbs of the aristocracy have not kept pace with the march of the common mind, which is a quick-step, not a funeral measure; and they are seen halting behind like the incapables—the wounded and worn-out, the old women and sutlers—of a large, onward-spreading army, young, energetic, and

irresistible in its might and majesty. When I say that they are behind the age I think so, because I hear them say, and see them not ashamed to say things, which if an old woman vented them would be derided; but, coming from these starred and gartered great ones, they are heard with outward respect, however inwardly despised. I do not forget that in the ranks of aristocracy slavery found its last and most resolute defenders; and that any measure which tended to ameliorate the condition of its wretched victims, or gradually to abolish that worst abomination which earth has yet to answer for to heaven, was last opposed by them: among these great ones stood the unbelievers in this atonement. I have no patience with such dogged determination, such resolute standing up for what was always wrong, and never can be right. The blind errors of poor men are to be pitied and passed by; but the mistakes of men in high places are not to be borne so patiently. He who claims by his rank to be in front of his fellow-men should be in advance of them, and leading them on, not behind them, and pulling them back, or dissuading them from going on when they are in the right road to regeneration. The errors of men in low stations in life hurt only their own single interests: the errors of men in high places affect the interests of millions. The sooner, then, that they set to work to examine

their opinions, discard what is false, and based only on the ever-shifting sands of selfishness, and abide by what is true, and built on the eternal foundations of justice, the better it will be for them and their fellow-men. It is a solemn responsibility is their station in society; and truly noble men should feel it to be so, and bear to be reminded of its seriousness.

“ But, when I see some of these noble fathers old in errors, and still striving to perpetuate them, I do not wonder to see their sons, young in errors, educate themselves in their own way, (the masters are worthy of such pupils—the pupils of such masters,) and go on as though they had nothing else to do but gratify themselves only in this world. But they have; and, sooner or later, they will find they have. If they are foolish and frivolous, and only one in a hundred does honour to his station, where’s the wonder? What Cambridge and Oxford leave incomplete they finish for themselves; and what are they when, to use a Londonderry figure of speech, they turn themselves out of their own hands perfected? A well-born sort of nondescripts, more human than Frankenstein’s man—not so green—no, a little more intelligent, and educated. They can lisp, quizz, pat their curls, waltz, wear women’s gloves and habit-shirts and stays, and look more Miss-Molly-ish than the milliners’ girls they go Don-

Juan-izing among. What can they do for their country? Nothing. And what for mankind? No more.

"The other day, 'the go,' among the fools of fashion, was the four-in-hand go; and with four in hand and two in the crib a man may go and make his game. The Lord Charleses and Sir Harrys were, all and singular, mail-coachmen, long-stagers, horse-jockeys, groom-gentlemen, stable-keepers, horse-doctors, or horse-chaunters to look at; and, like their great originals, were gloriously arrayed in upper benjamins, shag-haired dreadnoughts, wrap-rascals, and other elegant envelopes with as elegant appellations, and were all pockets and pearl-buttons. The disguise was so good, you would never have suspected there was a gentleman under it. Charles Mathews's *Dick Cipher* was the type of this distinguished set of gentlemen-dragsmen, all off the road now. In a November night or day, then, you had some difficulty to distinguish a Right Honourable from a house-breaker, or any like professional gentleman. I remember," said Hippy, leaning back in his chair, and laughing, "in coming home from a late long rubber at whist, I had occasion to turn over a pickpocket to a watchman, as I took him to be by his upper toggery; but imagine my confusion when I found it was the young Marquis Mounthammercloth to whose charge I had committed him!—I

humbly apologized to his lordship, who bowed his acknowledgment of the honour I had done him, and good-humouredly said the offender was out of his beat.

“ And now, Sir, what are our men of fashion ? These were bad enough in their day, and the sooner it was done the better. If vulgar, there was manliness in their folly. If foolish lords and earls then thought it fine to squirt spittle through their teeth with all the skill and precision of stage-coachmen—elegant to roll down Piccadilly with their hands dipped deep into their hip-pockets, and look so unlike what they were as to be asked ‘ What the fare was to Fulham ; and when they started ? ’—if the height of their ambition was to be ‘ bang up ’ till they came bang down with a shattered coach or a shattered fortune—there was folly in such foolery, but some coachmanliness still. The foppery now fashionable is only in appearance more refined. It would be amusing to speculate on what the next folly most fashionable will be : for Vanity Fair is the longest-lived fair in the world—has many booths and most shows—must have many actors—and ‘ the stars ’ must play their pet parts ; or how honestly could the showmen blow their trumpets out of their booths and crack their cheeks with bawling ‘ The players, the players are here ! ’——But it is a

subject to grow sad upon — not angry. To return to punch."

A sour old Whig, but a hearty lover of his country and his kind, was my croaking, crotchety friend, Harty Hippesley, Gentleman! — Blessed be his memory: for, these poor reminiscences excepted, it is all that is left of him and his once numerous, humorous family!

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LIFE AND AD-
VENTURES OF A CORKSCREW OF
SOME CONSEQUENCE.

"A *gobbling* Story."—C. DICKENS.

I WAS made in Sheffield in the year 1799. My maker was an eminent cutler of that town—famous, far and wide, for things keen, whether wits or whittles. As I was no sooner turned out finished than I was sent about my business, there was no time for love or liking, and no love lost between me and my maker when we parted for ever. When the time came that I must work my own way in the world, I was packed up, with some attention to my comfort, and forwarded *per* waggon as *per* order to the universal resort of adventurers—London—the grand mart of manufacturing man and of all things manufactured. Arriving there, after a brief rest, not long enough to rust in, snap went the string which kept me a prisoner with two gross more of my steel companions, and I

was rolled out on the counter of that eminent dealer in hardware, Dirty Dick of Leadenhall-street, who was so taken with my handsome appearance, that he selected me from all the parcel to grace his windows which were never cleaned. And there, for some time, did I shew myself, till the day came when I was to have justice done to my distinguished parts.

It was on the 8th of November, 1800, when the expiring Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress think honour and title too short-lived, and hardly care to see the 9th, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress which are to be are impatient for the 9th, and think the 8th will never be gone, that a florid, portly-bellied, well-favoured, smart sort of man, in a blue coat with bright basket-buttons, neat neckcloth, nankeen smalls, and striped silk-stockings, 'picked me out of the tray in which I had so long laid neglected, as you would pick out "some bright particular star," and, after paying certain silver considerations for my future services, popped me into his pocket, and carried me into the neighbourhood of Guildhall, the very court and St. James's of the City. I was destined, it seemed, to make my first attempt at usefulness in this useful world on the morrow, or Lord Mayor's Day—a day worthy of my *début*; and I felt no little pride that so splendid an occasion had been selected for my first appearance. Meanwhile,

Mr. Glide, my patron, exhibited my parts and person to several persons as smart almost as himself, save that they wore cotton-stockings, not silk, and less hair-powder, and each one of these had a napkin under his arm, which he did not carry : from which I inferred that he was their head or superior. I noticed, too, that they all said, sharply, "Yes, Sir" to him, while he addressed them as John, William, or Richard, Jones, Smith, or Thompson, as the nominative case might be : that they bowed to him, and scraped a leg, while he stood stiff and upright, and looked at them scrutinizingly from top to toe, and was not condescending—to them.

The day, the important day, arrived in due course of time ; and, as I expected, I accompanied my lord and master to Guildhall, at the head of two hundred as dapper fellows as could be picked out of the *élite* of tavern serving-men. Glorious was the scene that awaited our *entrée*, and great the preparations for our coming. The Hall was one blaze of light : the tables groaned with gold and silver : the galleries looked as gorgeous as a tulip-bed with the beauty, fashion, flowers, and feathers of city dames and demoiselles. Dinner put on the tables, a trumpet sounded, and the founder of the feast entered, attended by such a retinue of ministers of state, lords, ladies, ambassadors, judges, aldermen, officers, and gentlemen civil and uncivil, as I thought would never end.

After short saying of grace, much flourishing of trumpets, flapping of flags and banners, flashing of arms and armour, clashing of knives and pricking of forks, the moment arrived when I was to be introduced to the presence of this great assembly, hardly less brilliant than I was at that bright epoch of my existence. Blushing with as many hues as a Damascus blade, I was suddenly seized by Mr. Glide, and in the twinkling of an eye insinuated into something, which gave way at my approach with such strange shrieks and sounds as I had never till that hour heard; but, finding itself transpierced, it resisted no more, and was easily extracted, with an exclamation—its last—like the outcry of one who has had a tooth drawn. To me the sensations I felt, though novel, were not unpleasant: for, during them, I had the first inkling of the power which I possessed. It seems that the stubborn thing I had interpenetrated was called a cork, and could not have been dislodged without my aid, it was so fortified in the fastness of a narrow-necked vessel of flint, called a bottle. A great hero of antiquity was vulnerable only in the heel: my antagonist was accessible only in the nose: tap that, and it was all over with him. So had I seen a saucy Whitechapel-bird three times provoke Dirty Dick's lad to an encounter for twopence a-side, the best "man" to have the stakes, which Tom, all unused to the boxing-

mood, three times declined ; and thrice was called a coward ere he would strike, "not being moved;" but being moved at last, by a blow in the bread-basket which hurt him, he put down the shutter he should have put up, and, tucking up his sleeves, tapped his opponent's claret so cleverly, that the saucy chap wanted no other warranty "given under his hand" that he could box a-bit ; and from that hour was civil, and let Tom alone.

Whilst I was pluming myself on my first achievement in the wars of "jolly Bacchus, god of wine," Mr. Glide very carelessly laid me down on a side-table, while he carried up with his own hands some wine *we* had drawn to the head-table, where sat the Lord Mayor, mixed up with princes of the blood, and other mighty men, all waiting to be made warm, wise, witty, eloquent, and glorious with my assistance. No sooner was my master's back turned than I was whipped up by a dexterous hand, and plunged into the pocket of as arrant a rascal as ever clapped a bottle of claret between knees which knocked together. In this dark, sly receptacle for a waiter's waifs and strays, which includes everything he can carry away, I found myself in the society of four wings of as many cold fowls, a silver snuff-box, two handkerchiefs, (variously marked and scented,) the drumstick of a turkey, a gold eyeglass, half a tongue, two salt-spoons, a brooch, a biscuit and a bit, a knee-

buckle, two bunches of grapes, several oranges, about two pounds of ham, half-a-score olives, a dozen quill-toothpicks, and other sundries—all of which had, thus early in the entertainment, been taken care of, in case they should not be inquired after. The rascal had already as much as he could carry; but, as he had not to run about, he was still looking out for more make-weights. As I lay at the top of this heterogeneous heap of fowls, felony, and filth, I thought I could hear, at the bottom and foundation of all, the faint tick-tick-ticking of a repeater, and the jangling of a chain and seals; and, “such tricks hath strong imagination,” I thought I heard and counted as many strokes as made up the hour of ten not unmusically given; but, as I was situated, I might have been mistaken.

At this time Mr. Glide returned to the side-table, and, missing me, made a loud hue and cry after me, but not one of all his men had seen me. That he thought impossible; and so did I: a corkscrew of my brilliant appearance could not have been there unseen and gone unseen away. “You might as well tell me,” said Mr. Glide indignantly, and I was proud of the comparison, “that Lord Nelson or Sir William Curtis could come and go in and out of this splendid scene, and nobody be the wiser—nobody have set eyes on either! Some of you must have seen my

screw; and I'll find out who before I dismiss you, gentlemen." But nobody had seen me: honest Jos especially looked so incapable of any knowledge of me, that a simple man would have said he had never seen a corkscrew in his life, and had not a notion what it was like.

But in the middle of these conjectures I was overwhelmed by the wing of a turkey coming down plump upon me—another stray perquisite of honest Jos's; and, not long afterwards, one of his companions, who had seen him pocket so many eatables, thinking he must want some drinkables, silyly poured the dregs of four bottles over me. Jos caught him at it, and said nothing, but watching his opportunity, slipped me into the outside pocket of Dick Dabster, who had played him the trick I have related; and then whispered Mr. Glide, that, if anybody knew where his corkscrew was, it was Dick. Mr. Glide charged him with it, bade him turn out his pockets; and there was I, sure enough, with other things he could not tell how come there, unless they came of themselves. Poor Dick, as he lay cooling his heels that night in the Poultry Compter, found out—but too late for that day's post—how dangerous it was to play with such edged tools as honest Jos Joskinham!

Glad was my good master when I was restored to him: but it was for an hour only, for honest Jos had made up his mind to have me; and when

honest Jos had made up his mind to have anything, he never disappointed himself. Again there was a cry from the head-table of "More wine!"—and once more I went through the same services, and I need not say came off with the same honour. I noticed that, as often as I was called into action, there followed a few words, which were followed by such violent vociferations as shook the very hall to its foundations. Now, whether these explosions of English lungs (ever famous for these bursts in field and hall) were meant in honour of my triumphs I had not time to learn: for honest Jos, having found the opportunity he sought, once more whipped me up and plunged me into the filthy receptacle I have before described, and I found myself sticking bolt upright in a quart of turtle-soup turned to a cold jelly. At this time the company had half departed, and, like many other instruments of great actions, my services, brilliant as they were, were forgotten as soon as accomplished. But this has been the fate of great captains as well as corkscrews; and it would be idle to complain of man's ingratitude. The moral poet has said, too truly,

"The path of glory leads but to the grave:"

mine led to a greasy pocket. But no matter.

Before I left the hall I perceived, from certain symptoms of fumbling—from the awkward manner

in which he held me—and from his sometimes clapping me side by side with the neck of the bottle when he wanted to draw its cork, that “honest Jos,” as some of the great gentlemen called him, (sarcastically, knowing him; or erroneously, not knowing him, which?) had been indulging in too many bottoms of bottles, besides tops, or those first glasses taken as tasters in decanting. He was so far gone, indeed, as impudently—certainly imprudently—to flash me in the very eyes of my lawful owner, and to use me under his very nose! But, by this time, poor Glide was so worn out with the fatigues of that great day, that, if he could see a hole through a ladder, he certainly could not see the hole in a huge wine-cooler, wide as it was: for, half an hour after, he was missed, and no one could tell what had become of him, till an alderman passing by the corner where it stood was astonished—and it takes a great deal to astonish an alderman—at hearing a wine-cooler snoring supernaturally, if anything, louder than the Lord Chancellor three hours after dinner that day. Looking closer, he was still more astonished when he saw two pair of pumps, two pair of paste-buckles, and two pair of legs in black-silk stockings, dangling as if dead over the brass hoop that rimmed the wine-cooler round. For a moment his heart misgave him, and he feared it was the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt, who had been missing early, thus hob-nobbing not

inharmoniously. Calling for assistance, some one was found sober enough at that late hour (twelve) to see and to say that there was but one, and not two, pair of legs in the wine-cooler, and that these appertained neither to the Lord Chancellor, nor to Mr. Pitt, but to simple Master Glide; and holding a candle over the cooler, there he lay, with his bald head in the middle of two bushels of ice, (for the vessel was empty of champagne,) fast asleep as in a church, and as comfortable, though his blood must have been cooled down to zero. No sooner was it bruited among the few left at table that honest Glide had been so found, than an alderman, with more humour than humanity, said, "Bring him up—bring him up! An iced waiter will be a *bung bush* indeed! Serve him up in the Wood—eh, Alderman of that name?—and don't shake him!" And poor Mister Glide was served up accordingly, in the wood or wine-cooler as he was, amidst as hearty roars of laughter as ever shook the roof of old Guildhall.

To return to my own story. I was not doomed (and I thank my fate for so ordering it!) to be the servant of such a thorough-going knave as Master Joskinham. An hour after I fell again into his clutches, having placed a bottle between his knees in position to be drawn, he stooped to introduce me for that purpose: stooping set his senses on the reel: he staggered, recovered himself, pitched

against the wall, whirled round, and finally fell on his nose and knees: the bottle rolled one way, he rolled another, and I a third, till I rolled out of sight. A worthy cit, with more wine in him than he dared to tilt by stooping, saw where I rolled, and tried to pick me up in all sorts of ingenious ways, till at last losing his equilibrium he lurched, went down head-foremost, lay side by side with honest Jos, and I escaped *his* hands.

I was finally picked up by a portly-looking person, having, unintentionally I am sure, stuck my sharp prong into the toe of his thin-soled shoe, as he was making the most of his way out of the Hall. I was not to be trod upon with impunity. Tread on a worm and it will turn, says poor Richard. He had not drunk so much but he could stoop; and, seeing that I was not more shewy than serviceable, he looked slyly round, and, no one seeing him, committed plagiarism—not for the first time, I dare say—and walked towards the door. Twice was there a hoarse cry of “Muster Deville Macaire’s carrige stops the vay!”—but it was not till the cry was repeated a third time that the portly person condescended to go to his carriage, which he did then, his self-importance being satisfied, in a highly-dignified manner—much, indeed, in the way of a peacock dancing a minuet; or Sir Theophilus Thimbleby, that gallant Merchant Tailor, treading a measure with my Lady Mayoress. It

was into the hands of Mr. Deville Macaire (better known as "Devil Maycare") that I had fallen—Macaire, the most witty and whipped of men—editor of the most scandalous work of the day,—a magazine of satire, libels, and impertinence, at which all London either laughed or winced once a month, and the editor as often: for every current number was the text and pretext for cudgelling its conductor, the libelled or laughed at deigning him no other reply. Poor Mac! The wits of the day who were not

"—— of this gentleman's way of thinking"

made themselves merry when he met with these misfortunes, and invented many a pleasant periphrase, descriptive of the man and the manipulation he underwent once a month.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound!"

He was variously called the Town-Drum, because everybody had a bang at him: the Zebra, because he was all over stripes, and was a sort of ass, after all, to bear so much beating patiently: the *tender* Devil, because there was hardly an inch of him not sore with drubbing; and the Finsbury Fields Football, because everybody had a kick at him.

I had heard of Macaire—who has not?—so much more known is a bad than a good man. Everybody seemed to know him. There was not

a blackguard about the door who was not well-acquainted with him, and had not heard of his fame and name. The ragged rascals hooted him, because he was not of their politics. Only one solitary voice hailed him, welcomed him, and wished him well. Though too long used to public (difference of) opinion to be much disconcerted by the reception he met, Macaire was indignant enough to look the whole December Number full of libels at the low fellows, as though he meant to cut them up and down, Coriolanus-wise, in "*our next*." It was hard, ill-timed, and illiberal, that he, the invited of liberal aldermen, who had been civil to him because they dreaded him, had given him a dinner to stop his mouth, paid him compliments which choked them, gorged him with the good things of Guildhall, and swilled him with champagne to keep his "swilled insolence" quiet, and with these several sops to Cerberus bribe him to be merciful with City men and manners—it *was* hard that such a guest should be so scurvily treated by the scum and sweepings of the City!

It was my ill-luck to be introduced to so remarkable a man, under such hasty circumstances, in so evil an hour, or I might have led a gay, if not glorious, life in his society: for Macaire was a man who enjoyed his bottle, or any other man's—his most of the two—and would have appreciated a corkscrew of my consequence, as it could not inter-

fere with his own. But the accidents of our fate are designed for us, without our wishes being at all consulted. Hissed and hooted as he was, and, mud being abundant and the night cold, not unlikely to be pelted, Macaire walked to his carriage (jobbed) with as much self-complacency as if he had been the idol of all metropolitan mobs, and had only to exhibit his white kids to the muddy rogues to have his hands wrung off his arms, with their rough warmth in welcoming those they like. Taking the steps deliberately one at a time, with the air of a marquis and a gentleman in no hurry to get out of the way of inferior people, he poised himself up and let himself down in his carriage (for that night only) with inimitable, indescribable ease. It was not to last. In this evil hour, among five thousand people who hated him, and not five who liked him—in this hour of insult, only a week after he had been caned, till both were tired of it, by a sporting colonel whom he had too-grossly libelled—in this unhappy hour he sat down upon me, and sprang up as suddenly as though he had just recollected that corkscrews were not campstools, and designed for sketching at your ease in King-street, Cheapside. With an oath which would have done honour to a carman, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and, taking me in the act and fact of piercing his noble thigh, he hauled me out by the bristles of my head, and

dashed me through the (jobbed) coach-window, thinking it was down, but (quite the reverse!) it was up. Making a few gyrations in the air, I fell, first, on the hat of a City constable for the day, who, to shew his consequence, looked up at a window overhead, and accused some young gentlemen of intending to insult him; when, finding what a fool I had to deal with, I slipped down his back, and alighted in the mud. At the sound of the smash Macaire had made, the mob set up a hurrah, and a cry of "There, he's a-tumbling out with hisself!" — which was responded to by another cry of "Give it him! He's got no friends worth mentioning!"—And thus ended my short acquaintance with the most witty and whipped of humorists.

I was picked up at daylight (which, in the City, during winter, varies from eight to twelve in the morning) by as hang-dog and ill-favoured a fellow as ever took notice of an area-gate being open, or a hall-door ajar. My new patron did me the honour to wipe off the London mud that sullied me; and ere that day was gone I was sold for a shilling to a sleepy-looking fellow, waiting in a night-cellar in Covent-garden. In his service I opened bottled porter, Scotch ale, ginger-beer, and other poor liquors; and had not been engaged in these humbling offices one night before I felt ashamed of myself, and looked back with regret

to the day before, when I waited on gentlemen, noblemen, and great citizens. The regular visitors of the Cellar—or Cellarites, as they called themselves *par excellence*—were mostly men of mean and dissipated appearance, who gossipped or dozed the night away over a pint bottle of porter, and, when they called the reckoning, could not pay my new master till next day—a day which went through many rehearsals before it made its appearance. These gentlemen were, however, avoided by the better part of the company as the sponges of the place, and were known by the name of the Absorbents. Unsuccessful authors, worn-out reporters, punning paragraphists, epigram-makers, drunken painters, city clerks wanting to see Life, (introduced to Death instead,) a miscellaneous assortment of strangers, with some well-known Illuminati of the age, (among others, Porson!) who made debauchery an occasional relaxation, not a habit, formed the rest and best of the company. Those who could talk most, never mind to how little purpose, were the great geniuses of any given night. Talking, not thinking, was their business. He who used the finest words buttered his parsnips best, and got them swallowed with avidity. Some of these gentlemen could not call for a clean spittoon without taking the sense of the Cellar on the motion, in a speech compounded of Journal jargon and Parliamentary com-

monplaces. If the honourable gentleman with the flowery potato rose to propose the health, in his absence, of the eloquent Mr. Mumchance; or if the honourable gentleman with the pot of porter in his hand moved the thanks of the Cellar to Mr. Glibbe for the highly-intellectual treat he had afforded them that night in his learned dissertation on the Digamma, it was, in either case, a speech of an hour's weariness and a minute's meaning—an oration filled and frothed up to overflowing with Cotton-garden and Covent-garden commonplaces. If the honourable member for Beds (who looked as if he had not been in any part of that county for a week) stood up, as well as he could, to eulogize the learned gentleman who had just sat down to a second potato and pat of butter, (and much good might they do him: might he be as flowery as the one and as unctuous as the other!) he, in reply, oiled the member for Beds (so called because he was in the habit of sleeping on bulks)—it being one of the standing orders there, that, if you lent a member your soap, he was to wash your face for you.

The principal actors in this farce were poor players with no small change, but scores of benefit-tickets, in their pockets; half-pay lieutenants, (captains by courtesy of the Cellar,) who drank more grog than full-pay could afford; scapegraces of the press and the law; and a few decayed gen-

tllemen not on good terms with the world, but on excellent with themselves. There was one old beau, in particular, ever there, go when you would, who had always been dining yesterday with "my most intimate friend" Lord A.; and was positively—he would take no denial—to dine with Lord B. to-morrow: whereas, if he dined at all, it was with the ever-hospitable Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, famous for the dinners he gave on banyan days. With these, the choice spirits of the Cellar, were mingled the usual number of idlers, stragglers, lookers-on, starers, single gentlemen with latch-keys, young men too late for their lodgings, and some few loose-livers who lodged anywhere, and, caring nothing for the company, drowsily and disgustedly looked on — had no pleasure in the humours of the scene—and only came there to pass the cold night away.

I was soon sick of these twopenny Tearmouths, sixpenny debauchees, and twelvepenny men on town, who could not call for their crust and Cheshire without ringing three bells for the bill of fare; or decide on a nip of ale without expressing their impatience at the small choice in wines the Cellar afforded:—"What, no Burgundy! No Champagne! Here's accommodation! What would Sir Harry say to *this*?"—and then they ordered their half-pint of ale. I should have been proud to return even into the despised hands of

honest Jos, who used me in the service of gentlemen who drank, like gentlemen, gentlemanly drink.* But I was not to be so fortunate: for, one Sunday night, (on which there was little or no company,) some honest gentlemen-cracksmen (as smart a set of fellows to look at as you would wish to see—at the bar of the Old Bailey) broke into the Cellar, and, carrying off, among other things, two bottles a-piece of the best, they took me with them. When I found what company I had fallen among — picklock-keys, a pocket-crowbar, a pair of pops, a Spanish knife, two centre-bits, a dark-lantern, matches, and other instruments and keys to free-admission when you pay a dead-o'-night visit where you can take that liberty—I would have given half my worm to have got the other half out of such parlous society.

Having made me an accomplice after the fact in their felony, as soon as all the corks were drawn, and the bottles thrown at till they were broken, I

* This is no overdrawn description of the company and the sayings and doings of the Cellar some forty years since. It is now a well-conducted place of resort; and there, instead of hearing vapid debates about nothing, in a style which was not meant to be *mock* parliamentary, but ridiculously rose or sank to that high or low sublime, according to the speakers, you may hear some of the best glee and madrigal singing in London, and pass a late but not unpleasant hour or two in a well-ordered company—in shoes and shirts; and now and then, if you love lions, sit at the same table with a live lord or two, who drop in quietly there to hear the singing.

was of no use to these worthy free-livers ; and, the next day, was given away to what is called "a fence," who gave me to the under-butler of one Sir Simon Scamperdown, a young man with a large fortune and little brains, as may be guessed when I name a few of his follies. He had at the time when I was introduced to the Hall under his protection, in opposite wings of the building, two Opera-house mademoiselles ; a couple of bruisers ; a celebrated runner ; two Cornish wrestlers ; the best bowler at cricket in all England ; a cockswain for his cutter ; two country fellows of great natural parts, for either one he would back for any wager to eat a leg of mutton in an hour with any man ; a dog-fighter and his hannimals ; ten female and eight male rascals whom he called servants, and truly they served themselves, and, mastering him, picked his estate daily and hourly, laughed at his madness, and made the most of it while it lasted. This was not long : for as Sir Simon kept open house and free-warren to all sorts of human vermin, and was the munificent patron of every kind of merit not meritorious, his purse failed him first, and his friends not long after. Here, indeed, while these saturnalia lasted, I was in such requisition, that I had a couple of assistants ; but they were poor creatures at their business : one was disabled in a few days, and the other broke all the corks he came near. It was amusing to see me,

who had seen good society, to hear scurvy fellows, who had once been happy and nappy with homely ale, calling for claret and champagne, and see them turn up their battered noses at such *werry low* stuff as port and sherry, as drink fit only for snobs and city people; but it was terrible to witness the scenes which ensued when these brutes had had their fill of the richest and the rarest. I drop the curtain of the dark over their depravities, and blush for mankind.

That infatuated young man, Sir Simon, was, for some months, the princeliest fellow in the world. His word was as good as his bond. His wines and his dinners were superb. His house in town was as open as if it had no doors. His castle in the country had neither moat, drawbridge, nor warder: all might enter there unbidden. His horses and hounds any one might ride and follow. His conviviality had even the parson's praise. His wit two parasitical poets thought the happiest in the world, and wished heaven had given them such brilliancy: it was the glittering of a diamond compared with the gloom of a dusthole—all the world to a squeezed orange was the hyperbolical comparison of Bob Bangnose, one of the pugilists in his pay. And then his humour! A Baronet must be allowed to have humour who was never weary of presiding at jumping in sacks, climbing soaped poles, running down greased pigs, bobbing for pippins in pails of ditch-water, ducking for shil-

lings in bowls of treacle, grinning through a five-barred gate, five bumpkins to a bar, shoeing cats with walnut-shells, setting one adrift in a sieve down a water-course, duck-hunting, wrenching a door-knocker away at a twist, transposing signs of inns, taking verbal and literal liberties with names and callings over shopdoors and on tombstones, hoaxing in all its branches, and practical joking in all its varieties? Surely the man had humour who could smut his chaplain's nose when asleep over his fourth bottle, and fire a cracker at his coat-tail while he was saying grace; or what is humour?

"Tell me where is Fancy bred?"

But a cloud soon came over this gay festival of folly; and, by order of the Sheriff for Middlesex, every moveable worth sixpence which had called Sir Simon master was brought under the hammer, to satisfy a set of rascals of creditors, who, having parted with what they called money's-worth, wanted their money for it. And thus was dissipated in a year the lifelong accumulations of the penny-getting, penny-saving, mean old man, Sir Simon Scamperdown the First. Among the sundries—boot-jacks, boot-hooks, curling-irons, "and such small deer"—I was knocked down for half-a-crown to the highest bidder—a little, grave-looking man, all black but his boot-tops, who wanted me for certain melancholy-festive occasions when wine and cake go round. In fact, my new governor was—an undertaker. That I should

ever have been made to be so appropriated!—I, made for festivals, not funerals. Business (as undertakers call the article of death) was uncommonly bad at the time, though the doctors did their best to keep it stirring—deaths occurring only now and then, “like angels’ visits.” Indeed, Mr. Wychelm sadly declared “Undertaking to be the only thing as was *dead*”—a fact hard to be reconciled with his experience, “as doctors increased every day, and the number of young men as walked the hospitals and the streets, and got into the watch-houses every night, shewed a decided improvement!” It was unaccountable! He could not make it out, though he had gone through his calculations many times, with the care of a statician. At last, Mrs. Wychelm herself, as though to give him a job, or else in that cruel spirit of contrariness which wives will shew to husbands, “died, and made no sign” why she selected that dead time in particular to go off, when he could so ill afford to bear her loss—and the expenses. However, he measured her without murmuring; and after the last sad duties were “performed,” an enlivening glass being proposed by the widower himself, I was taken from the corner-cupboard: when lo! I was found to have grown so rusty that I was thrown aside as worthless, and an old corkscrew used instead. In that rummaging and clearing of their houses which widowers make when they are contem-

plating marrying again, I was turned out, with sundry one-pronged forks, broken knives, and doctors' bottles, and sold to a dealer in old iron. Here, for many a weary month, I lay in rest and rust, till I was cheapened by a Surrey vintner, who carried me home, and having restored me as carefully to my former point and brilliancy as Porson would restore a Greek epigram by a scholarly emendation, (I had heard of Porson in the Cellar,) I had the honour to assist at several parish-dinners, which occurred quarterly—for the good of the poor. I say emphatically for the good of the poor: for these dinners were assuredly not for the good of the compassionate gentlemen (three-bottle men though they were, and capable of enduring much) who met—how reluctantly!—on these painful occasions, too periodically coming round. And when I say reluctantly, I say it advisedly: it was manifest how *very*!—for there were always some absentees till the last moment to which dinner could be kept waiting. How many of these benevolent men, when they sat down to table, did not think they could eat a bit, but would try, out of compliment to Mr. Drywine, (my new master;) for it would be paying him a very ill one indeed not to pick a bit! And they tried; and they picked a bit, the largest they could pick; and a bit more; and another bit; and a bit of the fat; and a *leetle* bit of the brown; and just a bit of the breast of that bird there;—and, all these

bits being added together, every one of these good men with bad appetites ate enough for two coal-porters and a half when *not* in that condition by them called *chickeny*. And when the cloth was cleared, these devoted guardians of the poor, and not of themselves, drank more, for the good of the house, than did them good on these three-monthly re-unions, which came too fast round, they said. And, some hours afterwards, some of these self-sacrificing men were sent home in hackney-coaches, some insensible—to what the chairman had been saying for the last hour, eloquent as he always was; and some worn-out with the fatigues of office and keeping it up till two in the morning. But men who, for the good of the poor, flinch not from their attendance at the board (and forty bumper toasts, and no heeltaps, will try the strongest head and health) must make up their minds to endure such infirmities; and they do. It is astonishing, indeed, what some men will go through to serve their poor fellow-parishioners.* But charity is its own reward; and a

* Our penetrating Sheffield friend (who worms his way into the hearts of men as well as into bottles) is rather severe on parochial great men, such as they were thirty years since, when tradesmen washed their delicate hands in rose-water, or drank it in mistake, just as they were acquainted or not acquainted with the true uses of that refined lavement. Thanks, however, to the march of intellect; or to the retreat of poor-rate money into corners of parochial pockets not so accessible as in better times, when money was no object, and a good (parish) dinner *was*; or thanks to the press, which has

handsome reward it is, if we may judge from the competition among the candidates for it. If some of these self-devoted Curtiuses did not survive these days given to benevolence, the tears of the poor no doubt followed them where those small drops of sorrow are set down to the credit-side of the account of departed guardians.

And now let me observe that, if I have spoken of these good men in a bantering tone, it is because I had eight quarterly opportunities, besides bye-occasions, for knowing that not more than one of the Board sat at it out of pity to the poor, or a wish to see the charity of the rich well-administered, but solely to serve some petty personal turn—to add a parish plume to their love of distinction; or, meaner still, to gorge and guttle at anybody's expense but their own. Poverty, when well managed, has as pretty pickings as Property; and they were therefore there to pick their bit of whatever good was going about the table.

This pleasant state of existence was too good to last for ever. At the termination of the last parish-dinner at which I was instrumental, and “dear as the ruddy drops” which visited “their sad hearts,” (sad with drowning pity for the distressed,) the honest but inadvertent vestry-

exposed them, these abuses have had their day; and let us hope never more to hear of them, save as portions of the history of old Corruption. — *Note by the Editor of this Autobiography.*

clerk swept me into his blue bag, with some loose accounts, which had been audited by the proper persons between the third and fourth bottles, and passed ; and I was put into a coach with Mr. Graasp, my new master, who was then in that state in which gentlemen wish to be who drink liberally of wine that costs them nothing. Next day I was tumbled out on the floor of his office, with the rest of the blue bag's contents, by a clerk-like-looking man, who no sooner beheld me, than, imagining the use to which I could be put, he had the audacity to help himself to a pint of his master's port, and then covertly place me in the corner of a drawer where the light never visited me, save when he visited me for the same nefarious purposes. This was pretty often ; but Mr. Graasp, having noticed a decrease in his stock of full bottles, and an increase in his empty ones, began, as my Lord Chesterfield has somewhere said, to smell a rat : when Mr. Quilderive, his clerk, who had as good a nose as his governor for that sort of game, to prevent suspicions, plunged me deep down into the dust-hole ; and so saved his reputation.

In a few days I was carted away by one of Sinnott's collectors of dust, missed silver spoons, lost sixpences, and such miscellaneous matters ; and, having been jolted through the streets, was unceremoniously tilted out on a heap of disgusting rubbish, in one of his dépôts for such waifs and

strays. Here, ere I was aware, I found myself half-riddled to fractions by a strapping wench, who, having discharged the ignoble dust which had buried my shining talents during so many days, with an eagle's glance caught sight of me, and with an eagle's grasp clawed hold of me. After rubbing me with her delicate fingers she deposited me in a capacious pocket in front of her sweet person; and I found myself in company with five silver thimbles, three teaspoons with initials on the handles, a gold earring, three half-crowns, and some odd shillings and sixpences. Misfortune makes one acquainted with strange pocket-fellows!—However, I could not consider myself disgraced by some of my companions, who were as valuable as myself, and had, like me, seen better days.

The fair Sarah, my first and only mistress, made no pretensions to beauty, but was handsome. The reigning toast among the dusty Damons and cinder Cymons of that pretty pastoral place called Battle-bridge, she had created as much *dust* in that romantic valley as she had sifted; and many and severe were the border-feuds between the Paddington and Islington and Highgate and Hoxton *innamorati* (for in all of those sylvan scenes she had her lovers) for the honour of her hand. When washed, and in her best flowered gown and sky-blue quilted petticoat, on Sundays and holidays, she really was fascinating.

And she had such accomplishments! She could balance a pipe on that ruddy lip which so many had sighed in vain to press; she could dance down any duchess at Almack's in a reel; and had been known to shuffle off the soles of two pair of white-kid slippers in the elegant excess of a long dance on Easter Monday: she excelled every one far and near at shuffleboard: played inimitably on a small-toothed comb wrapped in paper, in tuneful accompaniment to her own dancing: could thrum a table or tea-board to the tunes of "*Rum Old Mogg*" and "*The College Hornpipe*:" was scientific at cribbage; was reckoned nice in her critical opinions on "Deady's best" and "Barclay's double X;" kept her own score in pothooks and hangers: in brief, she was accomplished in every sense of the word, and only required finishing at a French boarding-school at Bow to make her the *belle idéal* of Battle-bridge. Her income, too, amounted, every week of her virgin life, to fifteen shillings, besides perquisites—the most valuable part of her professional profits.

If I have dwelt with more delight on the rare excellences of the fair Sarah than her retiring merits warrant me in doing, I shall be excused when I confess the *penchant* which my short intimacy with her created in my too-susceptible nature. I know not (for I am not learned in Love's abstruse lore) how this delicate sentiment

first had its origin in me. Corporal Trim was affected somewhat similarly by the application of the gentle hand of the fair Beguine to his knee: perhaps I may date the affection which I feel for the most beautiful of Battle-bridge from the day on which she took pains to rub off a rust-spot which tarnished the lustre of my birth. Love-shocks, perhaps, like electric-shocks, are communicated by attrition? I leave the answer to the learned.

To return to the cold shoulder, as the French say. All these qualifications, so rarely united in one person, made her the desirable far and near; but there was one to whom all that was tender in her nature had been particularly tender, and in her eyes even "his failings leaned to virtue's side." This was Tom Trickandtie, a flashy sort of young fellow, who made a sort of living by visiting every wake and fair within the bills of mortality, where, under pretence of selling ginger-pop, he kept an EO table. Tom was a wag in his way, and on his board had painted these lines, said to be his own:—

My ginger-pop's the strongest about town:
It takes twelve bottles of that made by Brown
To hold, till I come to it, one of my bottles down.

It was to dashing Tom that I was presented, and found more useful than the one-pronged fork he had used heretofore. It was in his service, however, that a serious misfortune befel

me. Tom had had a pretty good run of luck, for gulls were as plentiful as sparrows, when some envious rascal, less successful, went and informed the myrmidons of the law of his unlawful doings. These rat-catchers accordingly came stealthily down upon him, to entrap him in the fact: but Tom, who always had both his eyes about him, seeing their design, capsized his EO table in a twinkle, and began bawling "Only ginger-pop in the fair!" and in his hurry to uncork a bottle as much *up* as himself, whizz, with a spirt, went its contents into the wide-open eyes of inquisitive Justice, (who is not so blind as she is said to be,) and the hawbuck constables were baffled. It was a fortunate feint for Tom, but an unfortunate one for me: for, in his hurry, he snapped off half an inch of my worm in the cork, and I was fit for nothing now but the old-iron shop.

Since that fatal hour to me, a more fatal one in the career of poor Tom Trickandtie deprived him of life, and the world of an ingenious man. It is said (I know no more than I am told, for I was not there) that he was standing, as you might be, talking to a reverend gentleman on religious subjects, (Tom was not fond of such discussions, but I suppose it was forced upon him,) when somehow a trapdoor on which he stood incautiously, while listening to the Doctor, gave way under him—he fell (Tom only) per-

pendicularly down; and, poor fellow! when he was picked up he had broken his neck. Ever since I knew him I feared that this sort of end would befall him: for he led a reckless life—never went near a church, unless he heard that the display of plate was a sight worth seeing—was indignant that he was not permitted to play at skittles and bumble-puppy on Sundays—got drunk out of vexation—and, in brief, became a thorough debauchee and devil-may-care boy. What brought him to his unfortunate end was this, as I am informed. He had taken to collect highway-rates from His Majesty's subjects, pistol and powderflask, in lieu of pen and inkhorn, being the only authorities he would shew as warrants of office: an illegality which could not be winked at for a moment, as it trenched on the liberty of the subject, (the great Hampden settled that point,) and, what was worse, on the prerogatives of the persons properly appointed to collect those dues which the strong, who will have them, exact from the weak, who must pay them. Tom, though certainly in the wrong, persisted in it, and tried to bully and brazen it out, but the law was too strong for him; and he who sets himself in direct opposition to the prejudices of men (and no one thing touches them sooner than meddling with their pockets) must look to live in warfare with them, and die without their regret. It fared so with him: I always said it

would, and I was right to the letter. His death made some noise in town during the whole of the day on which the accident happened, and the next day was forgotten; but not by me, nor, for a few days, by his broken-hearted (grass) widow, who had him buried in St. Pankridge churchyard, wore black ribbons in her cap for a month, and then set it at Dick Downeye, a duffer, at which I was disgusted: for the fellow hadn't a virtue to recommend him; was bandy-legged; and squinted like a Jesuit when a simple man wants to look at his eyes before he takes what he says for gospel. Tom was an Hyperion to this Dick! But women have strange fancies.

It is now nine months that I have lain, in utter oblivion, in one corner of the old-iron shop on the left-hand side of Seacoal-lane, Old Bailey, (so near to the spot where poor Tom Trickandtie met with his sad accident;) and here I am likely to remain in rust and dust, unless some gentle Reader is so far interested in my fate as to seek me out, and, at a trifling expense, restore me to that brilliant existence and to those prevailing powers with which I started in life.

Let no one, however high, disdain these humble annals. It is true I am but a worm; and what is man? We are, both of us, intended for purposes not very dissimilar: he, in the hands of Fate, to extract good and evil from the same

source—I, in the hands of waiting-men, to extract corks from bottles fraught with evil and good. The only distinction between us is, that he is made of clay, and I of iron: which is the most durable of the two it suits not with my inherent humility to say.

This is the age of Autobiographies and Lives, Characters, and Confessions, when every gentleman who has indulged in opium or operas (much the same in their soporific powers) writes his life, that the public may know he had lived, which else they had forgotten. These too-communicative persons spice their dull recollections with as many facetious ingredients as they can bring together. Not to be behind them in making myself agreeable, I had ransacked every hole and corner of my memory for the *bon-mots* and after-dinner wit to which I had been witness in my time, when, on relating them to the literary friend who has done me the honour to see my Memoirs through the press, I thought the poor fellow would have gone into a convulsion-fit! A grave-looking person, he laughed like a hyæna of an agreeable turn of mind—not at the exquisiteness of the wit which I had related, but at its “most ancient and fish-like” antiquity! There was not a jest or pun I had picked up in cellar or hall (even in Guildhall) for which he did not give me

references to pages so and so of such and such books! Even the newest Americanisms were, nearly all, English jests, disfigured and disguised, some English Joe the putative father and grandfather of these Jonathans!—I must say that I was bitterly chagrined: for I had thought my facetiæ excellent of their kind, (and so, he said, they were;) and the present age too rich to beg, borrow, and steal from that of their grandams. In despair of being facetious at first-hand, and as there was nothing new in all I had related, I hinted that he might perhaps pick up something a little more *original* out of works not so well known as those he had referred to.

"Lord bless you, Twisty," said he, (a familiar phrase which he applies to me,) "Lord bless your simple powers of insinuation, there is not a volume of 'Wits, Fits, and Fancies,' a 'Care-Killer,' a 'Tickler,' and not an old wag, from Hierocles and Democritus down to Tom Brown and dirty D'Urfey, not ransacked from end to end, from head to heel, by these memorable memoirable gentlemen!"

"Come, come," said I, "there is at least one work which they have not reading enough to know much about."

"Name it!" he said, looking rather sceptical.

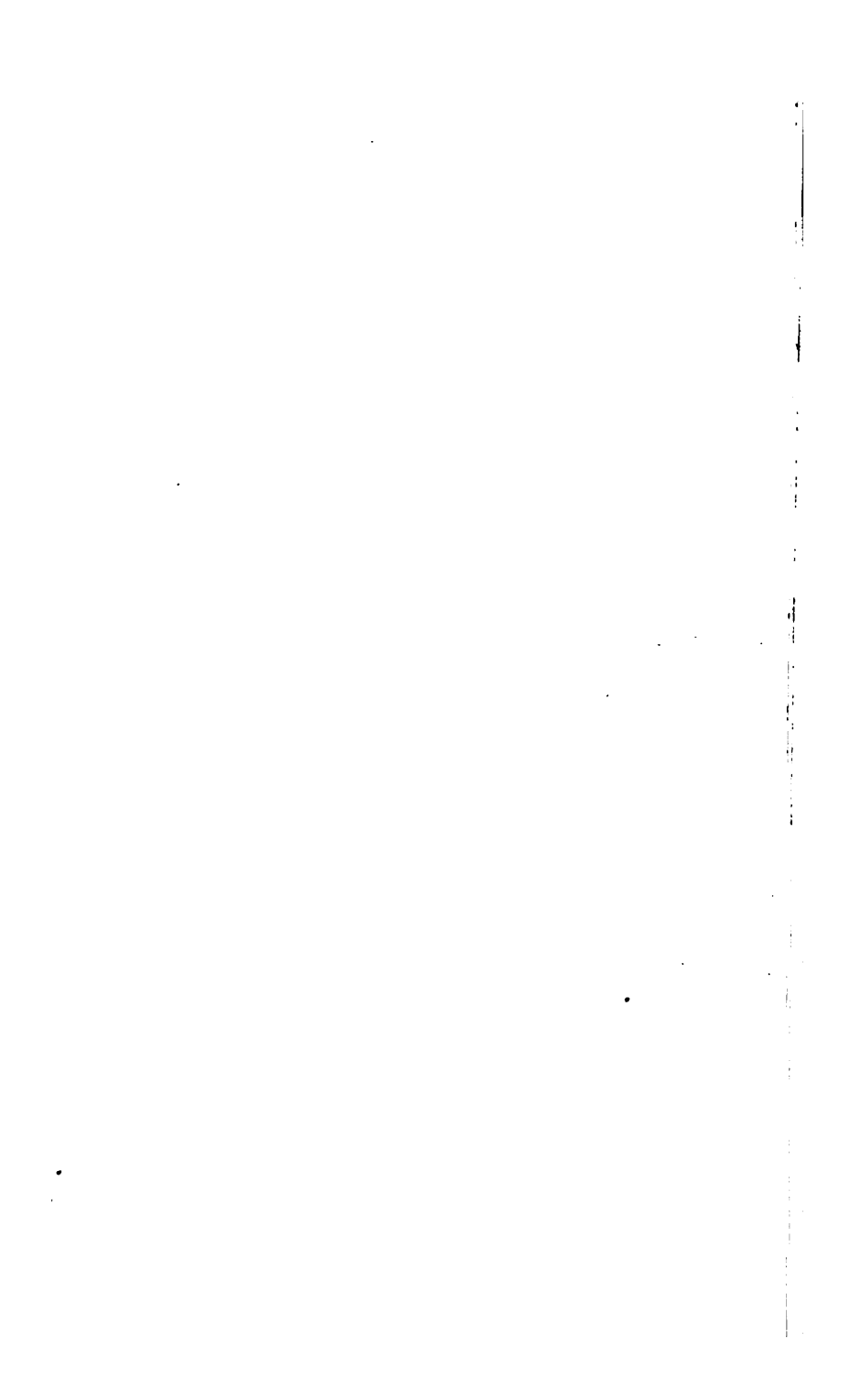
"*Joe Miller!*" I said, thinking I had him on the hip. He dashed his pen across the room, and I really thought the poor fellow would have *guf-*

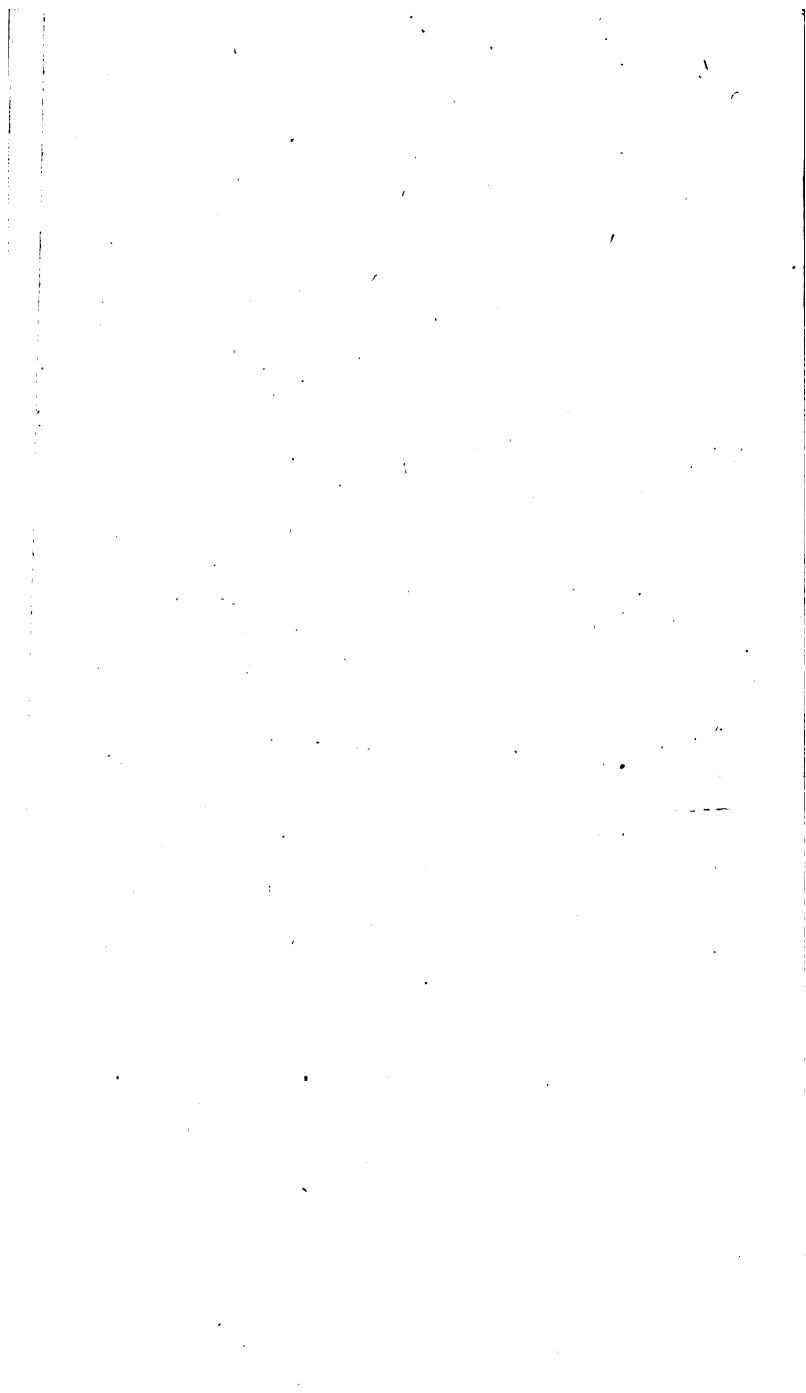
fauced himself to death, as the Scotch say. He laughed so violently, that he frightened his landlady, a timid woman, and her children, who all came running up to his room-door, thinking he must be mad, when he was only merry.

When he sobered down sufficiently to wipe his eyes, he walked across the room to his library (a corner-cupboard), and brought me an early edition of that immortal piece of fun, (which he, or some one before him, had well studied, for it was dirty and dog's-eared enough to have come out of a Whitechapel circulating library,) when, on collating it with some of the *Memoirs* last published, he showed me, to my discomfiture, that there was but one joke in Joe (and that was too dirty for this day) which had been passed over (and even that was hinted at) by these diligent writers of their own lives and inditers of other men's wit!

This must be my apology, good Reader, if my *Confessions* are not so entertaining as they might have been had I come a few years earlier into the autobiographical field. It remains for me only to say in conclusion, with the modern wit who found himself forestalled by his predecessors in humour, "A plague o' these Ancients, who have had and said all the good things before us!"

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The sixth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The seventh part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The eighth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The ninth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The tenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people.





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